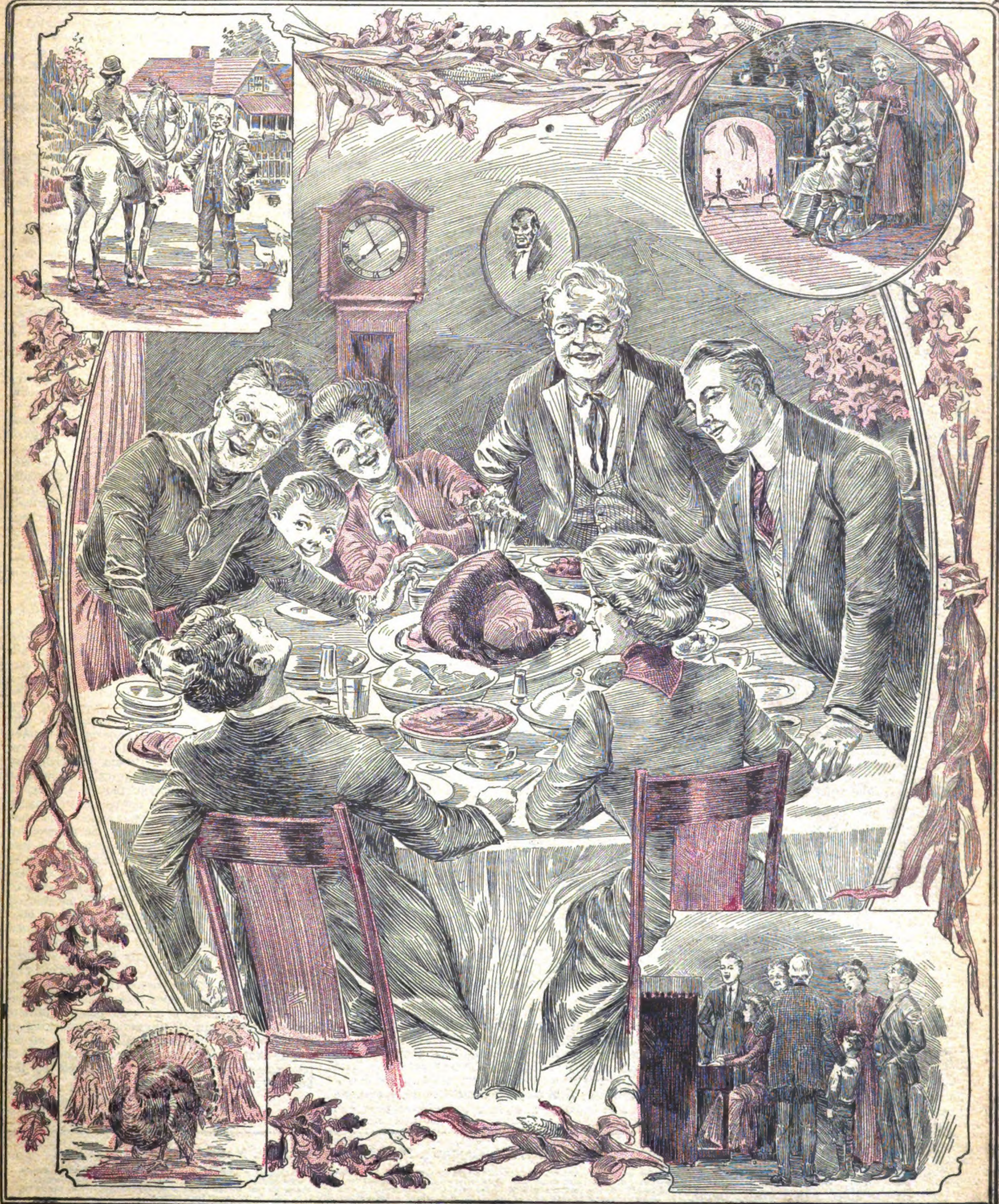


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*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes
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See Story "By Proxy" on Page 3

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Some of the Many Blessings Our People Have to Be Thankful for in This Favored Land

NOTWITHSTANDING my expectation that the Thanksgiving proclamation soon to be issued by President Harding will be far more illuminating and inspiring than the thoughts here expressed, I cannot refrain, at the present writing, from calling attention to some of the notable blessings for which the people of this favored land of ours should be devoutly grateful to Divine Providence. Although conditions here are far from ideal they have already begun to mend and will improve rapidly provided we cast out greed and graft, cease from industrial, social and political strife, and work together in a spirit of mutual helpfulness and confidence. Our worst troubles are of our own making and are somewhat exaggerated by the pessimistic mental attitude that has become prevalent; even at that they are small in comparison with the ills that are oppressing a large part of the world and darkening the future prospects of Europe and Asia.

We have to be thankful that our country is at peace with all the rest of the world; that because of having avoided foreign entanglements by keeping out of the League of Nations we have retained the natural benefit of our geographical remoteness from the wars that are still devastating large sections of the old world, and so have been able to reduce our army to a minimum peace footing and cut down military expenses in proportion; that despite frost in some localities and drought in others the country as a whole has reaped an abundant harvest of the staple crops to feed our people and leave a goodly surplus for export; that during the past year we have not suffered pestilence or other nation-wide affliction; that in the vast and varied natural resources with which our land is endowed we have a secure foundation for unbounded prosperity if we will attend to business and conduct ourselves aright.

This all-important *if* needs to be emphasized and repeated until the public becomes impressed with the fact that the general disregard of this *if* in the near past is the root of our present troubles both moral and material; those of the former class being alarmingly manifest in the rising wave of vice and crime due to lowered standards of morality and integrity, while those of the latter category include commercial and industrial depression resulting in a disquieting extent of unemployment of labor. The common way of accounting for these embarrassments is to lay them *all* to the war, which is an easy but unfair way of dodging our individual and collective responsibility. The undesirable conditions prevalent in this country are partly, but by no means wholly, the direct and necessary consequences of the war. The fact is that the majority of our people, with the Government leading off and setting the pace, jazzed a merry dance of unprecedented extravagance, graft, profiteering, high prices and high wages through the war and as long afterwards as they could keep it up; and now that the jig is over we are paying the proverbial fiddler for our riot of fun and folly.

Most people, including many big business men who should have known better, acted as if they thought the war-time financial and industrial bubble, because it put in circulation a great volume of inflated currency and sent prices and wages chasing each other skyward, was wealth-creating prosperity and could sustain its flight at dizzy heights indefinitely. On the contrary it really meant a tremendous waste of resources coupled with a reckless piling up of public and private debts that involved an inevitable day of bitter reckoning not far off. The large additional amount of money that was put in circulation consisted of Federal Reserve notes which represented an increase, not of wealth, but of debt, for they were issued through the Federal Reserve Bank to the local banks in rediscount of loans made by the latter to individuals or corporations on Liberty Bonds or other satisfactory security.

To explain what this rediscount means let me illustrate. When the Government was selling Liberty Bonds anyone who had ten dollars to pay

down could buy a hundred dollar Liberty Bond at a local bank by paying in the ten dollars and giving his note for ninety dollars and depositing the bond as security. The bank that did the business had to pay the Government the full hundred dollars for the bond; but if the bank needed the money in its business it could send the note and the bond to the nearest branch of the Federal Reserve Bank and get a loan in the form of Federal Reserve notes. With a thousand dollars to pay down one could have bought ten thousand worth of Liberty Bonds by giving his note for nine thousand, and so on up to any amount, and his note could have been rediscounted in the same manner by the Federal Reserve Bank, resulting in so much more newly made, debt money being put into circulation. This device served a useful purpose, for by means of it the Government sold hundreds of millions worth of bonds that could not otherwise have been disposed of, and got quick money for them, needed for war purposes; but the money obtained in this way consisted largely of new Federal Reserve notes made for, and issued and put in circulation by, the rediscount process, as above described. The local banks did not get these Federal Reserve rediscount loans free; they had to pay the going rate of interest determined by the Federal Reserve Board, which usually was a little lower than the rate paid to the local banks by their customers on the original loans, although often the local banks made no profit on rediscount transactions. The point to be observed is that Federal Reserve notes (ranging from five dollars up) although designed to pass for money as they do, are not dollars; as you will see by reading one, it is the Government's promise to pay a specified number (according to the denomination of the note) of real dollars in gold; every one of them is a Government note, an evidence of Government indebtedness to the amount of its face. In other words the Government issued its evidences of debt in the form of Federal Reserve notes to pass as money, and indirectly, through the instrumentality of the Federal Reserve Bank, loaned them as money and accepted them as money in payment for Liberty Bonds, themselves evidences of Government indebtedness in another form. This verifies the previous assertion that the large additional amount of money put in circulation in the form of Federal Reserve notes represented an increase, not of wealth, but of debt.

But the issue of Federal Reserve notes was not restricted to providing the wherewithal to buy Liberty Bonds and pay Government war expenses. Munition factories, shoe factories, textile mills and other necessary industries required additional funds for working capital or to expand their plants to meet the demand for increase of production called for by the exigencies of war, and much of this extra money was provided through bank loans rediscounted by the Federal Reserve Bank, which, of course, involved still further inflation of the currency by large issues of Federal Reserve notes for the purpose; this money represented debt, and unfortunately in too many instances debt imprudently incurred and funds unwisely expended. In this the Government was the greatest offender, wasting millions upon millions if not billions through stupendous mismanagement, inefficiency and graft under its cost-plus war contracts and in its construction undertakings of which its ventures in house-building, ship-building, aeroplane manufacture and camp construction are monumental scandals equaled only by its gigantic fiasco in operating the Government-owned merchant marine, to say nothing of the mess it made of running the railroads.

The Government was the largest factor in the market for materials and labor, and as there was hardly a pretense of giving the Government an honest equivalent in either, the demoralization which began with Government contracts and Government works soon extended to every line of business; profiteering became general, prices and wages began to climb in a competitive race, and

labor, under the spell of the enticing example displayed in Government employment, declined in efficiency to a point estimated by competent authority to have been sixty-six per cent. of normal at the close of the war. In other words it was taking three men to do the work that two men should have done and formerly did do. In most employments this particular element of increased cost of labor has since been eliminated or considerably reduced, but the railroads are still suffering intolerably from labor inefficiency through working hours and conditions, imposed by the Government, which require the employment of an unnecessarily large number of railroad hands. We are all taxed in the form of high freight rates to pay this unnecessarily high cost of railroad labor.

Money that came easy through profiteering or high wages went easy and kept the merry-go-round of rising prices and wages going for a while. But a large portion of the people were neither profiteering nor earning big war wages, and the high prices that had reduced the purchasing value of the dollar to forty-seven cents were burdensome beyond endurance to them. So a year ago last spring they suddenly stopped buying and initiated the nation-wide movement known as the "consumers' strike" for lower prices. This punctured the gas-bag of fictitious war-time prosperity, and its collapse was painfully sudden and complete. It had to come and the regret is that it did not come sooner, before the gas-bag got so big and so high up. When the people stopped or largely curtailed buying the retailers and wholesalers cancelled their factory orders for new goods, and this closed many factories and put others on half time, which, of course, threw many laborers out of employment. There was need of general reduction of prices and of costs of production with a corresponding readjustment of wages and liquidation of debts in order to restore normal conditions and start up the country's business anew on a sound basis. Deflation had to be gone through with, high-cost goods had to be sold at a sacrifice and high-cost raw material had to be manufactured at a loss. Many large commercial and manufacturing concerns have lost during the liquidation of the past year as much or more than their entire profits during the war.

It has been a drastic but effective remedy, for reports from all quarters show improved conditions and indicate that business has turned the corner and is unmistakably on the upward trend. The Federal Reserve Board reports a marked improvement in the credit situation resulting from a strong liquidation of debts. There is a better wholesale and retail demand for goods, and this in turn is starting the factories going, especially in the shoe and textile lines; the cotton market has greatly strengthened and there is a good export demand for our surplus grain. Secretary of Labor Davis gives facts and figures to show that the unemployment situation, though serious, is not so bad as "exaggerated" newspaper statements and editorial comments make it appear, and confidently predicts that it will soon be relieved by the general improvement in business which has already begun. The present administration is faithfully redeeming its pledge to cut out extravagance and reduce the unnecessarily high cost of Government; President Harding has introduced various economies and is arranging, with the consent of Congress, to sell the Government-owned merchant ships and close the Government's most scandalously rotten and costly business venture. So let us be thankful that without incurring any dire calamity we have passed the crisis in readjusting business and Government from their demoralized war status to a normal peace condition, and that a new era of prosperity is knocking at our door. The threatened railroad labor strike, the fly that would spoil the precious ointment of returning prosperity, will not be tolerated by the long-suffering public.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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BY PROXY

A Thanksgiving Story

By Ernest L. Thurston

See front cover illustration.

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"THIS is my daughter Nancy's," said the farmer's wife, returning with a dainty, old-fashioned dress. "Do slip off that soaked riding habit and put this on while I dry your things. Please do," forestalling objections. "You have Nan's coloring and height. I'll pretend for the moment that you are she,"—her voice thinned—it will be a joy to do for you."

"I'll pretend also," said Janet Markham quickly. "It will be dear to be mothered. My own was taken away before I really knew her."

Slipping on the dress, she dropped gratefully into a roomy armchair before the living-room fireplace. A sense of comfort stole over her as the older woman touched a match to the ready-laid material and a quick-mounting blaze radiated its warmth. The raging wind and chill October rain which, cornering her unexpectedly on the open highway, had sent her wind-blown, breathless, drenched from its sudden onslaught, to this farmhouse shelter, now seemed to retire into the distance.

"Is Nancy far away?" she asked the sweet-faced woman after a moment.

"One year married—and across the continent."

"Oh, I'm sorry. And no children here with you?"

"All away—another married daughter, and two sons, one married."

"Tell me about Nancy and the others."

To the accompaniment of the crackling logs, the mother told the familiar story of a scattering American family, but with vivid personal touches that etched the individuals clearly. The sun was shining low through the windows as she said:

"And finally there is Robert. He is an engineering expert."

"Where does he live?"—Janet looked up, the other noting interest, and a little more in her eyes—"I met a Robert Keene last summer, a Chicago railway man. A splendid fellow. Could he be your son?"

"No, dear, Robert lives in Kansas City, though he travels much. Strange, he is a real home boy, yet he is unmarried. Of all, he will miss most the old Thanksgiving here."

"Do you mean, Janet looked around the bright, low-studded room, "none will be here for Thanksgiving? Why this place is made for reunions."

The gray-haired woman started to reply, but choked and turned silently to the window. Impulsively Janet followed and put an arm about her. Then, suddenly, the girl's eyes danced. Ideas developed full-fledged in her keen mind.

"Look, M-Mother," with a little smile. Why not a thanksgiving reunion by proxy? Of course it couldn't be the same to you, but I, and some of my friends I'm sure, would love to do it. Let me choose them to represent your missing ones. We will fill the vacant chairs and see to the dinner—it would have to be late because our homes have reunions, too. Do! Do!! Do!!!"

The woman hesitated, studying the eager face. Then suddenly her eyes sparkled and she spoke with a decisive air.

"I'll do it, dear child, if you really wish it. I've dreaded unspeakably the thought of an empty house that night. But who ever heard of anyone but the mother attending to the Thanksgiving dinner? Leave that to me; just bring your dear selves."

Enthusiastically they drew plans until Janet was forced to leave, and Mrs. Keene summoned her husband to bring her mount. Then the girl talked so brightly with him at the gate, that later his wife remarked, reprovingly but with twinkling eyes.

"John, that was a very sprightly conversation for a man of your age to have with so attractive a young girl."

"Sure," he chuckled. "Who wouldn't enjoy it! She's sweet, but there's a lot of her live-wire

father in her, too." Markham, the banker, you know."

"Not the great banker!"

"Surest thing you know."

"Well, my lands! And I—shucks—what's the odds? We're just what we are inside. She's a dear girl, but I wonder if it was only impulse. Will she carry it out?"

"Ralph Markham's daughter will do what she undertakes, or she's not of the old stock."

In this he was right. Janet did not delay, although Thanksgiving was weeks distant. She told her father that night, for few confidences were kept from him.

"You keep your regular Thanksgiving meal with me, young lady," he laughed. "Then, if you are good for two doses, go ahead. John Keene banks with me—a good man and a fine farmer. I understand his children have done well. The youngest boy is a brilliant engineer."

"Do you know him? I met a Robert Keene at the seashore last June."

"Only by reputation. Probably not the same. He's too much in demand to spare time for that. But, go to it, girl. Your mother would like it."

He gave her a quick hug.

So the girl took her chum, Helen Gates, into her confidence. Helen agreed to "proxy" Mary Keene, while Janet took Nancy. Then from among their acquaintance they chose Parker Collins to proxy the married son, John, Jr., and Porter Kent to represent Robert. To study personalities, they borrowed photographs of the daughters, but Mrs. Keene said she had only childhood pictures of her sons.

Janet's enthusiasm fired the spirit of her friends. Each wrote the member of the family assigned for proxying, explaining the plan and asking for a letter of authorization to act and for a word of greeting. Suggestions were sought. Responses were prompt, enthusiastic and sincere. Nancy's grateful, homesick letter from California touched Janet's heart. At the end she wrote:

"I know from mother, as well as by reading between your lines, what a dear you are. I feel as if you were my own sister. I know you will be a real me to mother, that night. So I am sending by mail my dress and pin that mother loves best, for you to wear at the reunion."

And Mary, writing to Helen said:

"Two things more. Mother always wished me to make her fruit cake. I shall send it before long."

"And the other. I've no voice, but just before dinner mother loved to have me go to the piano and sing the old Thanksgiving hymn I enclose. Can you do that?"

The listeners smiled, for Helen was a singer.

"Then, later, we all gather around and sing the old familiar songs and hymns. And, by the way, father likes to lead that singing. Ask him."

Parker Collins, in his turn, read from John Jr.'s letter from Minnesota:

"Great work, old man! There's no holdback with my proxy. I shall send a real part of my own Thanksgiving,—John 3d. He travels with old friends coming to your city for their reunion. It may shock you to find yourself unexpectedly father of an eight-year-old. You got yourself into it so make the most of it. God bless you!"

"And, say, when mother met me at the door on these occasions I always said, 'Well, Mother, here's John.' Then I'd pick her up and carry her back to the living-room. It's up to you."

Finally Porter Kent contributed a bit from Robert's letter:

"For years," he went on to say, "I've provided the turkey, wild if possible. It will be along, as usual, with fixings besides."

"Furthermore, I'm supposed to be the curly-haired joker of these occasions, so if you're sober

as an owl"—straight-haired, serious Porter colored at the thought that went up—"why get busy and develop a new nature by Thanksgiving time or I'll haunt you forever after."

Janet slipped out to the farmhouse early Thanksgiving morning and helped decorate the living-room, with cornstalks and pumpkins, vivid, late, red oak leaves, and great chrysanthemums sent by the daughters. Then, after helping with other preparations, she hastened back to her home reunion. Here, in her own room, she found awaiting her a little box containing exquisite forget-me-nots. In the box was a card marked "Brother Robert."

Again, she was first to arrive in the evening, dainty, a somewhat old-fashioned figure in delicate lavender. She threw her arms around the older woman, whose eyes sparkled mistily as she hugged the little figure.

"N-Nancy! That dress and pin! Even the way you do your hair, you little witch! There's been method in the correspondence my Nancy writes she has had with you. I—"

A loud knocking interrupted and called her to the door. The hall light shown on a tall figure when she opened it. He hesitated only an instant. Then its arms went around her and she felt a kiss square on her lips.

"Well, Mother, here's John," rang in her ears, and she found herself lifted and borne quickly to the great armchair.

After a moment, proxy John jumped up and opened the hall door, crying,

"By Jove! I almost forgot. Come on, you kid."

There followed the clatter of small feet in the hallway. A boyish figure flashed by the fire and plumped itself into Mother Keene's lap. She stared amazed.

"Why you are! Are you real? It is; it is Johnny himself." She drew him tight—"Oh, you dear, dear people!"

By now the two older people were entering into the spirit of the evening. Their color brightened and their eyes sparkled. They greeted "Mary" and "Robert"—the latter somewhat shy—as if they were their own. The little stiffness remaining was fast wearing off when Robert shattered it utterly, stepping into the firelight and sticking his head down.

"Mother,"—he colored high—"you never let so many minutes pass without pulling my hair."

Mother Keene laughed, hesitated, then putting a hand into the wavy mass, gave it a stiff yank. "You know," she spoke half apologetically, "Robert's hair is tempting and he's such a tease. I never could resist."

Three young people burst into shout on shout of laughter, while young Kent grew brilliant red under his wavy black locks. Janet recovered first.

"Oh, Mother, Mother!"—she giggled again—"this retiring Robert's hair never had wave or curl. Nothing could be straighter. And now see what he's done. Oh, could I but have seen the transformation in process! Porter, Porter,"—she put out her hand cordially—"you're a true sport! A real sport!"

Soon the dinner call came and all trooped to the table, laden in old-time Thanksgiving style. But as the others seated themselves, Helen stopped at the piano and sang softly, in her exquisite voice, the old Thanksgiving hymn. After that they were indeed one big family.

The meal proceeded with many interludes. Helen and Parker read letters from the absentees they represented. Porter did his best to keep the fun going. Then the telephone rang and Janet called Mrs. Keene to take the receiver. There was an instant of surprised silence as she listened. Then—

"Nancy! Nancy, dearest, it's your voice. I know it, I—"

and the others tried not to "listen in" as mother and then father talked across the continent.

"It's Dad's part," whispered Janet.

Other letters were read and other phone calls came from the children and from close friends. Responding to the last call, Janet heard a voice

that seemed familiar,

"Nancy Keene, please."

"Yes, no. She isn't; she lives—"

She hesitated.

"Yes, sister Nancy lives in California, but another sister Nancy is at home," the voice teased. "She's on the wire now. How are you, sister?"

"Why, Mr. Keene! I half suspected, and yet you live west."

"Brother Robert, not Mr. Keene. I can just picture you there, Nancy. But, not to keep Mother waiting, I'll phone you later."

"Robert, Mother," Janet passed the receiver.

"And, strange to say, I do know him." But Mother Keene only gave her a little hug as she took the instrument.

All helped in serving the dinner which was now moving to an end. A moment came when Mrs. Keene and Janet were both out of the room, and Porter Kent had slipped out, too. But his place was vacant only a moment. Mrs. Keene, coming back, touched him lovingly on the hair as she passed his seat. He glanced up, smiling straight into her eyes. She stopped as if stunned, staring, unbelieving. The young man rose and caught her up, chuckling.

"It's a strange little mother who doesn't know her own son."

"Robert, Robert, but it's good to have you! But I don't understand. You were—you just telephoned—"

"From the first house down the road. Finding I could make it, I arranged with my proxy for a late arrival. Hello, sister Nan," he caught her hand as she stood amazed, "you're solid gold."

His look said more, but he turned at once to greet the others, including proxy Robert who now reappeared with a "Thanks be! He can do the joking now."

"But you can never be as serious again," laughed Helen.

"Nor wish to be," he rejoined.

Dinner ended, "Mary" put her arm through Father Keene's.

"Dad! It's time for the old tunes, isn't it? You lead and I'll play."

Surrounding the piano, they sang the old familiar songs. But, after a few moments, the real Robert drew Janet out of the circle and over to the great settee in the fireplace corner.

"But, how Kansas City?" asked the girl after a while. "I thought you were in Chicago."

"I could not have made myself clear. I was there temporarily on expert work. I was called East to the shore for a professional conference. When the floods came West, and I was needed, I left on a half-hour's notice. But I wrote you."

"I never received it."

"That I know, also. You left before it arrived and it was carelessly forwarded. Then it began the slow trail back to me for I was moving. It caught up with me the day I learned from Mother of the identity of a young lady who was planning a lovely time for her. Finding I could get here, I decided to wait—hard work, I can tell you. I was here three days ago for an hour with your father,"—he laughed at her surprise—"I wonder if you will mind if I settle in your city. I'm tired of constant motion. I am to be an officer of a construction company he is organizing."

Helen's clear voice broke in between tunes.

"Why, where are Robert and Nancy? Here, you deserters, come back. No? Then we gather round the fire, too."

Mother Keene laughed softly.

"Father, that is the last touch needed. Do you remember how, when the youngsters were growing up, couples were always courting on the old settee? It's a real, wonderful, old-time Thanksgiving, you dear young people have given me."

Janet smiled, looking mischievously at the man beside her.

"Oh, this is just a brother and sister act. Mother, Robert insists, even on the phone, that I am Sister Nancy."

Robert looked down into the warm, starry-eyed face.

"Sister, nothing!" he said softly.

What Hast Thou in Thine House?

By Frances L. Garside

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NOW there cried a certain woman of the wives of the sons of the prophets unto Elisha, saying, Thy servant my husband is dead; and thou knowest that thy servant did fear Jehovah; and the creditor is come to take unto him my two children to be bondmen.

And Elisha said unto her, What shall I do for thee? tell me; what hast thou in the house?

Mrs. Elva Schappell has been guarding lives for many months at a crossing of the Lackawanna Railroad in East Orange, N. J., earning seventy-five dollars a month for a job that begins at 7 A. M. and ends at 3.

She had lived with railroad folks all her life; she had to have work that would give her leisure to sew for herself and to do the work of her home. She was reliable; she knew the importance of having one's mind on one's work; she knew, because it had been told to her by the experiences of others all her life, how vital this attention to duty was. She had it "in her house."

She likes the work; she is one of the most reliable "watchmen" the Lackawanna has on the entire system.

When the husband of Susannah Bell, of New York City, died, she had in her arms to comfort her a large Persian cat, and that she found comfort in it no one doubts who has sobbed out one's sorrows on the back of a cat or a dog. Their name is legion.

The luxury of grief was one Mrs. Bell could not afford, for she hadn't more than a few dollars to her name. But she had the cat, and he was of fine breed. He became her inspiration. This was less than ten years ago, and now "Susannah Bell, Kittens" adorns a sign hanging up in New York City, and under it is the information that the pleasant little woman within "house-breaks, conditions and breeds dogs, cats and monkeys," carrying such a large stock of fine pedigreed animals that the income tax collector does not pass her by.

Mrs. Bessie Fray, of New York City, had the knack in her fingers of making attractive toys for children, and unusual little ornaments for the home. She had used this talent in making the most unique and original gifts for her friends. When the day came when she had to earn money—as it often comes to many unexpectedly—she utilized this talent; she made unique little toys for the kiddies and odd little novelties for their elders, and sold the first from her own home. Now, still making, still planning, she has a Gift Shop on Fifth Avenue that leads in novelties; one might almost say, from the number of "originals" one sees there, that all other gift shops follow.

Corra Minerva Lowe, of a little town in Ohio, made her own face cream. With a skin and complexion that were the envy of her friends, she made up gift "batches" for them. Then, one day, her creams and face lotions appeared on the market. She had not gone out seeking ways and

means away from home when her hour came; she had put into practical use that which she had in her house.

These children should be an inspiration to any one. They were to Helen Speer. She had made their toys; she had decorated a playroom for them that was the delight of the neighborhood. If she could please the kiddies in her family, in her block, she could—since God made kiddies the same all the world over—please the children everywhere. She began by decorating a playroom in a New York hotel. It was the first. Now she travels from place to place decorating playrooms and nurseries; making playrooms of roof tops; turning attics and barn lofts into toyland for children. She is making their dreams come true from coast to coast, not without pecuniary profit to herself, for one of her recent orders entailed the expenditure of over two thousand dollars for the decorating of just one room for just one child.

Miss Aletta Crump had her name. She didn't think it was specially pretty, or attractive, but it proved to be a fairy wand. She used it in a sign over a little tea room, "The Crumperie."

"Oh, we want some crumpets," her patrons began demanding. "This is the only place we know where they serve crumpets."

"But I don't serve crumpets; I gave that name to my tea room because my name is Crump."

Such disappointed faces! And there was one after another of them in the first few weeks, so many Miss Crump was compelled to serve crumpets with tea and coffee. And it is these crumpets that have put Miss Crump of the Crumperie in a position to open a string of Crumperies. She had "in her house" a name; and, it proved a magic one.

Mabel J. Gray, of Tonopah, Nev., grew up with the mines. She is now the only woman president of a mining company. She wears man's clothes when on a prospecting or mining trip; she thinks not of herself, but only of her job. She did not know when she felt greater interest as a child in a rock by the wayside than in one set in gold on a dressing table, that this would some day prove to be the oil she would pour into vessels.

Antoinette Vonasek is the only licensed woman engineer in the state of New York. She had always been mechanically inclined, and when appointed matron of a public school the work did not appeal to her because there were no broken pipes to mend, nor tools to handle in the job.

The assistant to the fireman quit; she asked for the job, and the need was so great she was given it. She later made application for a license to handle boilers, taking charge of two high-pressure boilers in a large office building.

She is not a "clock watcher." In her present position as janitress-engineer in a public school, she works all hours of the day and when the weather is extremely cold she stays on the job all night.

"I like it," she said; "I had to earn my living. I think women make the mistake of taking up work they don't like because that which attracts them is in a field in which women have never trod. It is a question of ability, I think, not precedence."

It is a question of what one has in "the house."

Allice Foote MacDougal is the only woman coffee importer in the United States. She knew the business through her husband; when the time came for her to meet the daily demands of a family of three she utilized her knowledge by becoming a coffee importer on a most modest scale. Fourteen years ago she had just thirty-eight dollars and her knowledge of the importing of coffee; now she is doing a business of five thousand or more a month.

Elsie Shaver, of a little town in Arkansas, dabbled in paint, and somehow, no matter what she started out to draw, it wound up in being a funny looking doll. Her Little Shaver dolls are now being hugged in the crooks of dimpled arms from one end of the country to the other, and Miss Shaver has only just begun.

Rose E. Boyd is an expert employment counselor. It didn't just happen; she had to find an outlet for the knowledge she gained while in the employ of the Panama Exposition. She dealt with strange folk from strange lands, and when the hour came for starting out for herself, what more natural than to use this knowledge? It was her oil, and "of vessels she borrowed not a few," making her name a familiar one wherever a large mercantile concern wishes to establish a representative in a foreign land.

For the last six years the second highest record in the individual sales made by traveling representatives of a large milling concern of Kansas City have been made by a woman.

Her name is Emma Brennan, and she built up her clientele on her smile, and happy way of being interested. No order was too small to receive her attention; she formed a personal acquaintance with every miller, baker and grocer; a spirit of friendliness brought her the success that is putting her among the best-known traveling "salesmen" of the Middle West. It was what she had in her house.

Annie May Bryan, of Kansas City, found a piece of yellowish green felt in her possessions. Her fingers were skilled, and somehow, almost before she knew it, she had made that felt into a green turtle bean-bag. This was the first of thousands of "Bryan animal bean-bags." Her little studio has become a humming toyshop, and thousands of her animal bean-bags are being thrown into the air with shrieks of laughter all the way from California to Maine. Because no one else had made animal bean-bags she might have become a stenographer, a most highly-approved vocation for girls. But she was original. And she was not afraid. Are you?

Miss Marie Dahm, of New York City, had a love for the exact, the minute, the detail. Where would such a tendency place her, do you think? This is what it did: She has one of the most important positions in the Identification Bureau of the Navy, and over her desk there have passed the finger prints of more than 600,000 men. Though only twenty-two years of age, she possesses the ability to recognize the different points of identification as no man possesses it.

She might have used this love for detail in embroidery—and getting nowhere—had she been afraid.

The surf brings up high palmetto logs on the beach in a little town in South Carolina. They

are swept almost to the door of the home of Mrs. James Townsend. Surely that meant they were for her.

There is a wonderful white pith in these logs; Mrs. Townsend began collecting it and making it into delicious pickles. Her ability to make enough to supply the orders from hotels, grocery stores and yacht clubs in the South depends solely upon the in-coming tide, which, so far, has been good to her.

Nellie M. Scott was at one time stenographer to the president of the Bantam Ball Bearing Company of Bantam, Conn. She realized that she must earn more money; she could not do the work of her present job and do work outside, too; there was only one thing to do, and that was to study the work that lay at hand; to become familiar with the things she wrote about for her employer. She is now at the head of the firm.

When a man of genius dies, his dreams die with him. This is the general result, and the world is poorer. When Augustus St. Gaudens died, his brother Louis completed many of his wonderful statues and reliefs. Louis died five years later. His wife picked up his tools. They were at her hand; she must do something. She finished his last task recently, giving to our country, the heroic figure, "Painting."

"It was hard work," she said, "too hard, but I had to do it. None saw his dream as I saw it; its character, its spirit. It took two years and much money. I did rough work, not the mere finishing. I have worked hard, but it is done, and I am proud of it."

Florence Krag Reynolds, of California, had to have a large sum of money to pay for an operation for her son who had been on crutches fifteen years. She had sold quaint little baskets containing Driftwood Powder that made colored flames leap up like sprites in the fireplace. But she must earn more than they could bring her. Then she had a vision!

A set of blue enamel shelves with a small-paned casement window above a settle, and fluttering blue curtains with tall pink hollyhocks stenciled on. On the shelves in shining rows were little squat jars of jams, jams, jams. The name: The Martha Jane Pantry Shelf.

She had the vision; she was not afraid. This was two years ago. Now she has an interest in a plant in the Santa Clara valley where thousands of jars of jam can be put out in a day. And almost every city in the United States boasts of one establishment (there cannot be more) where there is a blue-and-white Martha Jane's Pantry Shelf.

She knew how to make jams; the knowledge of jams was what she had in her house.

Oliver Earl worked in a gift shop. One night she had an idea. The next day she bought a Turkish towel for ten cents in a ten-cent store and cut out a sheep. This she stuffed, and now her stuffed animals are cut out by a corporation, and this one little sheep is the bell-wether of a flock of sheep that is advancing wherever there are children to be made happy, and that means all over the world. "I love children," she says; "I thought only of what might please them."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Stella Roosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"In other words, she intends to make a servant—a slave of me."



"Goodness gracious! are you Stella Gladstone?"



"Well what was it? I should like to know."

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York only five escape sea-sickness. Among them is Stella Roosevelt Gladstone, an orphan and on her way to some distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by an elderly man, Jacob Roosevelt, who is startled when he learns her mother called her "Star," her grandmother giving her the name. A fire breaks out and she saves valuable papers. The boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Roosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by Stella. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Roosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Roosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and not finding the pin, Mr. Sherbrooke draws one, an exquisitely carved stone, from his necktie, and Stella pins the shawl and then tells the story of the wreck and her endeavor to save Mr. Roosevelt's life. As they near New York, Mr. Sherbrooke regrets he must soon bid her good by and assures her some of her relatives will meet her.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. RICHARDS.

It was very late when the stately ship rolled slowly up to her pier, too late for the customs officers to visit her that night. But early the next morning the hurry and bustle began, and there was the usual rush to claim baggage and get away as soon as possible from the place where they had spent so many monotonous days.

Star had no baggage to claim, and, not knowing what else to do, she sat still in the saloon and waited, watching the departing people with mingled feelings of curiosity and sadness.

Mr. Roosevelt had told her not to be anxious about her own fate, for he should see that she was kindly cared for, and if her friends did not come for her, he would provide for her until they could advertise her arrival in the papers. It was unfortunate, he said, that she lost their address, since it would be liable to cause something of a delay in reaching her destination. So, while he went to arrange some little matter with the captain, she sat and watched the hurrying crowd.

Archibald Sherbrooke came to seek her there, and found her alone.

"I'm off!" he said, with animation. "I've got through with the customs, and have come to wish you good by. Mr. Roosevelt says he is going to take care of you. I hope everything will come out right for you, Miss Star, and that you'll find a pleasant home with your friends. I'm very sorry that you've lost their address, for I'd call and see you before I go back to England if I knew where to find you. I trust, however, that we shall meet again; and—will you please always consider me your friend?"

He placed a card in her hand as he spoke, and she saw that his address was written upon it.

"Thank you," she said, with a rising flush. "I'll shall never forget you, for you have been very kind to me. But wait—I nearly forgot to give you your pin," she concluded, suddenly remembering that she still had it, and she took the beautiful cameo head from her shawl and held it out to him.

"Please keep it as a souvenir," he said, gently, adding: "And I wish you had something to give me in exchange."

"I've lost everything, you know. I could give you naught but a tress of my yellow hair," Star said, with a light laugh, and lifting the heavy braid which lay over her shoulder with a look of mock dismay.

"Oh, would you?" he asked, eagerly, and taking her literally at her word.

"It would be but a poor return for this lovely cameo," she answered, flushing beneath his eager glance.

"No, indeed, it would not," he returned, earnestly. "May I have a lock of its shining gold, please, Miss Star?" and his fingers touched the massive braid almost tenderly.

"I have nothing with which to cut it off, and—I'm afraid it would be very foolish," she said, with drooping eyes, but a quickly beating heart.

For answer, he drew a tiny pair of scissors from one of the pockets of his vest, and held them out to her with a smile.

She took them hesitatingly, her delicate face crimsoning to the light locks which lay upon her forehead; then, with a hand that was not quite steady, she clipped a silken tress from among the curling ends below the blue ribbon with which the braid was tied, and laid it, with the scissors, in his extended hand.

"Thank you; I shall always keep it," he said, with glowing eyes, as he put it carefully between the leaves of a small notebook which he took from another pocket.

Then he took her hand in a warm, strong clasp, and, with a reluctantly spoken farewell, a lingering, wistful look into her lovely blue eyes, he went away.

As he disappeared through one doorway of the saloon, the figure of a woman, clad in plain, dark robes, entered by the other, and threw a quick, searching glance around the place.

"I'm in search of a girl named Stella Gladstone," she said, in sharp, incisive tones, as her eyes fell upon one lone star.

The young girl took a step forward, her earnest

glance fastened upon that plain, yet not unkind, face.

"I am Stella Gladstone," she said simply. The woman looked at her keenly for a moment, and her homely countenance softened into something like pity as she noticed her delicate beauty. Then she said bluntly:

"Well, Miss, if I was ever thankful to set eyes on anybody, I am on you, or I'm much mistaken. I've lain awake o' nights thinking of you, ever since we heard that the vessel in which you sailed was lost at sea. Two days ago another vessel came in, bringing in some of those who had been wrecked. We got the news in the paper the night before they landed, and madam—Mrs. Richards my mistress—sent me posthaste next morning to see if you were among them. Of course, you weren't, and last night news came that more had been rescued, and would land at this pier this morning, so I was posted off again to find you if possible. Well," she continued, heaving a deep sigh of relief, "I've got you at last! Of course you ain't overstocked with baggage," she concluded, with a grim smile.

"No, I have nothing; everything was lost," Star replied, while her large, earnest eyes studied her companion's face.

"More's the pity for you, then, or I'm much mistaken," the woman said, with a peculiar compression of her thin lips.

Then she added, with more of animation than she had yet displayed:

"But, bless me! I suppose you'd like to know who I am, and won't be much surprised when I tell you my name is Blunt; my name is like my nature, and I'm madam's—Mrs. Richards's housekeeper. A pretty time of it I have, too. But come, it's time we were off."

"If you please," Star said timidly, "might I just wait a few minutes to say good by to a gentleman who has been very kind to me?"

"Lor, child! it'll be no use; you'll never find him, and almost everybody has gone already. Madam will be having one of her tantrums if I am not back shortly, as there's company to dinner today, and it's nearly ten o'clock now," Mrs. Blunt returned, a trifle indifferently.

She turned as she spoke and led the way from the place, and Star was forced to follow her, striving hard to repress the sobs that were struggling in her bosom over her disappointment; and when, half an hour later, Mr. Roosevelt came to seek her, he was as much disturbed to find her gone as she had been to go.

He made inquiries regarding her, and was told that some one had come for her and taken her away, but no one knew whither she had gone.

This relieved his mind somewhat as to her safety, but did not lessen his disappointment at thus losing sight of her and not knowing where to seek for her; but he was forced to go his way and bear it as he could.

Mrs. Blunt and her sad-hearted charge walked quickly from the steamer, and having no baggage, she immediately called a carriage, and hurrying Star into it, gave her order to be driven to a Brooklyn ferry.

Crossing the river, they took another carriage, and a half hour's drive brought them to a stately dwelling in a fashionable portion of the city.

"There, child!" Mrs. Blunt ejaculated, as the carriage stopped; "we're home, and I'm glad of it, though you're rather delicate looking for what I imagine is before you."

Star looked surprised at this speech, and would have liked to ask what it meant, but the woman gave her no opportunity, paying for and dismissing the carriage in her quick, energetic way, and then led her around to a side door and entered the mansion.

beckoning Star to follow her, she passed through a lofty hall and up a wide, thickly carpeted staircase, where on every hand there were evidences of wealth and luxury.

Rapping upon a door at the front end of the upper hall, a voice bade her enter, and the woman opened it and passed in, and Star following, saw a handsome woman of perhaps forty years, dressed with great elegance and taste, sitting in a low rocker by a window.

She turned an inquiring glance upon Mrs. Blunt as she advanced. She could not see Star, as she was directly behind her and hidden by her tall figure.

"Well, madam, I've found her at last, and here she is," she said, in a satisfied tone, and stepped one side to present the young girl.

Madam heaved a sigh—it might have been of relief, it might have been the reverse; no one could have told which from the expression of her face—as she bent a critical glance upon the young stranger who had come to find a home in her house.

She arose, came forward, and studied the fair, downcast face; for Star, after the first glance, knew she would receive no tender welcome from that cold, proud woman, and her heart sank like a dead weight in her bosom.

Something like a frown gathered on the woman's brow as she marked her exceeding loveliness.

"Well, Stella, you have had a hard voyage," she began, in smooth, cruel tones, which made Star shrink from her and shiver slightly, they were so distant and devoid of feeling. "I am glad, however," she went on, "that you are safe, and I hope, now that you are here and I am to give you a home, you will do your best to please me. You look very much like your mother as I remember her, although I trust your face will not prove as great a misfortune to you as hers did to her."

This last statement was made with some severity. Evidently Mrs. Richards was not pleased to find the new arrival so beautiful in face and figure.

"Mamma unfortunate! How?" Star asked, surprise loosening her tongue.

"Is it possible that you do not know how she disgraced herself and family?" madam demanded, sternly, as if in some way Star was to blame for said disgrace. "Have you never been told how a poor clergyman once preached in the church where your mother attended worship, fell in love with her pretty face, and finally persuaded her to marry him, to the utter disregard of her whole family, who were highly respectable people?"

Star's cheeks glowed hotly beneath this tirade, and her blue eyes flamed at this slur upon her idolized parents.

"I do not consider mamma's marriage anything of a 'misfortune' or a 'disgrace,'" she answered, with something of hauteur, and speaking very distinctly. "She was very happy all her life, and papa was a splendid man—a superior man."

Mrs. Richards smiled in a lofty kind of way, as she returned:

"It is very natural, I suppose, that you should be your father's champion; nevertheless he was not, socially, your mother's equal, and she degraded herself in the eyes of all her family by marrying a penniless preacher, and a dissenter, too."

Star's lips parted again, as if about to utter an indignant protest to this statement; but, with a wave of her white hand, Mrs. Richards coolly dismissed the subject and turned to Mrs. Blunt.

"I suppose everything belonging to her was lost," she said.

"Yes, madam; the poor child has nothing in the world save what she has on," that woman answered, with a compassionate glance at Star.

"That is awkward; but you can take her to the sewing-room and tell Miss Baker to measure her for a couple of dresses; tell her to make them from that piece of print that I purchased yesterday. Can you sew, Stella?" she asked, turning again to the young girl, whom she had not even invited to be seated.

"Yes; mamma taught me to sew when I was quite young, and I have attended to my own wardrobe, with the aid of a seamstress, ever since she died."

"That is well. You can then assist Miss Baker about your dresses, and when they are completed I will arrange about your other duties. You can go now. Mrs. Blunt will show you the way to your room, where you can lay aside your shawl and hat and then go to the sewing-room."

Star gave the woman a stare of blank astonishment.

She had been most delicately and tenderly reared; her education had been carefully superintended by her father, and the constant companionship of her refined and intellectual mother had made her a little lady in every sense of the word, and now this woman—this cousin to her mother—this human being, whom she knew her mother once saved from a dreadful death—had received her, after her long and perilous voyage, her suffering and hardships, in this unfeeling, indifferent way.

She had not even taken her hand at greeting; she had looked her over and inspected her with a critical stare, as if she were some beast of burden that she was buying to toil for her. She had not offered her the commonest courtesies of her house, or given her one kind word or look.

Star took a step forward, her slight form drawn proudly erect, the hot, indignant blood surging over neck, face and brow, and was about to demand the meaning of this strange treatment, when Mrs. Richards, seeing her intentions, said, haughtily, and in a tone not to be mistaken:

"I told you that you could go, Stella. Did you understand me?"

With a heaving bosom and flashing eyes, Star bowed with a sort of stately grace, turned and followed Mrs. Blunt from the room with the step of a queen; but when the door was shut behind them, she stopped and confronted that good though eccentric woman, with an aspect which, to say the least, astonished her.

CHAPTER V.

BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

"What does this mean?" she demanded, passionately. "Why am I received in this strange, this heartless manner, by my mother's cousin? Why does she presume to cast aspersions upon my father and mother, and talk about print dresses, and assigning me duties as if I were a mere servant?"

Mrs. Blunt's breath was fairly taken away by these swift, indignant sentences and questions, and she could only gaze at the young girl in speechless surprise for a few moments.

Star was wondrously beautiful then, in spite of her soiled and disordered attire, with her flashing eyes, her blazing cheeks, her delicate, dilating nostrils, her scornful, curling lips and proudly poised head.

"What does it mean, I say?" repeated Star, impatient at the woman's silence.

Mrs. Blunt found her tongue at last.

"Mercy on us, child!" she ejaculated, her astonishment extending to her tones. "You've a temper of your own, or I'm much mistaken; and you'll need it, too, if you're going to live in this house."

Then she added, more thoughtfully:

"I'm afraid, miss, you've come over here with a wrong impression—I really am."

"What do you mean?" Star asked. "How have I come with a wrong impression?"

"What did you expect when you started to come to America to live with Mrs. Richards?" the housekeeper asked, evading her questions by putting another.

"I expected that my mother's cousin, who papa

said, was very wealthy, and able to take care of me, and had promised him to do so, would give me a place in her home as a member of her family, and give me an opportunity to perfect my education, so that I might be able, by and by, to take care of myself. This was what my father understood her promise to me to mean—this was what I expected. But from the reception she has given me—cold and heartless—and as I would not have received the meanest beggar who came to my door—from disrespectful and insulting remarks about my parents, and what she said about my 'duties,' I am afraid that my position here will not be a pleasant one."

Mrs. Blunt's homely face was full of pity as she listened to what Star said.

"Poor child," she began, "you have expected entirely too much, and perhaps it would be a mercy to tell you at once how mistaken you are if you think you are going to find a pleasant home and a chance to get much of an education here. When madam got your father's letter and knew that you were soon to be an orphan, she said at once that it was 'just the thing,' and you would do nicely to supply the place of Maggie Flynn, the chamber and errand girl, and who was not exactly trustworthy. She said the English peasants always made good servants, and as you were young and would be wholly dependent on her, she could train you according to her own notions. And, to make a long story short, you are to make beds and do chamber work generally, wait upon madam and run of errands."

And the housekeeper heaved a sigh of relief that the difficult explanation was over. And difficult it was, with those glittering, sapphire eyes fixed so intently upon her, and that beautiful face gleaming with scorn and indignation.

"In other words, she intends to make a servant—a slave of me," she said, with quiet sarcasm, but uplifted head.

"Yes—if you must put it so, miss," Mrs. Blunt admitted, reluctantly.

"What wages am I to expect?" and the clear young voice rang with intense scorn.

"Wages?"

"Yes, wages. What did she pay Maggie Flynn?" Star demanded, with a bitter smile.

"Six dollars a month; but—I don't think madam has thought about wages for you. She is to give you a home for what you can do; and besides what I have told you, you are to wait upon Miss Josephine, who is not sparing of her commands, either."

"Who is Miss Josephine, pray?"

"The young lady of the house—Mrs. Richards's daughter."

"How old is she?"

"Just turned eighteen."

"Two years my senior," murmured Star, reflectively. "Well, Mrs. Blunt," she added, after a moment or two, and looking up with a clearer face, "show me to my room, please, and let me have a good bath, for I need refreshing sadly. If only I might have some clean underclothing to put on," she added, wistfully.

"You shall," the woman quickly returned. "I suppose madam never thought of it, and it is a shame. There, wait here," she added, as she threw open the door of a small room on the front of the house in the third story, "and I will bring you a change of Miss Josephine's. They will be a trifle too large, but never mind so that you're comfortable."

She sped away, and as Star removed her hat and shawl she looked about her.

The room was very scantily furnished, but it was clean, and as there was only a single bed in it, she knew she was to have it to herself—a point which she congratulated herself upon, as it would have been very obnoxious to her to room with one of the servants.

Mrs. Blunt soon returned, bringing clean, fresh garments, and Star thought she had never realized before how great luxury cleanliness was.

"You can go to the bathroom at the end of the hall," she said, laying them over Star's arm.

Star felt very grateful to the kind-hearted creature, and made the most of her opportunity.

When Mrs. Blunt returned at the end of an hour, her plain face relaxed into a smile, though Star had thought that smiles were at a discount with her as a general thing.

"Well, you do look nice, or I'm much mistaken; and those hands—they're much too fine and nice, in my opinion, for drudgery;" and the woman glanced admiringly at those small members, of which, to be truthful, Star was a little proud.

"Well, I am ready to go to Miss Baker," she said, with a little sigh. "It is evident that I shall not be in a condition to do any kind of work, or drudgery, as you call it, until I am properly clad."

"She's true blue, and it's an abomination to make a servant of her," muttered the housekeeper, as she led the way to the sewing-room.

Miss Baker was in the midst of fitting a party dress for Miss Josephine, a rather fine-looking girl, with black eyes and hair, a brilliant color, and a full, graceful figure.

Mrs. Blunt introduced Star, and then gave Mrs. Richards' orders about the "two print dresses."

"Goodness gracious! are you Stella Gladstone?" ejaculated the pet and pride of the Richards' mansion, with a stare of surprise.

Star bowed a cold assent to this rude salutation, and then walked quietly across the room and seated herself by a window.

Miss Baker, however, had nodded and smiled kindly at her, and she felt sure that she should like the weary-looking seamstress.

"Well, I guess mamma will be glad you have come," Josephine pursued; "she has been nearly plagued to death with that Maggie Flynn—you're to take her place, you know, as chambermaid and errand girl."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

TRAVEL letters have been rare of late, so rare that it seemed the whole COMFORT family had given up traveling altogether. Owing to financial and other reasons, mostly financial, the majority of us are unable to visit the wonderful places we read about and have to content ourselves with descriptions from someone more fortunate. Because of this, the stay-at-homes will like the following letter from Mrs. Marsh of California. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh are travelers of note and interesting people in general, so their future letters will be worth anticipating.—Ed.

A Hike Up Mount Tamalpais, Calif. By Mrs. J. C. Marsh

The visitor to San Francisco, or any of the cities skirting the Bay of San Francisco, is at once attracted by the highest peak in all the sky line, and there, 2,500 feet in the air, in a little notch of the mountain, is the Mecca for every visitor to these parts. This is the Tamalpais Inn, and 108 feet, higher up, is the summit, which has to be hiked to reach.

It is commonly known as the "Mountain that guards the Golden Gate." It is 19 miles from San Francisco. The mountain got its name from the Tamal Indians who once roamed over its forests and through its chasms—Tamal being Indian and pais, mountain. It is pronounced TAM-AL-PA-IS with the accent on the "TA."

The trail starts from a point where the train leaves you to choose whether you will hike it or take the mountain train.

As it has been my good fortune to do both, more than once, I can speak from experience. For some 500 feet upward from Mill Valley, the starting point, it is fairly easy and one thinks they have a soft snap, but wait. Then the trail is taken upward through Chaparral.

Visitors call it a "mountain of magic," and when in its glory, words fail to express the feeling as you see the wild lilac (ceanothus), or at another season, the native toyon berries a glowing mass of scarlet loveliness, while every crevice holds its share of choice wild ferns or flowers.

Let us look for a moment at the iron dragon squirm-



REGULATION HIKING COSTUME OF MRS. MARSH.

ing its way up, backward, to the summit. It is jokingly remarked that "Lot's wife turned to rubber, then to salt," while travelers on the crookedest railway in the world do not have to twist their necks or take any such chances. The railway does all the twisting and turning, being built on the principle that "one good turn deserves another."

"It is a long road that knows no turning," and we claim that this road, being all turns, is the sum total of shortness. The train backs up the mountain with the engine in the rear, yet it is not a cog railroad. There are 281 curves in eight and one-fifth miles and the maximum curve is 90 degrees. The maximum grade is seven per cent., while the longest piece of straight track is 413 feet. The train ascends 2,500 feet of the total height of 2,608 feet, and goes north, south, east and west in its ascension.

This mountain, at the port of the setting sun, has been made the playground of a million people. The mighty Redwoods—sequoia—(semper virens) that you look down upon as you ascend, are the largest of their species. They range from 100 to 340 feet high and their trunks 15 feet in diameter, with bark often one foot thick.

They are the oldest living things. Even young ones are two or three thousand years old, and many are seen growing out of the ruins of others, which may have been saplings two or three thousand years ago.

The madrones, live oaks, laurels, manzanita (medicine plant, planted by the pioneer Spaniards from Spain), the wild hollyhocks and onions, and last but not the least, that beautiful plant that is seen at every turn, Old Man, or California Sweet Smelling Southernwood.

One of the largest trees at the foot of the mountain is 54 feet in circumference, and is said to have been a sturdy sapling when Solomon built the Temple at Jerusalem.

John Muir, after whom the beautiful woods at base of Tamalpais is named, and who lived there, first directed attention to these trees, and Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain and Robert Louis Stevenson have all added their eulogy to both mountain and woods.

We have seen plenty of wild life as we hike over its trails, deer, skunks, raccoon and other small animals, while lizards are in every nook, and some of the most beautiful birds. Eagles and hawks are frequently seen.

A guide is provided on the train who certainly is possessed of a fund of humor, for when we came into view of San Quentin Prison, far down the dizzy heights, he pointed it out as "Uncle Sam's Health Resort; nothing to pay. It is easy to get into it, but some have taken 40 years to get out of it."

The \$75,000.00 residence of the owner of the railway was also pointed out, and, said the guide, "If I had that amount of money I wouldn't place it on a rock."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE fact that cooking is regarded as an art, and a fine and worthy one, makes it proper for poetry to be mixed with recipes. Those able to have the regular old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, with turkey 'n' everything, will have less need, perhaps, of the poem printed below than the rest of us who have to content ourselves with simpler (and much less expensive) fare but with not as good grace as we should when we take more worth-while things into consideration.—Ed.

There is no hearth so bleak and bare
But Heaven hath sent some blessings there;
No table e'er so sparsely spread
But that a grace should there be said;

No life but knows some moment blest
Of sweet contentment and of rest;
No heart so cold but Heaven above
Hath touched it with the warmth of love.

So count your blessings, one by one,
At early morn and set of sun,
And, like an incense, to the skies
Your prayers of thankfulness shall rise.

Look for the love that Heaven sends,
The good that every soul intends;
Thus you will learn the only way
To keep a true Thanksgiving Day.

—Arthur Lewis Tubbs.

MOCK TURKEY.—Buy a fresh shoulder of pork, with bone removed. Wash well and dry. Make a stuffing of three cups of bread-crumbs, one teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons poultry seasoning, one teaspoon sage, one chopped onion, one tablespoon bacon fat with enough hot milk to make it of proper consistency. Stuff as you would a turkey, and tie in pan, sprinkle well with flour and add one pint and a half of water. Baste often.

PEANUT COOKIES.—Cream together one cup of sugar and one-half cup of shortening, add one well-beaten egg. Sift together two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one-fourth teaspoon of soda, and three-fourths teaspoon of salt. Add about one-third of the



PEANUT COOKIES.

flour to the butter mixture, and then add one tablespoon of milk, and so on until all the flour is used and just enough milk to make the dough the right consistency to drop by teaspoonfuls onto a greased baking dish. Lastly add one cup of roasted peanuts from which the brown skins have been rubbed. The peanuts may be crushed or used in halves.

ROAST PIG.—Requested. The pig should be three weeks old, well cleaned and stuffed with a dressing of this proportion: Two large onions, four times the quantity of bread-crumbs, three tablespoons of chopped sage, two ounces of butter, half a saltspoon of pepper, one saltspoon of salt, and one egg. Or it may be filled with a veal force-meat stuffing if preferred; or it may be stuffed with hot mashed potatoes. Sew it together with a strong thread, trussing its fore legs forward and its hind legs backward. Rub the pig with flour, pepper and salt. Roast it at first with a very slow fire, as it should be thoroughly done; the oven should not be too hot at first. Baste it very often. When done (in about three hours) place a lemon in the mouth, having put something in at first to keep it open. Serve it with apple sauce.

STEWED POTATOES.—One pint of cold boiled potatoes cut in bits; one cup of milk, butter the size of an egg, a heaping teaspoon of flour. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, and cook a moment; then add the milk, an even teaspoon of salt, and a saltspoon of white pepper. When it boils, add the potatoes. Boil a minute and serve.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Take medium-sized, newly-baked potatoes and cutting off one end of each, remove the contents. Mash the potato with butter, salt and pepper to season. Fill the potato shells heaping with the mixture and return to the oven to brown.

SCALLOPED RICE.—Boil one-half cup of rice till tender. Place the rice in a buttered pudding dish, and pour over it a white sauce, made with a cup and a half of hot milk, one tablespoon of butter, and one tablespoon of flour, cooked till it is perfectly smooth. Season highly with pepper, salt and mustard. Mix two-thirds of a cup of cracker-crumbs with one-fourth of a cup of melted butter, and sprinkle over the top. Bake till the crumbs are brown.

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP.—In a saucepan melt three tablespoons butter and to it add three and one-half tablespoons flour; stir to a smooth paste, then add two cups canned tomatoes, gradually blending with the flour mixture; now add one-fourth teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt and a slice of onion. Return to the fire and cook five minutes; strain and cool. When cold add one and one-half cups cold milk, heat and serve.

POTATO SOUP.—Two tablespoons bacon fat, two tablespoons flour, two slices onion, one and one-half teaspoons salt, one-fourth teaspoon celery salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, sprinkling paprika, one teaspoon chopped parsley, three cups milk, three potatoes rubbed through strainer. Cook first eight ingredients together in double boiler. To these add milk and potato mixed together, and stir until all boils.

TOMATO PIE.—Put five tablespoons of beef fat into a saucepan, add two medium-sized carrots sliced thin, one sliced onion, one-half of a green pepper, a small piece of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, and a sprinkling of thyme. Cook until carrots and onion are slightly browned, stirring constantly. Gradually add five tablespoons of flour, taking care it does not burn. When well browned, slowly add one and one-fourth cup of water, one can of tomatoes from which the water has been drained, five whole peppercorns, a pinch of chili powder, paprika, salt and pepper to taste. When well blended and cooking, add two cups of raw lean beef cut into very small pieces. Set back where the stew will simmer until the meat is nearly cooked. In a deep



TOMATO PIE.

pudding dish put a layer of quite stiff corn-meal mush, add the cooked stew, and cover with another layer of mush. Bake thirty minutes in a hot oven. Being a Mexican dish, it is highly seasoned, but it is also delicious with less spice.

CREAMED SALMON.—Make a cream soup of two tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of flour and one cup of milk. Into this put the contents of a can of salmon, free from bones, skin and fat; heat thoroughly, season with salt and pepper, add two eggs beaten. Stir constantly till eggs are cooked and serve at once.—Mrs. HATFIELD, Manchester, N. H.

ORANGE SALAD.—Cut six oranges in thin slices. Cover with dressing made by mixing one-quarter cup olive oil with one tablespoon each of lemon juice and vinegar, a little salt and paprika. Serve on lettuce.



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"June, what are you saying?"

by
Wenona Gilman

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Junius Beckwith, a Westpointer, Anne Gordon, wealthy, Marian Reade, companion, friend and protégée of Anne Gordon, occupy a box at the Metropolitan Opera House. The curtain falls and Beckwith admits that "Lucia di Lammermoore" has a depressing influence upon him and he cannot think of insanity without repulsion, no matter what the cause may be, and a marriage with either tainted, should be made a crime punishable by law. The next morning is Marian's birthday and deciding to go home, Anne Gordon, with a premonition that she ought to stay, exacts a promise, if any trouble comes, Marian will let her know first. Marian walks away and turning the corner meets June Beckwith and they go to the park. Remembering it is her birthday, he offers his love as a gift and asks her to be his wife. Happy in her love for June, Marian reaches home. Janet Reade, her grandmother, tells her that her mother is not dead but the inmate of a madhouse. What can she say to June? Hearing a voice, she answers to her father's call. He gives her a curious Venetian ring for a birthday gift, and questioning him where he got it he evades the answer and queries what Anne Gordon gives her. Showing the watch, her father berates Marian's friend. She might have given one thousand dollars, which he needs and will have. Marian, under the horror of all she hears, forgets all her grandmother told her, even forgets June Beckwith. Later in the night, remembering her promise to Anne Gordon, she goes to her home. A light flashed from a window opposite shows a rope hung from Anne Gordon's window and in the window her father's face. Reaching home, Marian meets her father, tells him where he has been, and for no honest purpose, and demands that he return all he has stolen. He refuses, and only after her earnest pleading does he ask what she will do for him. Little dreaming the price she must pay, she asks for nothing but to serve him and she seals the promise upon her mother's Bible. Left alone, Paul Reade decides to keep one ring. Marian writes June she does not love him and that her soul is withered as much as the flower she encloses. Her father assures her he has obtained a position in the brokerage business and rented a house down town. June is stunned upon receiving Marian's letter and welcomes his friend, Fred Underwood, who tells him Paul Reade is a most unscrupulous gambler and that Marian is not as innocent as she appears. June cannot believe it, and Underwood will prove it to him if he cares to go.

CHAPTER IX.

ANNE GORDON HEARS THE TRUTH.

ALL day long the decorators and caterers had been busy in the new house into which Paul Reade had moved with his mother and beautiful daughter. It was really a beautiful place, not representing so great an outlay of money as it did artistic taste and careful blending of coloring. Paul Reade was giving an entertainment, to open it, under the very modest name of "house-warming"; but no swell social event was ever more carefully considered and arranged.

The florist had contributed his best work, and the flowers that banked the mantels and decorated the rooms were such as a many-times millionaire might have been proud to display. The restaurateur had assured his patron of his best viands, and the table, already arranged in the great hall, gave assurance that his word would be kept.

"It is exquisite," said Marian, as she gazed dreamily over the scene. "In all my life I have never seen a ballroom that surpassed it. But who is paying for it? Where has my father obtained this money? Oh, heavens! If I could but trust him. If I could but be sure that it is all honestly obtained, there might be some comfort in seeing him so happy, but I cannot—I cannot!"

A little groan escaped her there in the heart of a scene that might have thrilled another girl to the very soul. Her father was standing not far away and heard the sound. An expression of annoyance crossed his countenance, but it had vanished by the time he had reached her side.

"Isn't it beautiful?" he asked. "Is there a suggestion that you can make that would improve anything?"

"It is all perfect," she answered wearily. "That is it. It is perfect. When the house is lighted tonight it will seem that the lamp of Aladdin is indeed shining upon us. But there is nothing in it all half so pretty as my girl will be. Has the costume come home yet?"

"Yes, but, oh, father—"

"Now, my dear, don't preach, but tell me; is it pretty? Does it fit?"

"It is exquisite; but, father, where did you get it?" she cried out desperately. "I may be wrong, but I can't help it. It all—frightens me!"

"It need not. I tell you that I have made a mint of money in stocks. Just at the moment when I had despaired, the rise came. It went like the cry of the college boys—'Sis! Boom! Itah!' I may lose all tomorrow that I have made, but we will enjoy it while we can, Marian. You deserve it, my girl. You have been very good and very patient with the old dad."

He turned away and left her standing there among the flowers. His little exhibition of emotion was not without effect, for she looked after him with something like a tear in her eye.

"Perhaps I am wrong," she said, with a sob that she could not quite conquer. "Perhaps I am wrong, and it may be all as he says. Because he has erred once is no reason why he should never be honest. I am wicked and unforgiving. I will trust him. Oh, I—I wish he had not given this thing. I don't know the people whom he has invited. He says that they are always willing enough to attend an entertainment of any kind where they are assured of good food and better

wine. Heaven knows, there will be enough of it here tonight."

"Oh, how I wish that I could escape it all. But that is hopeless. And at least I shall have Anne Gordon to help me. Thank Heaven for that. It is time that I was dressing. I hope that Anne will be here soon. It seems a terrible thing that she should come here in the jewels that my father stole. But it was she herself who proposed it, and I could not decline. Dear Anne, how good she has always been to me!"

She turned away from a contemplation of the brilliant flowers, the weakness and sickness of her heart but too apparent in the lagging step, and went up-stairs.

Almost at the same moment that she did so, a servant handed Anne Gordon June Beckwith's card. It was the first time he had called upon her since the night of the opera, and without taking time to rearrange her toilet, she ran down-stairs.

"I am glad to see you!" she exclaimed cordially. "You have absolutely deserted me of late!"

"I have been out of town upon some important business," he answered, his pale face flushing a trifle.

"And working yourself to death!" she cried, looking him over critically. "Why, you look as if you had had a spell of illness. I hope it is nothing serious?"

"Not at all. I have been a little troubled with insomnia. It sounds like the disease of a nervous girl, does it not? But it is all over now. It is good to see you again. Let me see! I have been gone nearly two weeks."

"You have not been in New York all that time?"

"No."

"Then you have not heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Why, about Marian Reade."

His heart seemed to close with a sudden snap. He pressed his hand upon it, and an ashen pallor

grew about his lips, but he forced it back, and in a tone that sounded more natural than he would have believed possible, he asked:

"What is it?"

"Oh, something lovely. I am surprised that you have not heard. Why, her father has made almost a fortune in stocks."

"In what?"

"Stocks."

"What stocks?"

"I don't know. I did not ask her. The fact is, I don't believe she knew or she would have mentioned it, and I never thought of it."

"The market has been singularly steady of late."

He said the words almost without being conscious of having spoken them, but there was no suspicion in Anne Gordon.

"Oh, but it's quite true!" she exclaimed, with genuine pleasure. "He has made the money. He has rented a beautiful house, and is giving what he calls a 'house-warming' tonight, but in reality it is a very gorgeous ball. Did not Marian send you cards?"

"No," he answered curiously. "Did she send them to you?"

"Oh, no; not formally, you know. We are too intimate for that. She did not come for some time, and one day, in desperation, I ran up to Harlem. I found them in great confusion, moving. Marian was just going down to the new house, and I went with her. I have been there several times watching how things were progressing, and—well, I half-believe I invited myself to that affair tonight. I am going to help Marian receive."

"You are going to—what?"

"Help her receive. It is very singular that she has not asked you. She always seemed to like you."

"And she is happy in this new life of hers?"

He asked the question so strangely that it seemed to set her thinking. She looked beyond him, out into the gloaming, and answered:

"I don't know. I rather puzzle me. She flits about like a bird, directing the arrangement of this and that; she laughs and sings, and declares that it is all too beautiful to last; but—I don't exactly understand it, June. It impresses me as the hysterical cry of a half-breaking heart; and you know that is so unlike Marian."

"It is unlike her," he answered, with a little sneer; "very unlike her. It is my belief that she has no heart to break."

"June, what are you saying?"

"The truth. She is not honest; she is not sincere. You have promised her that you will go to this affair that she is giving tonight. Anne, you have neither father nor brother to guide you. You and your mother are alone in the world; and while you have relatives that have stronger claims upon your obedience than I—I, who am your friend, should be committing an error did I not forbid your going to that house tonight; not to-night alone, but ever again."

"June, you must be mad!"

She had risen suddenly, and was looking down upon him, startled, indignant. He rose and looked into her eyes with determination.

"It is true," he cried. "I forbid your going there."

"But she is my friend—my sister. I like and respect you. I even value the interest in me which your words prove, but you must give me some reason."

"I cannot."

"Then you must not expect me to obey. Your words require an explanation, June. It is neither manly nor just that you should refuse it. As a friend you have forbidden me to enter the house

of an older friend. I think I have a right to demand your reasons."

His eyes fell and a quick flush suffused his cheeks, but he lifted them almost desperately at last, and cried out hurriedly and huskily:

"So be it, then! Do you know why Marian Reade did not ask you to be present tonight? Do you know why the expression of a desire to be there had to come from you? Listen, and I will tell you, though it hurts me bad enough to speak the horrible truth. It is because Marian Reade uttered a falsehood to you when she told you that her father had obtained his money through a rise in stocks. He obtained it of Dick Gresham, a bookmaker, a gambler!"

"June!"

"Do you think I would repeat this to you if I did not know that I am speaking the truth? He made Paul Reade an offer long ago that if he would secure the consent of his pretty daughter to go into the house to entertain the people, he would advance all the funds for the enterprise that might be required."

"And she—"

"Has consented."

"Mercy! you don't mean that—"

"Marian Reade is a decoy for gamblers of the worst and lowest class? I do! It is pitifully, cruelly true. If you should go there tonight, you would see no one present but gamblers."

"I cannot believe it. There must be some mistake."

"I tell you there is none!" Beckwith answered bitterly. "Dick Gresham told me the story himself. The ball tonight is to introduce Marian to gamblers and those who can be of future benefit to her father. I would not hesitate to go there tonight, without an invitation. There is no doubt of the truth of it all, Anne. It is cruelly, hideously true."

Tears arose in her eyes, and her lip quivered. She was striving heroically to control herself, and he saw it. He put out his hand and pressed hers passionately. There seemed a bond of sympathy between them. He almost loved her at that moment because she suffered.

CHAPTER X.

PAUL READE'S NEW HOME.

There was a clash of music, the glitter of electric lights seen through brilliant-hued flowers, and the sound of laughter in the rooms of the house that Paul Reade called his home.

It was not the low, musical laughter of women who govern the world by their beauty and grace of manner; it was not the gentle, soothing tones of the woman who reaches the heart of man through the reason that guides his soul, but the sound was like the wild revelry of the bacchantes in infernal glee over the destruction of a life.

It was a hoarse laughter, a laughter that seemed as if it were struggling through a heavy mist of champagne.

And Marian Reade, in her exquisite gown of palest shimmering green, looked on with a feeling of startled bewilderment. Even while she was surrounded with those women in their gay costumes, she felt herself somehow to be apart from them. They were not her friends; they were not, and never could be, a part of her life.

It was all so strange and mysterious to her, this scene with which she was encompassed. There was nothing in the conversation of those present to which the most innocent might not have listened; there was nothing in their dress that she had not seen in the ballrooms of the friends to whom Anne Gordon had presented her; and yet there was that about these people that separated them from those others as far as the earth and heaven are separated.

And in the midst of that strange gathering, well-gowned and handsome as they undeniably were, Marian Reade stood, lifting her exquisite head like the pure lily that is stifled as it endeavors to breathe the hot air of the charnel-house. The atmosphere about her seemed fetid with the odors of death—the death of virtue, the death of chastity, the death of life and the soul.

There was one in attendance—a tall, blond man, who leaned upon the mantel-shelf, apart from the rest, and looked at her. There was a curious expression in his eyes—the expression of a man who is fascinated by the fatal peril that he watches, powerless to avert. It was June Beckwith's friend, Fred Underwood.

He stood there, silently regarding it all, watching the faces of the men who approached her, turning half-way sometimes in sickened disgust as he caught the expression of some world-weary, blasé reprobate whose eyes had lighted with almost gluttonous pleasure as they fell upon her singularly beautiful countenance. And there beside her was Paul Reade, like the deadly upas that sheltered her from the scorching heat of the sun, one not less fatal than the other.

When he could conquer his repugnance, he went up to Paul Reade and asked to be presented to his daughter. The request was granted, and offering the girl his arm, Underwood led her to a remote part of the room.

"You look tired," he said gently, feeling a curious interest in the girl which he could not conquer. "If it were not too absurd, I should say that you look—frightened!"

She glanced at him in a nervous, startled sort of way, and then laughed.

"No," she said, with an affectation of lightness that she was far from feeling; "I am not tired

and I am not frightened. Why should I be? It is beautiful enough, is it not?"

"Then you are quite happy?"

He asked the question in a dull, strained voice; but she did not look at him. She was striving with all her might to conceal her terror, and answered hysterically:

"Happy? Of course I am! Who would not be who had such a sudden change in their lives as I? Perhaps I look a little out of place because I am not acquainted with these people, but I shall be by and by. Oh, I shall be one of them before they are aware of it!"

A cynical smile crossed his mouth.

"And I suppose that represents perfection to you?" he exclaimed.

She glanced away from him. There was something in his tone that curiously impressed her. She was striving to close her ears to it all, as she had striven to close her senses to her surroundings. She wanted to escape him; but as her eyes sought the door in an endeavor to do so, she shrunk back toward him, her face grew pale as death, and a little frozen cry that scarcely reached the atmosphere escaped her.

Underwood followed the direction of her eye. It was June Beckwith who was entering the door.

He was in his regulation evening-suit; there was a huge chrysanthemum in his lapel. His face was flushed to an unusual degree, and upon his lips there rested a smile that Underwood had never seen there before. It was a wild, cynical, hysterical smile, that deepened as he caught sight of his friend and his companion.

He came straight toward them, and Marian, standing there rigid as iron, was forced to give him her hand as he extended his own.

CHAPTER XI.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

Fred Underwood looked from June Beckwith to Marian Reade, and from Marian Reade back again.

The expression of his friend's face startled him. He could not quite make up his mind why June had come there, and he did not know what the look portended. There was a feeling in the man's heart for Marian which he could not analyze.

He believed that she knew perfectly well the character of the men and women who surrounded her; he believed that she knew why she had been introduced to such society, and he believed that she had consented to the life of shame that was about to engulf her, and yet there was a certain sympathy for her in his soul that he could not overcome.

She seemed so little a part of that gathering; there was something so different in the very atmosphere that she breathed; and then there was that in her face that he could not translate.

He sighed a little and leaned against the window-casing, watching those two, glad that he had come, in order that he might be near June to save him from any rash act that he might commit.

"I did not expect to see you here," June exclaimed to him.

"Nor I you."

"I was not hidden to the feast," answered Beckwith, almost insolently; "I am but the bearer of a message to Miss Reade."

"Indeed!" stammered the girl. "From whom?"

"Miss Gordon. She bade me tell you that she could not be with you tonight, a misfortune which she deeply regretted, and that she desired you to come to call on her tomorrow for luncheon."

Marian seemed to breathe more freely. It seemed to her that a great weight had been lifted from her heart, now that she knew Anne Gordon would not be there to mingle with the throng. She could not have explained the feeling, and yet it was perfectly apparent to Underwood's watchful eye. It but convinced him the more that she knew the class with whom she was associated. But he was aroused from his reflections by hearing June Beckwith say:

"And now that I have played my part as messenger-boy, surely you are not going to send me away without my seeing a little of the feast? The orchestra is playing a divine waltz. Won't you allow me a turn, Miss Reade, even though I am a self-invited guest?"

He laughed a trifle loudly at his own words, and Marian colored painfully. Underwood saw and interposed.

"She is tired, June," he exclaimed. "I brought her over here in this deserted corner to give her a little rest. Let her alone, you selfish wretch!"

"Tired? How is that possible? Women never tire when they are adding new laurels to their crowns. There is something of the savage in the best woman that ever was created. She is never so happy as when she dangles a new scalp at her belt. Come, Miss Reade; I am sure you will not refuse me one waltz?"

He held out his arms to her; there was a mocking smile upon his lips; his eyes glittered with a curious light that she had never seen in them before; but still it was June—June, the man she loved; June, the man who was all the world to her.

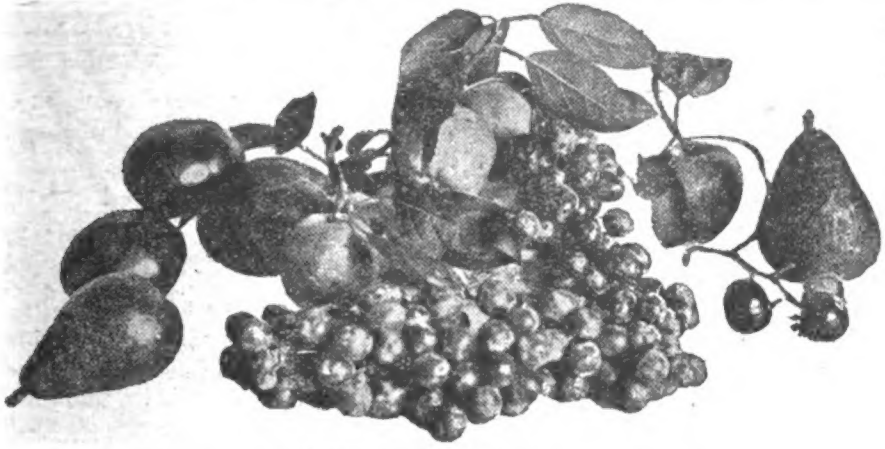
She shut her eyes very closely for just a moment. Her head was spinning around as if she were under the influence of champagne. She had seen his arms extended to her, and the temptation was too strong to be resisted.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



Through the maze of dancers they circled down the room.

"She is finishing with him the waltz which she began with me."



THE FIRST NEW ENGLAND HARVEST THANKSGIVING

By Violet Marsh

Pilgrim Methods in Modern Cookery

IN many an old New England home there still stands the massive chimney with its great hearth over which swung the long iron crane which in turn supported varying lengths of adjusted pot hooks and trammels from which were suspended kettles and other cooking utensils. It was around these great glowing fireplaces that all the homeliness and comfort of an early New England home centered. On either side were settles and chimney seats. One great general room of all works was the usual manner of building before the days of pantries and closets, and so in the hearth corners were displayed the Dutch oven for baking "rye'n' Injun bread, the iron bake-kettle standing on three short legs with its tight-fitting hollow cover for holding hot coals. The spider for frying, and the gridiron for broiling, were in daily use. Like the bake-kettle, the gridiron stood on legs and was set over the coals. It was oblong and the upper surface of the crossbars was concave to catch the drippings from the meat that they might be saved. As it broiled, the meat or fish was turned. The skillet and trivet also belong to early cookery. The skillet is deep and nearly straight sided while the trivet is nearly the same in shape but stands on three legs; both have a long handle.

These were often used together when a hot water jacket was desired after the fashion of a double boiler. The use of charcoal or coke for broiling in our cooking ranges is the nearest approach we have to the open-hearth broilers, which for texture and flavor has never been equaled.

Roasted meats, such as wild turkeys and venison, were suspended from a stout cord over a bed of coals, deep and hot enough to last through the entire roasting. The cord was twisted and re-twisted by a simple contrivance, so that during the roasting as it slowly untwisted, all parts of the meat were uniformly cooked. A kettle was suspended to catch the drippings from the frequent basting of fat and hot water which each time grew richer.

The first New England harvest Thanksgiving was celebrated in Plymouth in 1621, and covered a period of several days which were spent in feasting and various forms of recreation. Deer, wild turkeys and waterfowl were found in plenty. "Though there were but fifty-five English to eat the Pilgrim Thanksgiving feast, there were partakers in plenty; and the ninety sociable Indian visitors did not come empty-handed, but joined fraternally in provision for the feast and probably also in the games."

In the small colony were only four women, "who, with the help of one servant and a few young girls, had to prepare and cook food for three days for one hundred and twenty hungry men, ninety-one of them being Indians with an unbounded capacity for gluttonous gorging unsurpassed by any other race. Doubtless the deer, and possibly the great turkeys, were roasted in the open air. The picture of that Thanksgiving, the blockhouse with its few cannon, the Pilgrim men in buff breeches, red waistcoats, and green or sad-colored mandillions; the great company of Indians, gay in holiday paint and feathers and furs; the few and overworked, homesick women, in worn and simple gowns, with plain coils and kerchiefs, and the pathetic handful of little children, forms a keen contrast to the prosperous, cheerful Thanksgiving of a century later."

As early as 1630, milk, butter and cheese and such garden staples as beans, corn, pumpkins, squash, turnips, parsnips, peas and onions were available in abundance.

The Indians early taught the Pilgrims to make use of the pumpkins, which at times proved a great blessing until the corn and cattle increased. The Indians cut and dried the pumpkins on strings for winter use, as it is still done in New England farm communities. Pumpkin bread was generally eaten, and to this day is by no means an uncommon dish. It took the Pilgrims considerable time to adapt themselves to so extensive a use of pumpkins, but in time they were much liked and appreciated, particularly the "Sauce" for which a "two-centuries-old" recipe is given as follows: "The Housewives' manner is to

slice them when ripe and cut them into Dice, and so fill a pot with them of two or three Gallons and stew them upon a gentle fire a whole day. And as they sink they fill again with fresh Pompsions [old name for pumpkin] not putting any liquor to them, and when it is stir'd enough it will look like bak'd Apples. This Dish putting Butter to it and a little Vinegar with some Spice as Ginger which makes it tart like an Apple, and so serve it up to be eaten with fish or flesh."

In Indian corn (also called "Guinny wheat") the early colonists found their most unfailing food supply. Its abundance and adaptability did much to save them from starvation. The Indians taught them how to plant and fertilize, and how to harvest, grind and cook the corn in many acceptable ways. The Indian pudding was boiled in a bag, a way of cooking that is still in common use. Indian meal mush was given the name of hasty-pudding which has always been retained. Roasting ears of green corn were a part of Indian feasts, but I find no mention of or significance attached to the "red ear." The hoe-cakes and ash-cakes were made by the squaws long before Pilgrim days. When we consider how commonly corn is popped and sold on street corners, and how familiar it is to every boy and

girl, it is interesting to note the description of an early settler, who says: "When corn is parched it turns entirely inside out, and is white and floury within."

Due to the fact that nothing could be wasted, and often through lack of cooking and serving

ing dishes, boiling a variety of foods together became a feature of Pilgrim cookery, from which, no doubt, have been handed down the New England boiled dinner, our rich stews and other one-dish meals. Corn and beans cooked with fowl and called succotash, as well as the art of baking beans in ashes, were dishes which the Indians taught the Pilgrims how to prepare.

How many of the essential principles of Pilgrim cookery have been handed down through generations of New England families, and thus spread throughout the whole nation, is of especial interest as the day on which we celebrate Thanksgiving approaches. Of later date is the brick oven where the week's baking of bread, pies, beans, hams, etc., were done at one time. It took many hours to heat the oven and "baking day" was no small event. In many old New England homes these brick ovens are still brought into use on special occasions, especially for Thanksgiving.

The expression "apple-pie order" is said to be associated with these famous New England baking days. The story follows that a certain Puritan dame made it a practice to bake on Saturdays two or three dozen pies, which were to be distributed to the poor.

Drying, preserving and candying fruits amounted to a profession among the Colonial women.

Candied Fruits

Where a confection is desired following a rich meal, it is safer to serve candied fruits. They are easily prepared, attractive and delicious. Use canned fruits from your own shelves, taking care to use only firm pieces, otherwise

the confection will not retain its shape, and will become mushy in the syrup. No flavoring is necessary as the fruit itself provides this. Pineapple, cherries, quince and pears are "sure" fruits to candy and quite the most satisfactory.

CHERRIES.—Drain the fruit and carefully wipe each cherry. Measure the juice and to each cup add two cups of granulated sugar. Boil to a thick syrup without stirring after the sugar is dissolved, watching it carefully. Add the cherries, slowly simmer about twelve minutes, remove from the fire and set away for twenty-four hours. Carefully drain off the syrup, boil for five minutes and pour it over the cherries. Repeat this process twice again, allowing the cherries each time to stand twenty-four hours. The syrup is next boiled until a little dropped in water will

become brittle. Remove from fire at once, drop in the cherries and set the kettle into a pan of hot water. When the cherries appear well soaked and coated with the syrup, carefully remove them to a board covered with paraffin paper and dry. Many string cherries on a thread and hang them to dry.

CANDIED PEACHES.—Select even halves and cut them in two or three parts. Wipe. Peaches are not cooked in the syrup. To each cup of peach juice add two cups of granulated sugar, and cooked until it "threads" very freely from the spoon. Set into a pan of hot water and hold to the boiling point. Carefully place the peaches in the syrup and let stand one hour. Remove, placing on a wire sieve, and dry in a gentle heat either suspended over the stove or in the mouth of the oven. If necessary, boil the syrup again and dip peaches, which should have a dry candied surface.

CANDIED PEARS AND QUINCE.—Follow directions for candied peaches.

CANDIED PINEAPPLE.—Drain sliced pineapple and dry. To each cup of juice add one cup of sugar and boil until it "feathers." Drop in the pineapple which has been cut into eighths, and when the syrup has slightly cooled take out each piece with a hat pin and place on a wire sieve to dry.

CANDIED CARROTS.—Select small tender carrots. Pare and cut into rather thin slices lengthways. Barely cover with water, and to each cup add one cup of brown sugar, a pinch of cinnamon, a dash of cayenne pepper, a little grated lemon rind and juice. Cover, and when the whole is cooking and the sugar dissolved, remove the cover and cook until the liquid is nearly evaporated. Baste frequently. Carefully remove carrot to serving dish and pour over the candied syrup.

Old-Time Dishes

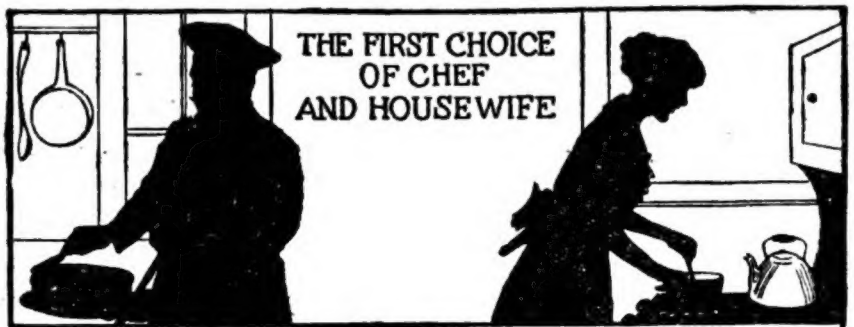
BOSTON BAKED BEANS.—While baking beans the water must never get below the surface of the beans, for if this occurs even once, the quality of the finished dish will not be quite up to the standard. If baked beans are liked with a small amount of juice, cook the last addition of water slowly down. Soak beans in cold water over night and parboil early the next morning until blowing on a spoonful will cause the skins to slightly crack. Drain. In the bottom of a small stone crock, or earthen beanpot, put two tablespoons of molasses and two of sugar, one level teaspoon of salt, and one-fourth pound of clean salt pork to each quart of soaked beans, then add the beans, which should not fill the pot more than three-fourths full. Cover with boiling water, adding more as it disappears, and slowly bake from ten to twelve hours. A teaspoon of mustard and a small whole onion, or a cup of strained tomato, are flavors liked by many.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Four carrots, four onions, two turnips, one bunch of celery and two white potatoes cut into fine pieces. Add boiling water until it is two inches above the top of vegetables. When cooked soft, season with salt, pepper, a pinch of mace and two cups of strained tomato. Melt four tablespoons of butter in a saucepan and rub in four even tablespoons of dry flour, and when smooth and bubbling add a pint of the soup stock. Cook for five minutes and add to soup. Just before serving beat in half a cup of cream.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Cut the pumpkin into small pieces after it is pared and the center taken out. Put into a deep kettle with enough water to prevent burning until the pumpkin juices start. Stir frequently and cook over a low fire, as it catches easily after softening. The long slow cooking develops a rich flavor, and it is much better to cook the pumpkin nearly dry before putting it into pies than to add flour to thicken. To each cup of hot stewed pumpkin add one even tablespoon of butter, half a teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of molasses, half a teaspoon each of ginger and cinnamon, a little nutmeg and the grated rind of half a lemon. Beat well. Beat two eggs slightly with four tablespoons of sugar, add one cup of boiling hot milk, and stir well into the pumpkin mixture. Pour into deep pie plate lined with pastry. Bake in a moderate oven one hour or longer.

PUMPKIN OMELET.—One cup of pumpkin stewed the same as for pie filling, one teaspoon of molasses, three teaspoons of sugar, a pinch each of cinnamon, and nutmeg, pepper and salt, two well-beaten eggs and one-half cup of milk all beaten together. Spread the mixture in a hot greased iron frying pan, and as soon as the mixture is lightly set on the bottom, set the pan in the oven and bake. Generously butter the top, fold once and serve. Delicious as a vegetable, or as a supper dish topped with whipped cream, or served with cheese.

FRIED CORN-MEAL MUSH.—When the salted water is boiling hard, stir in bolted corn meal previ-



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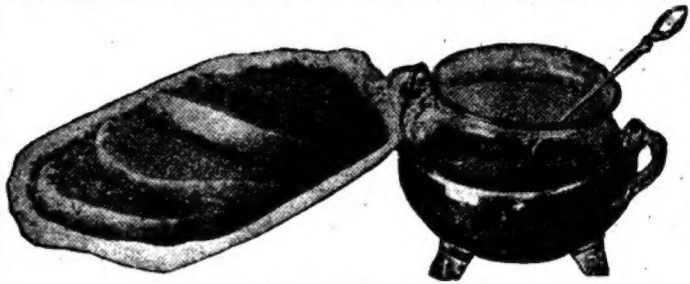
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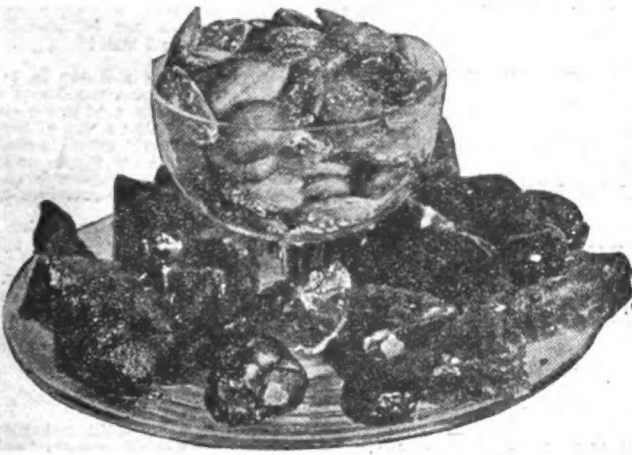
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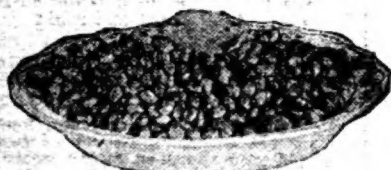
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FRIED CORN-MEAL MUSH.



CANDIED FRUITS AND SALTED ALMONDS.



BOSTON BAKED BEANS AND BEAN POT.



ously wet with cold water as this prevents lumping. Do not make too stiff. Cook forty minutes and pour into greased round tins. Small coffee cans are useful for this purpose. The next morning slice and fry brown in a little chicken fat. Serve with syrup.

CORN-MEAL AND PUMPKIN DODGERS.—One and one-half cup of hot pumpkin that has been cooked dry and mashed fine. Add one and one-half cup of corn meal and allow to steam ten minutes, stirring frequently. Add three tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of brown sugar and one level teaspoon of salt. Mix thoroughly. The mixture should be just soft enough to take up by spoonfuls and pat into flat cakes in the hand. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

Holiday Dainties

THANKSGIVING CAKE.—One cup of brown sugar creamed with one cup of butter until very fluffy. Add four eggs well beaten, two cups of good molasses, one cup of milk, one tablespoon of ginger, one-fourth teaspoon of cloves, one tablespoon of cinnamon and one teaspoon of grated nutmeg, and beat thoroughly together. Gradually add five cups of sifted flour, and then add two level teaspoons of soda dissolved in one tablespoon of water. Beat the mixture until smooth and fine grained. Have ready one cup each of clean raisins and currants, adding them to the dough after they are lightly floured. Put an inch layer of the dough into the baking pan, then add a layer of thinly-sliced citron, then more dough and citron until used. Bake one hour or more in a moderate oven. When done the cake will be well shrunken from sides of pan.

SALTED ALMONDS.—Pour boiling water over one pound of shelled almonds, and rub off the brown skins as soon as the water cools sufficiently to handle. Dry with a cloth. In a frying pan heat about five tablespoons of olive oil, and put in enough nuts to cover the bottom of the pan. Stir constantly until the nuts have slightly browned, then remove to brown paper and sprinkle with salt. Continue until the nuts are done. This amount of oil should brown all the almonds. Another way is to put the nuts and oil into a large biscuit tin, stir them until thoroughly coated, and bake brown in a hot oven, stirring frequently.

CRANBERRY CONSERVE.—Three pints of cranberries, three whole tart apples sliced thin, juice and pulp of one quince previously cooked in water to cover, or one glass of quince jelly, cooked with water enough to start the juices. When the apple is soft, put the fruit through a sieve. Add the grated rind and juice of two oranges and one lemon, two cups of washed seedless raisins, and three and one-half cups of sugar, or three cups if quince jelly is used. Simmer until thick. Delicious with fowl.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Put three pints of cranberries through the food chopper, add three cups of granulated sugar, closely cover and cook ten minutes. Pour into a heated glass dish and set away to jelly.

MINCE-MEAT.—Two cups of fresh beef tongue or heart, measured after it is boiled and chopped, one and one-half cup of chopped beef suet, six cups of chopped apples that are tart and juicy, one and one-half cup of molasses, three and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of washed currants, one pound of seeded raisins, the grated rind and juice of one orange and two lemons, one-third cup of cider vinegar, one-half glass of currant or other rich jelly, one and one-half cup of sweet cider, one teaspoon of ground cloves, two teaspoons of nutmeg, three teaspoons of cinnamon, and the liquor added in which the meat was cooked after being boiled down to one cup. Stir and cook very slowly until the apple is done.

SPICED GRAPE JELLY.—Four quarts of stemmed grapes, one pint of vinegar, one rounded tablespoon of whole cloves and about four inches of stick cinnamon cooked until the grapes are soft. Strain through a jelly bag and boil hard twenty minutes. Add three pounds of sugar, boil five minutes and pour into hot glasses.

BAKED RICE AND GIBLETS.—Cook the giblets until well done and remove from liquor. Thicken the liquor with flour and butter rubbed together, and season with salt and pepper. Chop the giblets. Combine in the proportion of one cup of chopped giblets, two cups of cooked rice that has been seasoned, and two cups of gravy. Add finely-chopped celery, or green pepper if desired. Pour into a baking dish and cook in a hot oven twenty to thirty minutes.

BEEF RELISH.—Chop one quart each of boiled beets and raw cabbage, add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of prepared horseradish, one-fourth teaspoon of cayenne pepper and cold vinegar to cover.

Cubby Bear at a Mother-Goose Party

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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INVITATIONS had gone far and wide for a party at Mamma Bruin's house—a party which was to have been a big surprise! Even Blue Bittern from the distant swamp had been asked (though he sent regrets). Flicker Yellowhammer from the dead maple tree in the meadow, and Policeman Bob Catt and Mrs. Catt from the West Forest.

For two days no one had been allowed to enter Mamma Bruin's house. It was understood that a visitor was there, but no one knew whom. Cubby Bear was out after wild flowers the day before the party, but would only smile and say nothing when questioned by his friends.

Mr. Wise Owl was a little vexed at this, for he had thought Cubby would answer any question of his.

"It is not polite just to grin when you are asked a civil question, Cubby Bear," said Wise Owl. "I taught you better manners than that at my school."

"Excuse me," said Cubby. "I do not mean to be rude, but the party would be no surprise to you all if I told about it now."

Curious Billy Bluejay went to Mamma Bruin's house, and rapped at the door.

Mamma Bruin opened the door just enough to look out, but did not invite Billy in.

"If you please, I would like to see how your chimney is made inside," he said. "Mine does not draw well, and I know you always have a good fire when it is cold."

"After the party, I shall be glad to let you examine it," said Mamma Bruin—and closed the door!

"So I didn't get in, after all!" said Billy to his friends, who were waiting around the corner. "And they even have the blinds closed."

"Oh, well," Redtop Woodpecker told him, "we have only to wait until nine o'clock tomorrow morning. I am glad the party is not to be in the afternoon, and if they were to have it in the evening, I really could not wait."

By half-past eight next morning, the guests began to gather in Mamma Bruin's dooryard, but no one rapped at the door until the sunshine reached the nine o'clock mark on the alder tree.

Then Mamma Bruin opened the door, and greeted them with a smiling face. She wore her best white apron and a scarlet bow in her hair, and in one hand she carried a beautiful white goose-feather fan.

"A gift from my visitor," she explained, when Minnie Mink spoke of the fan. "Now come in, all of you, and be introduced."

The shutters were open wide, the house shone with cleanliness, and the air was sweet with wild flowers.

On the kitchen window-sill was a wide, clean board, covered with delicious-looking tarts, which had been set there to cool.

"Um—ah!" murmured Billy Bluejay. "I'd like to take a peek at one of those tarts right now!"

Then Grandma Bear, Cubby and the visitor appeared, coming out of Grandma's little room.

Mamma Bruin gracefully managed the introductions.

"My friend, Madam Goose," she said, "better known to the world as Mother Goose, a poetess famed far and wide."

Madam Goose stood, stately and smiling, looking at the little woods people through a pair of immense glasses.

"I'm charmed, I'm sure, to meet you all! I hope you'll have a pleasant call," she said.

"Everyone has come but Policeman and Mrs. Bob Catt," said Cubby.

"After they were all seated, Grandma Bear said: 'Madam Goose has been kind enough to promise us rhymes for our party—a real Mother Goose party it is to be. Now, whom shall the first rhyme be about?'"

"Cubby Bear!" said little Chirpy Chipmunk.

"Keep quiet while she thinks about it," whispered Grandma.

Mother Goose pressed her yellow claw upon her white brow for a moment, then said:

"Skipptity, flippity, Cubby Bear!
In his caperings who can share?
Here he goes prancing,
And there he goes dancing;
Skipptity, flippity, flappity, flare!"

Much to his surprise, Cubby Bear found him-

self capering about the room, gracefully skipping, bowing and gliding.

Wild applause followed.

"Could I have the next one?" asked Billy Bluejay.

Mother Goose was ready for him on the instant, and turned her bright eyes upon him as she said:

straightened his black cap-strap: "I've wanted to fly up to the moon, but I shan't try to, now!"

"Oh, but you couldn't, anyway!" Cubby answered. "It is far, far away! Too far for even Edric Eagle to reach."

"I like these Bunny Babies, so sweet, and white, and clean!" said Mother Goose, and picking up the smallest one, she crooned:



MADAM GOOSE, STATELY AND SMILING, LOOKED AT THE LITTLE WOODS PEOPLE THROUGH A PAIR OF IMMENSE GLASSES.

"Billy Bluejay, saucy fellow,
Flew up to the moon so yellow,
Let me dwell in the moonlight mellow."

To the moon-man said the jay,
But the moon-man deftly took him
By the top-knot, gaily shook him,
Shook him roughly, snick-snack-snook him,
And his answer was: 'Nay, nay!'

They all laughed at Billy, who blushed under his feathers, and whispered to Cubby, as he

"By-lo, by-lo, Baby Bunny,
Pinky, perky ears so funny,
Little nose all a-wriggle,
And your happy little giggle!
Steer for pleasant sleepy land,
Moor your boat upon its strand.
By-lo, by-lo, Baby Bun,
May your dreams be full of fun."

"Why, see!" exclaimed Cubby Bear wondering. "The Baby Bunny really went to sleepy-land while she sang to him!"

"How beautiful!" said Bunny Rabbit. "I wish I could remember that to sing to them."

"I will teach it to you," promised Mother Goose kindly. "Who would like the next rhyme?"

"I!" said Mr. Wise Owl, and stood before the goose, solemnly bowing, one claw on his heart.

"Owlie, Owlie, fly by night,
For 'tis then your eyes are bright!
Sleepy, stupid through the day,
Little use have you for play,
Owlie, Owlie, fly by night,
Put the scampering mice to flight."

Mr. Wise Owl bowed again, but his "Thank you," was in rather a sulky tone.

"I am not used to being called stupid," he confessed to Wollie Woodchuck. "It is well known that owls have more brains than geese!"

"Tut, tut!" said Mother Goose, whose ears seemed wonderfully sharp, and she tapped Wise Owl's shoulder playfully. "Be cheery, and all will be well. Ill-humor is out of place at a Mother Goose party."

"Miss Tillie Turtle, she sat on a stump,
Of nice maple sugar she had a big lump.
But Woodpecker Redtop came swooping around;
He snatched at her sugar—it fell to the ground."

"Oh, that is like Miss Muffett!" cried Chirpy Chipmunk. "There was one about Jack and Jill, too. Will you please say that for us, Madam Goose?"

The white feathers of the stately fowl ruffled uneasily.

"I never wrote that Jack and Jill thing," she said. "I don't know how it ever got mixed up with my jingles. I hope I'd know better than to rhyme 'water' with 'after.' Why, here's Wollie Woodchuck! I hadn't noticed him before!"

"Hark, hark! the dog does bark,
For Wollie has gone to the farm.
He'd like a nice turnip, or carrot, or two,
But never would do any harm."

"That old dog—I don't like him!" said Wollie. "Oh, have you really been to the farm?" asked Mother Goose brightly.

"Bettie Badger bought some berries,
Berries Bettie bought.
Now if Bettie Badger bought some berries,
Bought some apples, nuts or cherries,
Did she eat them? Did she sell them?
Did she peel, or husk, or shell them?
Prithree, Bettie, prithree tell us
What it was you bought?"

"Here is Slimy Snail," said Cubby. "Do you think you could make a rhyme about him, Madam Goose?"

"I can make rhymes about anything—anything at all," said Mother Goose cheerfully.

"As quick as a rabbit,
As slow as a snail,
As sweet as a lark,
Or as queer as a quail."

"Now for your friend here:

"There was a crooked, curly snail,
He crawled a crooked mile;
But to travel such a distance
Took a weary, weary while.
And when the mile was ended,
He didn't like the place,
So turned and traveled back again
At just the same, slow pace."

"Have you made a rhyme about Mamma Bruin yet?" asked Bettie Badger.

"No, I haven't," replied Madam Goose.

"Good Mamma Bruin made some tarts
All on a summer's day;
But Foxy Reynard took those tarts,
And with them ran away."

They all laughed at that, but not one in that happy company saw a sly face peering in at them through the kitchen window. Certainly no one knew the thought in Foxy's mind. It was this: "If she wants me to take them, and says I took them, why, I will!"

"There was a Robin in our town,
And he was wondrous wise.
He flew into a bramble-bush
And caught a lot of flies.
And when the bramble flies were gone,
With all his might and main
He flew into another bush
And caught some flies again."

"I thought I heard the rumble of wheels!" said Tillie Turtle. "Can anyone be taking your babies' cart away, Bunny Rabbit?"

Bunny hurried to the window.

"Come, come, all of you!" he shouted. "The tarts are in the cart, and Foxy is running away with them!"

Everybody rushed out-of-doors.

"Follow him!"

"Catch him!"

But Foxy had a good start, and led them a merry chase.

"Dear, dear!" He'll get away with them!" chattered Chirpy Chipmunk, "and they looked so good!"

"Oh, look, look!" cried Busy Beaver. "Way past Foxy Reynard, coming around the hill! Policeman Bob Catt, and Mrs. Catt, coming to the party!"

"Policeman Bob Catt!" called Billy Bluejay shrilly. "Catch Foxy Reynard! He is running off with Mamma Bruin's tarts!"

With the crowd behind him, and the Bob Catts before, Foxy saw that his only way of escape was to leave what he had stolen. So he dropped the handle of the little cart, and disappeared in the bushes—a fast-flying yellow streak.

"Shall I follow him?" called Bob Catt.

"No, let him go," answered Cubby Bear. "We only want the cart and the tarts."

Mr. and Mrs. Catt returned with the others to the party.

The tarts were delicious, and had not been hurt at all by their ride.

Madam Goose made rhymes for everyone, and the party ended happily.

When the guests were ready to leave, Mother Goose stepped forward and said:

"We've had a merry party,
And we'll give a parting cheer
To Mamma Bruin, Grandma Bear,
And little Cubby, here."

The cheering was hearty and long. Then old Grandma Bear rose from her chair, and said in a chanting, sing-song voice:

"A vote of thanks we all extend
To our distinguished guest and friend.
'Tis Mother Goose whose rhyme and jest
Have made our party a success."

A tiny pebble will change the course of a great stream, and there are little things in our youth that have profound effects upon our manhood.

The best fortifications are a passionate energy for freedom and a flaming hate of oppression. Without these other defenses are of little avail.

Not so much by taking thought does mankind advance as by trusting to the guidance of Nature who knows better than any sage how to obtain her ends.

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HOP up onto my lap and we'll talk a while before I turn to the letters that Billy had allowed to slip through his teeth this month and the others that I have managed to hide from the searching glance of his bespectacled eyes. It has been easier to fool Billy on the letter question during the last few weeks, for he has lately taken up the study of the Einstein theory. He has been reading heavily at this and has kept his library card filled with strangely-titled books dealing with such subjects as "The Constancy of Spatiality" and "Three Periods of Psychogenetic Development." His conversation has become difficult and peculiar as a result of his researches in "relativity," and from among his bran muffins at breakfast arise strange phrases about "hyperspace" and the "illusions of phenomena."

"Uncle Lisha," he said enthusiastically this morning, "science is wonderful. It is opening up new worlds for us daily." And Bill gesticulated broadly with his left foreleg, so that he almost hurled his cup of hot cocoa across the room.

"Billy," I answered, "the first thing you know your brain will crack with your effort to grasp this theory of Professor Einstein, and all you will have accomplished will be to prove how purely relative is the space beneath your domelike brow. You know very well that I have not this deep admiration for science which you have lately developed and with which you flavor our breakfast hour. Granted that science aids our material achievements in many ways, yet underlying this aspect of its work is the fact that we live in a world where human relationships, feelings and emotions are all of primary importance in man's continual pursuit of happiness. It is just these things that science always leaves untouched, unless to harm, and cannot change in any helpful way—and yet they mean much more to us than any theories of 'extra spatiality.' I flung in this last word just so that Billy might see I could handle his scientific jargon a bit myself if it became necessary. He was plainly irritated and in his haste to reply gulped down half a muffin so hurriedly that he almost choked.

"It is ridiculous, Uncle," he said, in muffled tones, "for you to assume this attitude of falling to regard the triumphs of science as the loftiest achievements of the human mind. Applied science has made our world clean and healthful and given us countless conveniences and benefits."

"Well, Billy," I said soothingly, "I'll be kind and not draw too strikingly to your attention the fact that science was of great aid in the 'countless conveniences and benefits' of the great war's destruction from which we are now struggling to recover. But my main quarrel with your science is this: In man's pursuit of happiness, joy and peace are, despite their intangibility, of greater value than bridges, tunnels, skyscrapers, aircraft, submarines and poison gas. The things we need most, the triumphs most to be sought, can only be products of the Kingdom of God within us and can never arise from an Empire of Science painfully built up in our too-complex and unstable civilization. For whatever may be the discoveries, the material 'conveniences and benefits' which science may bring, these things must always rest in man's hands to be turned by him to such uses and ends as his standard of human relationship permits. His happiness can never rise higher than his heart. If the gifts of science which he uses be bombs and poison gas, why your 'clean and healthful' world, Billy, once constructed by the aid of science, must only fall again at the hands of its very builders. The thing to do, then, is to turn our time and effort toward the study of that which may at last form man's happiness into some more enduring fabric than the history of the world tells us we have yet been able to weave. In the end it all comes back to the teaching that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth.' Science gives us things, many of them; but the essential life of man, his relationship to God and his fellows, is left untouched and unaided. Yet all material possessions, all pride of life, are useless save only as they serve the glory of the greater possession and joy of human friendship and love."

"But, Uncle Lisha," said Billy, who had already assumed his unconvinced expression, which is chiefly indicated by his left eyebrow being raised so that it tickles the inside of his ear, "I don't believe the world's level of happiness has ever been higher than at present, and it is certain that science has done much toward bringing us to this level by aiding the comfort and convenience of our daily life." Here Billy stretched himself luxuriously in his upturned chair and caressed his lame leg argumentatively.

"Very well, Billy," I replied, "if you think the world has been such a happy and comfortable place for the past five or six years, you can go right ahead thinking so; but your opinion will not be confirmed. I fear, from the other side of the big pond. Certainly our daily papers give strange pictures in their headlines concerning the level of happiness—or even the stability—of the present civilization in Europe. As for our own country, I am willing and glad to admit that, even with our industrial problems and unemployment difficulties, we shall have much to be truly thankful for as we gather about for our annual day of Thanksgiving. But we owe our country's level of happiness and success to natural causes and not to scientific achievement. Certainly Europe has proven unequal to the accomplishing of tasks brought upon her by the death-struggle which had its rise in a science-founded, material-minded civilization. Her tasks and fearful problems are yet far-off from our own lucky land; we need contemplate them only to add to our sympathy and help, thought for avoidance of any like cataclysms in the future, either here or across the Atlantic. And we must turn from a study of science to a study of humanity. Why, Billy, how is your theory of a 'hyperspace' going to be of use to a starving Russian peasant who is only able to fill his stomach space with bread made from roots and soup from grass? Winter is coming upon twenty million starving people. Billy, the world's history of the past seven years leaves horrors such as these upon our hands and hearts. These are problems of life, and not of space and non-Euclidian mathematics. Don't you think it well that your scientific mind give some thought to these things before you sit com-

fortably down, a few weeks from now, to the big turkey you had me order yesterday from Tom McFadden's farmer cousin out on Long Island? What we need in the world today, Billy, is less science and more good-will; fewer professors and more brothers."

Billy only grunted and raised his eyebrow the higher as I got up from the table. But I believe it's safe to guess that from now on there will not be so many books about the house dealing with the "Problem of the Fourth Dimension" and "Properties of Analytic Space." Billy's heart is really in the right place, but he gets strange enthusiasms.

And now for the letters:

NEWTON, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I have been promising to write to you ever since you became my uncle. I am a small man, just six months old. I am sending you one of my pictures. My Daddy made a pen for me like the one that was described in COMFORT. I can stand up and walk all around the edge if I hold to the top rail. My name is one that I am going to be proud of when I grow up: it is Charles Noel Douglas Perego. I am not afraid of Billy for I know he would only smother me with kisses and choke me with a big piece of candy. My Daddy's name is Ben Perego and his League number is 946. My Mamma and Daddy were married on the first day of February, 1920. Mamma can speak the Spanish language as well as English. Her brother was killed in France. My Daddy doesn't know any language but English and don't know this very well. He is trying to help me write this letter, so if there are mistakes, pass them by and don't blame anybody. I hope my picture will be good enough to print in COMFORT so all the cousins can see "Little Uncle Charlie"—which is what Daddy calls me sometimes. Who is going to write me a letter? I will close with a pen full of love for Uncle Lisha, Billy and all the cousins.

Your small nephew,

CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS PEREGO.

I wish your picture might have been clearer, for reproduction in COMFORT, "Little Uncle Charlie," but I am having it printed here, imperfect though it is, so that the Family may all have a peek at our Founder's first baby name-sake. I have given your photograph a whole page in Billy's album, and there your eyes can look out at me as bright and dark as those of my old friend. Billy pasted your picture in place



COUSIN CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS PEREGO.

most proudly and carefully. "This kid's father has shown some real sense," he said, "and the lucky boy will be glad some day when he finds out just what his first three handles stand for. Why, think of it, Uncle: Mrs. Webster was telling me yesterday of a couple on the next street who have named their baby 'Charles Fairbanks Pickford Smith'! I'll say that Baby Perego has got this movie kid beaten right from the start, Uncle." And you may be sure I agreed with Billy. You must thank your dad, Little Charlie, for sending me your picture and for helping you to write such a good letter. I'm sure no other six-months-old cousin could be such a penman at so early an age. You are going to carry a pledge through the coming years, my little lad, to be as wise and kind as the man whose name you bear, and I can wish for you no better future than a life that will bring to you the wealth of love and friends which were Uncle Charlie's.

CHAPEL HILL, R. R. 3, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I am just wondering if Billy the Goat is going to let my letter be printed or not? I live on a farm and, as everybody knows who has ever lived there, one can always find something to do if one wants to do it. We raise tobacco and it certainly calls for a lot of work, but I don't mind working in it the least bit. I have been the only girl here in the family for about eight years—since the time when my sister married. I have had a chance to do everything in the house there is to be done, and lots of things in the field which I am proud of. The girl I pity is the one that marries and doesn't know how to cook bread even, much less the other duties of housekeeping. I think that all parents should see that their girls learn how to do all sorts of domestic jobs while they are growing up, even though they may never have these things to perform after they are settled down. Of course there are lots of girls who think they will never have any sewing, cooking, washing or ironing to do, but sometimes they get fooled. I have studied home economics in school for two years, and have certainly got much help from the course. I think if it were possible every girl ought to take up the study of domestic science, but all that many girls think about is dressing up and going with boys and in the end they do not have as much real happiness as a girl who has to work hard for a living. I think that there is a time for work and a time for play and we should teach our selves to enjoy both. I find that I get far more pleasure from labor many times, than I do from playing. I liked Ruth's letter and I also agree with Augustus Trick in all that he said in his last letter. I was not able to see his first letter as I was away in school at the time. But if there was ever any person who got a good "bawling out" I think he is that one from what I have read in some of the other letters. But, as the old saying is, "the truth is what hurts." But I am glad to say some girls are not like others in going to extremes, and again some boys are just about as bad as girls. I think that if God had wanted us to be beautiful he would have made us that way.



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Only one tube to a family.

and not caused us to want to buy expensive toilet articles.

I certainly do enjoy reading COMFORT and I enjoy best of all reading the cousins' letters. I am fond of reading good books and read all that I can get.

It is time for school to start again and I don't mind, for I enjoy going. If I didn't want to go real bad, I certainly wouldn't go, for my father is dead and I don't have anyone to make me go. I have been at a good high school in town for three years and I tell you it is very different from a one-room school. I shall be in the tenth grade this year and certainly hope it will be so that I can go on until I finish and maybe go to college.

I shall leave my age for you all to guess and if you are as good guessers as the people who see me, you will guess me four or six years younger than I really am. I should enjoy getting mail from any of the cousins who think they would like to write to me. With best wishes to all,

Sincerely your niece, LUCY JEANETTE WHITFIELD.

Gosh, Lucy, you certainly know all about farming when you say "one can always find something to do." When I used to farm it, the only way I could avoid finding too many things that wanted doing was to go around all day with a black patch over one eye. I figured that by doing this I cut my work just in half. I used to tell the neighbors I had run against a door in the dark—keeping dark the fact that I didn't want to run against too many farm jobs! If you are raising tobacco on your farm, Lucy Jeanette, I wonder if you are raising any of the kind which the advertisements on the billboards nowadays blazon as tasting "like a juicy apple." Now I like apples and I don't like tobacco, so I'm interested in finding out what sort of a combination they have made of the two, and just how the thing is done. Maybe they have succeeded in crossing a Virginia stogie with an Albermarle pippin. We already have tobacco which is said to be "toasted," and so perhaps if we toasted some of these apple-flavored smoke-leaves we could get a baked tobacco apple to go with our tobacco toast at breakfast time. But unless I hear more from you about this apple tobacco, I am going to stick to my Northern Spies and leave these advertised tobacco-foods on the billboards.

Lucy, I believe there are many girls who, just

as you say, are fooled by failing to learn how to cook, sew, wash and iron. But the one who at last is worse fooled is poor hubby. He generally ends up by having to live on dyspepsia pills and perhaps some of this tobacco toast. When a girl heads a home she should know how to run it and care for it properly. The high schools are doing a lot of good with their courses in domestic science, but a mighty good kindergarten course in housekeeping can be given right in a kitchen classroom long before high school days. And it will count just as well even if the mother who is teacher has no certificate to entitle her to preside over home lessons. A girl who can bake good bread is a rare animal today. Our big factory bakeries flourish and their advertisements implore that less and less baking be done in the home. When Billy and I were vacationing this summer, the little mountain town where we rested had a well-known brand of bread brought by express to the village stores in hundreds of loaves each day. This bread came a distance of a hundred and fifty miles and the demand exceeded the supply. One enterprising woman in the town had built up a good business in selling her home-made bread and rolls to her non-baking and unskilled neighbors. I think this situation is typical and that a "baking day" now fails to exist in many homes. And so I'm glad to know that you are a real homemaker cousin, Lucy, and Billy is with me in this. He says that his motto is: A bun in the oven is worth two on the ears.

ROTAN, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Here I am at last! A girl of fifteen who does not care to become either a movie actress or a detective. Neither does my ambition soar as high as that of a telephone girl, although I will admit it must be interesting to listen to all the news. But I have one failing—a failing that so many girls of my age have—and that is I believe in boys. Isn't that awful? But really I just believe in them three months of the year. As I cannot let such things interfere with my education, I just begin believing in them the first of June and lose faith in them about the first of September. They surely are handy sometimes.

I live on a six hundred and forty acre farm south

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

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Thrill-Infusers

By Grace Downey Tinkham

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PART II.

PRESENTLY the dim outline of a house loomed in front of us; a strong odor of pine needles met my nostrils; near-by the gurgling of a stream. Still everything remained strange. The man back of us gave a low whistle, and suddenly the house became illuminated, sharply silhouetted against a background of pine. It was a large square house with porch extending clear across the front and one side. Vines clung thickly to the pillars and railing. A small Japanese woman met us at the door and ushered us into a comfortable living-room, careful to keep one hand on the revolver swinging at her belt.

"Some nifty kidnappers' retreat, eh, Swithins?" said Garry in an undertone to me as we stared about the room at the general appearance of summer-house hospitality pervading the place.

The little Jap woman left us and disappeared kitchen-ward, reappearing, presently, with hot chicken sandwiches and coffee. I never knew anything to taste so good. Mrs. Harcourt declared quite boldly that she was half starved; and it certainly did my old heart good to see Garry put away that food! For the time I forgot everything else.

When we had finished, the husky showed us up the stairs to rooms. Mrs. Harcourt would occupy the bedroom at the front on the east. Garry and I one at the back and clear across the width of the house on the south corner. Garry looked fierce at that, but tried to keep cool and persuade the fellow to let us have a sleeping place somewhere on the east side. This he refused and a half hour they spent wrangling back and forth. At last our kidnapper flew to pieces, as I feared he would, grabbed me by the back of the collar, stuck his gun in Garry's side, and pushed us toward our rooms, kicked open the door, gave us a shove, banged it shut and turned the key on the outside! Garry went white with rage! He strode around the room like a crazy man!

"This is a hell of a mess!" he panted. "Swithins, we'll not stand for this! That girl could scream her lungs out and we would never hear her!"

"I don't believe anything like that will happen," I said, trying to quiet him. "That fellow is after a wage increase for the Prindle Factory workmen."

"He'd do anything—that bird!" Garry threw at me savagely. He stood for a second thinking, then he went to the window, raised the sash and leaned out.

"Her room faces the front," said he. "We can climb along the roof of the porch to her window." "There is no roof, Garry," I whispered, looking out. "Just rough beams, and a good two foot or more apart."

"We can make it, anyway," he answered. "We'll take the mattress from the bed and a couple of blankets and get somewhere near her window."

We pulled the mattress and blankets from the bed, shoved them out carefully on the beams, and noiselessly slipped out ourselves. Our progress was slow and painful. I wondered about Garry's leg, dragging it over the sharp edges of the beams; but when I asked him he shut me off impatiently with: "Never mind about me, Swithins. Just attend to getting this darned mattress where we want it." It was no easy matter to drag that bungly thing between us and keep it and ourselves from slipping through to the cement floor of the porch below.

At last we made it, and Garry tapped lightly on the window. No reply. He called softly, then raised the sash an inch or so and called again. Still no response. Garry shot up the window and leaped into the room. The girl was not there. I saw the boy's face whiten. He limped to the door, opened it cautiously, and peered out into the hall. Presently there came the sound of steps on the stairs, then the girl appeared—the man close behind her. Garry closed the door without a sound, stepped back against the wall, pulling me with him. I could hear them talking, but was unable to make out anything. She opened the door and stepped in. Whether the man intended to follow or not there was no time to find out, for suddenly Garry sprang and landed on him. The fellow staggered back against the banister. Garry grabbed him by the shirt-front and jerked him into the room. Then, like a piston-rod the boy's fists shot out in hideous regularity and precision. The fellow recovered, somewhat, and lunged in. "You're a hell of a sick guy!" he roared. His heavy arms churned about, landing occasionally, but seemed to me to work more on the defensive than otherwise. I put the fellow down for a coward. Then they grappled. He got Garry down. I knew the boy's strength would be no match for his. I realized that the effectiveness of Garry's blows had been only the science back of them. Over and over on the floor they struggled, a pummeling mass of arms and legs. Above the curses and groans I heard Mrs. Harcourt cry: "They will kill each other, Swithins! Pull Garry off!"

I saw her grab the fellow by the hair, and I tugged at Garry's shoulders.

"Get him by the hair!" she shouted at me. In to the boy's thick hair I sunk my hands and pulled. They relaxed, let go, and staggered to their feet. The kidnapper's mask was gone, his right eye swollen shut, and blood streamed from his nose. For just an instant I got a flash of his face before he covered it with the towel the girl handed him, as he stumbled from the room.

"You damn fool!" Garry was yelling at me. "Why didn't you let me alone, I'd have finished him in about a minute." Then he went deathly white and swayed.

"He's going to faint!" cried Mrs. Harcourt. Garry gripped his teeth to fight it off as I steadied him to the bed. He dropped down heavily unconscious. The girl rushed cold water and towels from the bath, and I bathed his face and hands.

"Swithins, are you sure he is all right? Are you sure?" she kept asking, her naturally rosy face as white as the boy's. "Oh, I'm sorry," she went on. "I never dreamed anything like this would happen." Then again, anxiously: "Is he never coming out of it, Swithins?"

"He will be all right, ma'am," I assured her. "He will come out presently. The boy has been pretty sick, and the strain of all this—"

"Yes, Swithins, I know," she interrupted. "Poor Garry."

She asked to bathe his face while I bandaged with strips of towel his right hand which was badly bruised and skinned.

After a while he opened his eyes and sat up startled.

"Joyce!" he called.

"I'm all right, Garry," she assured him, slipping her strong young arms about his shoulders. His brown head rested against her cheek for an instant, and his eyes closed. "Garry, don't—for pity sake, don't faint again!" she cried fearfully. But this was not what the boy was thinking of. He got to his feet unsteadily.

"What time is it?" he asked.

I looked at my watch. "Two o'clock," I told him.

"You must get some sleep," he said, turning to the girl, but not meeting her eyes. Then he seemed to pull himself together. In a cheerful voice he went on:

"Swithins and I chose the sleeping-porch for ours. We will be right outside here where we can hear you if you need us."

She followed us to the window and looked out.

"Garry, you're not going to try to sleep here!" she exclaimed.

"We certainly are," he replied, climbing through "Blankets and mattress—everything deluxe!" he grinned.

We stretched out and I drew the blankets over us. The night air was cold and sharp. Almost at once Garry fell asleep. Somewhere in the house I thought I heard a voice telephoning, and sometime later the swishing of tires on the cement drive awakened me.

The sun had climbed high in the heavens before either of us awoke. I roused Garry, and he called to Mrs. Harcourt. As soon as she answered, we let ourselves down by aid of the blankets to the porch below, and entered the house by way of the kitchen. There was no sign of breakfast or the little Jap woman. Evidently the husky individual intended being indisposed for the day. We walked through the rooms, tramping heavily, but without bringing our captors to protest. No evidence of them below, so we climbed the stairs. Room after room we entered, banging noisily about, and calling. Again we searched the first floor, then the basement and grounds—no sign of them! Even to their clothing had disappeared, it was as though the whole affair had been a dream, and they had never been there.

"Well, Swithins, our birds have flown," said Garry at last. "Surely hard to believe, isn't it?"

"That punishment last night cured him, sonny," I chuckled. Garry laughed and started up the stairs to tell Mrs. Harcourt the good news. From near the top he called to me:

"Get Dr. Patterson on the line, Swithins. Tell him we are all right, and give him a location as near as you can—the time it took to come from town, the speed we made, the phone number prefix—perhaps he can figure it out. Have him send for us, and say, Swithins, tell him to jazz it up a little, that wild man may be back here any minute with reinforcements."

I got the Doctor on the line almost at once. He thought he knew about where we were, and would start Mack out for us right away. Apparently he had been greatly worried, he and Mack had been scouring the city for us, he said.

Soon after that I placed breakfast on the table, and seated Mrs. Harcourt and the boy.

"I'm mighty glad for your sake that we can get away now," I heard him say. "Your husband—"

"My husband!" she exclaimed.

"Yes. Of course I know you are—you are married," Garry stammered.

"I am not married!" she declared evenly.

I heard the boy's chair scrape back from the table as he got to his feet. Astounded myself, I moved opposite the dining-room door. Garry stood swaying a little.

"Why—why didn't you tell me?" he asked.

"Those first few days at the park," she began, "you didn't seem curious to know who I was."

"I never thought of your name," he broke in, "I just thought of you!"

"And the night we were kidnapped," she continued, "you and Swithins seemed to think my name was Harcourt. At first I was puzzled, then it occurred to me that you were taking me for my sister, only had gotten the names slightly changed—Harcourt and Harcourt do sound alike. Also it came to me that if this adventure of ours should get into print, an unknown Mrs. Harcourt would look better there than Miss Joyce Allison. So I decided to let the mistake go until we were free and tell you then."

She stopped, and I moved back. I hadn't been so happy and grateful in years! I could hear the boy take a step or two nearer.

"Then you're not married! You're sure you have no husband?" Garry said chokingly. "Won't you please let me—"

"Let you find one for me?" she interrupted gently. "Garry, will you?"

One afternoon, a week later, Dr. Patterson and Miss Joyce dropped in. The doctor was on his way down the street to see a patient, and Miss Joyce had come this far with him. Jerry Prindle had carried Garry off to town earlier in the day, but I expected him back any minute. I made tea and the two sat in the living-room chatting over their cups and laughing a great deal.

"Under different conditions," the voice of Miss Joyce reached me gaily. "I should love to visit that summer home of yours again, Doctor—some time when armed people are not so much in evidence."

"You and Garry may honeymoon there," the Doctor said with a chuckle.

Miss Joyce went on:

"Doctor, you missed your calling. You should have been theatrical, instead of medical."

"A successful physician has to be a little of both," replied he. "At times a small dose of illusionism will do more for a patient than any amount of drugs or reasoning."

"Well, everything worked wonderfully," said the young lady, "from the moment Mack called up and said he was about to start out with Garry, and coached me where to be when he turned into DeWitt Ave.—Bobs and his friend were there when I arrived, and we had some fun planning the kidnapping—until the fight! That I didn't count on—and neither did poor Bobs!"

The Doctor threw back his grey head and roared.

"He certainly came back to me with one peach of an eye," said he. "Thought sure he would quit his job!"

"That Prindle story?" asked Miss Joyce, laughing.

"Bobs' idea," answered the Doctor. "Said he when he picked you up in front of their residence the whole thing came to him."

"Even Mrs. Patterson's little Jap maid looked and acted the real desperado," said she. "But tell me something, Doctor," she suddenly asked, "Swithins knew that Garry thought I was married, why didn't he tell you?"

"I'd like to ask Swithins that myself," said he. Hearing him call, I stepped into the room.

"I'll tell you, sir," I began in explanation. "I, too, believed the young lady married. It never occurred to me that there could have been a mistake made. In such a case I thought you would not approve of Garry's interest in her, or the encouragement of it. So, in telling you of the young lady I feigned ignorance of the name. Honor had gone from me, sir, I would have done anything for the boy—he meant life to him!"

As I turned to leave the room I heard Miss Joyce ask: "Swithins was not in on the kidnapping plan, then?"

"No," replied the Doctor, "I decided not to tell him. There were cooks enough then to spoil the broth; and the old fellow had looked so sick at heart for weeks that I made up my mind to do some thrill-infusing upon him, too. However, he did get wise the night of the fight when Bobs' mask was torn off. Garry had never seen Bobs, but Swithins had and he recognized him. Bobs surmised it and decided to fade while the fading was good."

The young lady's clear, happy laugh resounded through the room. Just then I heard Jerry's machine stop, and drive away. Then Garry's step in the hall.

"And remember, my dear," the Doctor was saying with a chuckle, "take this tip from a wise old bird—'No secrets from husbands.'"

Garry stepped into the room.

"What is this I hear about 'No secrets from husbands?'" he asked, taking Miss Joyce's hands in his and drawing her to him.

"Oh, just a simple motto for the guidance and protection of prospective wives," laughed the Doctor. "I'm giving it to Joyce for future use. 'No secrets from husbands'—pretty good advice, eh, Garry?"

"Great!" agreed Garry with a twinkle in his eye. "But just as a tip to the medical profession, and for their future guidance and—protection, how would 'No flim-flam for patients,' be?"

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What Hast Thou in Thine House

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

This is her only explanation of a success that was less than two years in the making.

And Elisha said unto her, What shall I do for thee? tell me, what hast thou in the house? And she said, Thy handmaid hath not anything in the house, save a pot of oil.

Then he said, Go, borrow the vessels abroad of all thy neighbors, even empty vessels; borrow not a few. And thou shalt go in and shut the door upon thee and upon thy sons, and pour out into all these vessels; and thou shalt set aside that which is full.

She obeyed the prophet; she sold the oil; she paid the debt.

Do you borrow vessels when your hour comes? Or do you borrow trouble?

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT AUGUSTA, MAINE, FOR OCTOBER 1, 1921.

State of Maine, ss.
County of Kennebec,

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William H. Gannett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the COMFORT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. H. Gannett, Publisher (Inc.), Post-office address, 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine. Editor, A. M. Goddard, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Managing Editor, William H. Gannett, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine. Business Managers, W. H. Gannett, Bus. Mgr., Guy P. Gannett, Asst. Bus. Mgr., Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Owner: W. H. Gannett Publisher (Incorporated), 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine; Stockholders:—W. H. Gannett, Augusta, Maine; Guy P. Gannett, Augusta, Maine.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) No outstanding bonds, mortgages or other securities.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM H. GANNETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1921.

(NOTARIAL SEAL) **HOWARD E. WEBBER,**
Notary Public

(My commission expires July 17, 1925.)

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

A Fig for Your Complexion!

NOW comes the season of the year when there are few fresh vegetables, when one is apt to be cautious about opening the windows, when outdoor exercise is more limited than in summer, and as a result the body is lazy about throwing off its impurities.

With all this to consider, we need to take prompt measures to see that measures are substituted that will keep the blood pure and the circulation active, so that we may not confront in our mirrors a crop of budding pimples, disfiguring blackheads sprinkling our noses, and cold sores blossoming forth at the slightest encouragement.

To begin with, avoid a too concentrated diet in winter—which means don't eat salt meats, heavy vegetables like turnip and cabbage, and many griddlecakes, hot biscuits, etc. That sounds as if I meant you never to eat salt meat, which is an exaggeration; I merely do not want you to eat the offending foods above too often, in too great quantities, or to the exclusion of other foods. Your stomach needs stimulating, and kind treatment; and that means that you should give it food which will provide the necessary body-building elements without over-work on its part.

You must have fruit, winter or summer; and



TREATING A COLD SORE.

there are oranges, grapefruit, apples, prunes, which can be had, and all of which will help to keep your blood pure, and stimulate elimination. Begin the day with a couple of glasses of water, not at breakfast but half an hour before breakfast. Then at the morning meal eat some fruit first of all—an orange, a grapefruit or half a one, or a dish of prunes soaked over night, then stewed slowly until swollen and very soft. They should be cooked without sugar as they are sweetened enough. An apple can take the place of the mentioned fruits, either raw or baked; but if you can have some other fruit for breakfast I should prefer that you save the baked apple for lunch or the raw apple for bedtime. In fact, you may eat as many apples as you like during the day, for they are excellent blood purifiers.

If elimination is sluggish, do not resort to cathartics except in emergencies, but substitute food remedies. Eat a fig or two at night, after lunch, instead of dinner. Have bran muffins or bran bread, instead of white bread; or sprinkle bran in your morning cereal—about half and half—and eat with cream and sugar. Pineapple is an excellent fruit, if it is obtainable where you live, for its juice is almost a duplicate of the gastric juice in the stomach, and it will digest food placed with it in a jar, so you can see what a desirable aid it is to a sluggish digestion. Of course, fresh pineapple is better than the canned, as is true of all other fruits.

If cold sores appear, touch them with a bit of cotton wrapped around an orange-wood stick and dipped in alcohol or camphor. If very puffy, they can be opened with a fine needle (first dipped in boiling water to sterilize it) and patted with a bit of cotton. If, however, any of the fluid from the blister touches the other skin you will shortly have another cold sore, so be careful!

Practice an abdominal exercise night and morning for five or ten minutes in bed. Lying flat on the back, arms at side, raise right leg at right angle with the body without bending the knee, then lower very, very slowly, again without bending the knee, until it is flat on the bed. This strains the abdominal muscles and induces what is called peristaltic action—action of the bowels. Practice with the left leg, then with both together. You may not be able to raise the leg more than half or three-quarters of the way to the right-angle position, but keep on striving, and in time your hip joints and leg muscles will limber up. The more effort about this exercise, the better for the eliminative effect; so be careful not to let the leg drop quickly to a flat position; lower it as slowly as you possibly can.

And don't forget that you must have fresh air in winter as well as in summer; have your windows open at night; you can jump up and close them when you wake in the morning, crawling back between the covers till the room warms up a little; and see that the other rooms get a good airing out for a few minutes each day, so that the air is completely changed. And, of course, get outdoors! You can always take a brisk walk, all bundled up, to speed your circulation, and give your lungs good fresh air to breathe.

This is good advice in advance, for a word in time is worth nineteen hundred after one has started on the wrong road.

Answers to Questions

E. M.—Perhaps you use too strong a soap on your hair. I suggest that, in order to get rid of the dandruff you oil your scalp before your next shampoo. At night, use a medicine dropper, and filling it with olive oil run it along the part of the hair. You should part the hair, first, from nape of neck to forehead. After running the dropper along one part, part again about an inch away, still from nape to forehead, and oil in the same way, continuing until the entire scalp has been gone over. Do the head up in a towel or rubber bathing cap, before going to bed. In the morning shampoo with a shampoo liquid made by shaving half a cake of white soap into a quart of hot water and boiling until soap is all dissolved. Wet hair and scalp by dipping into warm water, then pour the shampoo liquid—a small portion of it—on the scalp and massage thoroughly with the flat of the fingers, rubbing the scalp. Pour on a little more, and rub, then rinse either with bath spray or by pouring on water from a pitcher—the water should be very warm. Pour on more shampoo liquid, and this time rub and massage every inch of the scalp; the liquid should produce a very heavy lather. After a good shampooing in this way, rinse off the lather, and apply one more installment of the shampoo liquid, going over entire scalp again. For a final rinse, use very warm or hot water and rinse over and over, until there is not a particle of soap left in the hair. If you have a bathtub, fill it and dip the head in sideways, floating the hair; then dip the other side of the head, then the top, then the back; do this thoroughly and you will find the hair well rinsed. After the shampooing, dry the hair in the sun if possible. Be very careful never

to put the hair up until it is "bone dry" and warm to the touch. In winter you may have to do the first drying near a stove or radiator; but when it is thoroughly dry, then sun it a little by the window, shaking and airing. Do not use a sharp comb nor a stiff brush on your hair—as either will scratch the scalp and cause dandruff; and of course never use a fine-tooth comb. You should, however, brush the hair nightly, gently but firmly for many strokes—say, fifty at the least. And do not go to bed with the hair done up—this, too, will cause dandruff. Let it down, brush it after shaking and airing, then go to bed with it braided loosely but not tied, or hanging altogether free. You must keep the scalp well aired if you are to overcome dandruff. Your brushes must be kept scrupulously clean, as it does no good to get rid of dandruff, then use a brush which has been utilized to brush a dandruff scalp. Clean your brushes thoroughly before you take your shampoo; then dip them daily in hot water to which ammonia has been added; dry standing on their side on the window sill in the sun. Never use a damp brush. Your comb should be cleaned by braiding fine string, many strands, at one end, then letting the strings hang free for seven or eight inches, and braiding the other ends. Leave a loop of string on one end of this strip, and hang on a doorknob; hold the other end in your hand and pass the comb back and forth along the loose string; this will clean your comb. There is a comb cleaner of this type on the market which you can buy. A shampoo which is often recommended for oily dandruff scalp is as follows:

Shampoo for Oily Scalp

Green soap (ask your druggist for this), two ounces; Eau de Cologne, two ounces.

"Green soap" is really not green but a sort of dirty yellow. You should mix and shake the two ingredients until thoroughly mingled; then let them stand for 24 hours, shaking occasionally. Finally strain. To use for a shampoo, first wet the head as before directed, then pour on a little of the mixture and rub. It is always best to rinse the head well after a first rubbing and massaging with the shampoo mixture, that the worst soil may come away. Then resume the shampooing, pouring on a further supply of the shampoo mixture. After the hair has been thoroughly shampooed and rinsed in many warm waters, so that you are sure it is perfectly free from soap, then vigorously dash on cold water at the last to close the oil glands. Have it as cold as you can stand, it, starting first with cool water then gradually making it colder. This is quite a strong shampoo and is only for scalps afflicted with heavy dandruff which does not yield to ordinary measures, and which are too oily, as well.

ENNA.—Your circulation is sluggish and that is the cause of the red hands, or the blue hands in winter. You are below weight and have an insufficient supply of blood, so probably it does not circulate very freely and you are easily chilled. The first thing you should do is to build up your body; eat good sensible foods and plenty of them, especially fat-building foods. For breakfast, a large bowl of cereal with cream and sugar—as much as you can eat—some buttered toast, some fruit—an orange, half a grapefruit, a dish of stewed prunes, etc., but not bananas—and a soft-boiled egg. This is a good breakfast for every day in the year; you can vary the cereal and the fruit. It would be better for you to have a glass of milk for breakfast than a cup of coffee; I should cut out coffee and tea if I were you and really wanted to get over this condition of poor circulation. Drink lots of water, two glasses when you get up, a little at a time, and at intervals during the day so that you have eight to ten glasses in the twenty-four hours. If you work, perhaps you have to eat a cold lunch; if so, although this isn't very good for a stomach which is not manufacturing enough good red blood, make the best of it. But always have some juicy fruit to eat with it, and always drink water half an hour beforehand. If you need something hot to drink at any meal, let it be hot water, but do not drink while you have food in your mouth; in fact, drink as little as possible at meals, but make up between meals. Chew your food until it is liquid before swallowing; this makes blood. For your night meal, be careful again of your food; don't eat fried food, because it is more work for your stomach to digest; but eat plenty of cold white bread and butter, boiled or baked potato, boiled rice, macaroni, bacon, baked apples, stewed prunes, custard, blanc mange, fresh fruits, canned fruits but not rich preserves. Broiled or roasted meats are good for you, that is, beef, lamb, mutton, chicken, duck, fish; but pork and veal are hard to digest, and salt meats like ham and salt pork and dried beef are not so nutritious. Take a body bath daily, before going to bed. Use warm water, very warm, and wash yourself briskly, standing on a folded bath towel. If you have no bathtub, then rinse with a wet cloth and rub dry with a bath towel, rubbing the skin until it is red and glowing. This teaches the skin to do its work, and starts



A FIG FOR YOUR COMPLEXION.

the blood circulating. Take deep-breathing exercises in the morning when you rise, throwing back the shoulders, elevating the chest and breathing in through the nose slowly until the lungs are full. Hold while you count five, then exhale slowly, counting ten, if possible. Don't hold long enough to become dizzy. Be sure you are breathing in perfectly fresh air when you are doing this, which means that some outdoor air should be in the room. You can practice deep breathing as you walk. At your size you should not wear corsets, as they will only obstruct your circulation and you do not need them. Fashionable women are delighted when they can do without a corset, which of course can only be when they are very slender as you are. Women who weigh more need a well-fitting corset to have a good figure. So be sure you do not wear one, and that none of your clothes are tight, especially sleeves, collars, garters, waistbands. Do not wear round garters, but side garters, those that are attached to a belt. All these directions are given you to prevent anything interfering with your circulation. You do not get enough outdoor exercise, but this can't be helped, I suppose, since your work and your school take so much of your time; but if you could get in a good brisk walk, with your lungs filled with fresh air, every day, it would help. Blood in order to circulate must have air, the skin must be stimulated with regular daily body-bathing and rubbing, the diet must be well chosen, there must be sufficient liquid supplied to the body daily, and the lungs must be exercised. Look after all these points. And keep the ankles very warm always.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



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Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

Star did not reply, and Miss Baker shot an indignant glance at the rude girl.

The young stranger's heart was swelling within her until it was nearly ready to burst with insulted pride and bitter disappointment. She had never dreamed that such a reception as this awaited her.

"She had pictured to herself, many times, being drawn into the arms of a pleasant, gentle-voiced woman, who had loved her mother, and who would love her for that mother's sake, if not for her own. She had thought to twine her arms about her neck, and, laying her head upon a sympathizing bosom, tell her of her dear parents, what their hopes and plans had been for her, and what her own desires for the future were, and expected to receive only kind and encouraging words in return.

She had been ambitious to become a cultivated woman and scholar, and to follow out her father's plans for her education, and come up to his standard, which was a high one.

But instead she found she was to be degraded to the level of a common servant, all her prospects destroyed, all her hopes crushed, and she felt as if she could not bear it.

"I will not submit to it. I will not give up my hopes. I will not be a servant," she kept saying over and over to herself, while she sat there and waited for Miss Baker to attend to her needs, and felt rather than saw Josephine's impatient inspection of her personal appearance.

"You've got a wonderful head of hair," that young lady at length observed, as she approached her after being released from the seamstress's hands. "I think I never saw such a heavy braid before; and I believe it will just match Nellie Colton's; she is papa's niece. I'll tell mamma to have a barber come and cut it off. Of course you can't afford the time now to take care of it, and it would make such a splendid band for Nell."

Star regarded her in blank astonishment. The effrontery of this young lady was simply overpowering.

"Indeed!" she at last quietly replied. "If Miss Colton is in need of a band of hair, she will doubtless find it at almost any hair store in the city. I intend to keep mine."

Miss Richards colored angrily, for Star's great blue eyes met hers fearlessly, and her tone betrayed an independence which did not promise well for any tyranny which she might expect to exercise over her in the future.

"You will do exactly as mamma desires, miss," she cried, and then turned and left the room.

Star's face was also very red, and she swallowed an angry sob as she turned to Miss Baker. "I am ready to sew," was all that she could say.

She longed to get some work into her hands, hoping thus to distract her thoughts from self and her bitter disappointment.

All day long she stitched and sewed, working quickly, yet rapidly, and by night one dress was nearly completed.

"You sew very nicely," Miss Baker said, as she examined her work late in the afternoon, "and this print will make you a neat dress. I wish Mrs. Richards would allow me to trim it, but she told me to make it plain. She is in a hurry about the other work."

Star said nothing to this, but after the seamstress had gone home, she cut and pieced together some dainty ruffles from some scraps that had been thrown aside; and all the long evening, while the family were downstairs entertaining visitors and making merry, she was sewing and finishing off the print dress, that she might have something fresh and clean for the morning.

She had not been allowed to eat with the family during the day. She had not seen Mrs. Richards, and did not even know of how many members the household consisted. It was evident that she was to be ignored, except as her services were required, that she was to be made a drudge, and her proud young spirit resented it with all the strength of her nature.

"I will never live so; I am above it. I am capable of better things, and I will not consent to become a nonentity," her heart kept saying, over and over again.

But she was wholly dependent upon these people; her father had consigned her to their care. She had no money, save a letter of credit for a hundred pounds, the sum total realized from the sale of all the dear objects which she had been accustomed to see in her home since her infancy, and this she had been advised by the lawyer whom Mr. Gladstone had chosen to settle his affairs, to consign to the care of Mr. Richards. But she had concluded since morning to say nothing about it to any one.

She had no other friends; if she had possessed them she would have flown to them at once. She was a forlorn stranger among strangers, and she could see no way at present out of the difficulties surrounding her.

The second morning after her advent at the Richards' mansion, as she was descending to her breakfast, she suddenly encountered a portly but good-natured looking gentleman on the stairs.

She glanced up at him, and was about to pass on with a slight though graceful salutation, when he stopped short and regarded her with surprise. "Hello! who are you?" he asked, brusquely, yet not unkindly.

Star colored a lovely pink, as she replied, modestly:

"I am Star—or, I should say, Stella Gladstone."

"Stella—Star Gladstone!" he exclaimed, in surprise. Then he added, with an appreciative glance at her golden head with its dainty forelocks, her great, star-like eyes, and red lips:

"That sounds well—very appropriate, too. I should say. When did you arrive? We have been very anxious on your account."

Star's scarlet lips slightly curled.

It appeared that he had not been notified of her arrival—Mrs. Richards had not considered it necessary to speak of the welfare of one whom she intended to make her servant.

"I arrived the day before yesterday—Tuesday," she said, somewhat coldly, in reply to his question. "Ah! I was in Chicago that day—reached home last night. You've had a pretty hard time, little girl, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," Star returned, wondering if he had any idea how hard, while the tears rushed unbidden to her eyes at his kind tone. "I never expected to see land again," she added, trying hard to suppress a sob, as she thought she would almost rather have died than come among such cold-hearted people as her mother's cousin's family appeared to be.

"Well, well, you are safe now, thank Heaven, and you must try to be as happy as possible with us," Mr. Richards said, still more kindly as he remarked her agitation.

Star lifted her great eyes to his with a look of surprise. Could it be possible that he did not know the position she was destined to occupy in his household?

It certainly appeared so, for he was looking down upon her with admiration and even something of affection.

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind," she said, with a sigh, as she turned sadly away and left him.

CHAPTER VI.

STELLA'S APPEAL.

Star went down to the housekeeper's room after her encounter with Mrs. Richards, and ate her breakfast in a very thoughtful mood.

After finishing her coffee she arose and proceeded slowly upstairs to the sewing-room, intending to finish her other dress that morning.

There was a look of resolution on her young

face; her eyes gleamed with a new purpose.

"I will do it," she murmured, as she stood thoughtfully outside the door a moment, one small hand resting upon the knob. "I may as well make a bold stroke for myself at once, or I shall sink into nothingness. I must have an education; I cannot—I will not grow up ignorant, and have poor papa's kind care in the past all go for nothing."

She turned the handle of the door and passed into the room.

She found Mrs. Richards standing in the middle of the floor, holding up the unfinished dress in both hands, and inspecting it with no pleasant expression of countenance.

She glanced at the young girl as she entered, and as her keen eyes ran over her dainty figure in its new and tasteful garment, her face grew dark.

Star bade her a courteous "good morning," but she did not even deign to notice the salutation.

"Who trimmed these dresses?" she demanded, sharply.

"I did," Star answered.

"Who told you to do it?"

"No one, marm; but I like things made pretty, and as there were plenty of pieces which could not be used in any other way, I made them up into ruffles."

Star spoke very quietly, but a bright red spot burned on either cheek.

"You like 'things pretty,' do you? And that is the way you calculate to spend your time in this house, I suppose?" Mrs. Richards retorted, sarcastically.

She received no reply, and continued:

"The pieces you have cut up into senseless ruffles I intended you should make into patchwork for the servants' beds during your odd moments."

Star glanced at the numerous "senseless ruffles" which encircled the indignant matron's ample figure, and thought there might be such a thing as a distinction without a difference.

"I've half a mind to make you sit right down and rip off every one," Mrs. Richards proceeded, still chafing over the matter, and flushing as she noticed Star's glance and half read her thought. "The idea of a chambermaid with ruffles and fur-bows! And I do believe that seamstress has made your dress so tight that you cannot breathe," she concluded, pouncing upon the poor girl to make an examination of the offensive robe, for the slight, graceful figure before her was not at all pleasing to her.

"No, marm, my dress is not tight—it only fits me nicely," and Star's slender fingers laid over quite a plait, thus showing that there was plenty of room for inflating her lungs to their utmost capacity.

"Then you are laced," persisted madam. "Laced?" repeated Star, who did not quite understand the obnoxious term.

"Yes; your corsets are too tight."

"Oh! I never wear corsets; mamma did not approve of them."

Mrs. Richards bit her lips and colored with vexation. She was not showing to advantage in this controversy. It was clear that Star's perfect form was the work of nature's own hand, and she would be obliged to put up with it unless she tied her up in a sack to hide its comely outlines.

"Well," she said, throwing aside the dress she had been examining, "I want you to come with me now; I am going to assign you your regular work. For one thing, you are to make all the beds in the house, except those in the servants' rooms; then you are to keep Josephine's and mine in order, wait upon us generally, and sew when there is nothing else to be done."

Star stood looking down at the carpet in a thoughtful way while her would-be task mistress recited off these instructions; then she raised her eyes, which looked almost black instead of their usual beautiful blue, and fixed them full upon the woman's face.

"Did you understand," she began, "when papa wrote to you, asking you to assume the guardianship of his only child and superintend her future education, that he had any idea that I should come into your family as a servant? I am sixteen years old, and although I have been taught to do many things in my home, and to do them well, I have never done any hard work. I have spent most of my time in study, and papa left written instructions with me regarding my future course in that direction. I am very fond of music; I can paint and draw quite well. I am told, for one of my age, and papa wished me to keep on with these accomplishments, so far as I was able and attend faithfully to the other branches of my education. I tell you this that you may understand something of the disappointment I have experienced, since my arrival in this country, to find that I was expected to fill the place of a common servant. Do you think my father intended you to make me such?"

Mrs. Richards regarded the girl in astonishment; while her face grew crimson with shame and anger. She knew very well that Albert Gladstone had never dreamed that she would degrade his child in any such way. But Albert Gladstone was dead, and could not interpose to prevent it. She was obliged to curtail just now in some way, and when she found she must have this girl in her family, she had decided to dispense with the expense of one servant and impose the duties on Star.

"I don't know what your father intended, or what you expect," she returned, in cold, precise tones. "I know that he wrote me you would soon be an orphan; that you had hardly a friend in the world, and he would leave you almost a pauper. He asked me to superintend your education, so that you would be able to earn your own living by and by. I intend to do so; and as you have nothing but your own hands to depend upon in the future, I am going to begin by making you useful at once. Did you suppose you were going to drop into the lap of luxury, and be reared in idleness?" she concluded, with biting sarcasm.

"No, marm," Star returned, respectfully, yet not one whit abashed by the way Mrs. Richards had perverted the letter which her father had written. "I am willing to be useful, but I am very unwilling to be made a common drudge, with no time nor opportunity to pursue my education. You say I have nothing save my hands with which to earn my living. You are mistaken; I have brains, and I intend they shall serve that purpose."

"It seems to me that you are making a saucy tongue serve its purpose pretty early in the day," retorted Mrs. Richards, an angry red leaping into her face.

"I do not mean the least disrespect if you have said, Mrs. Richards; but I cannot give up all the hopes and aspirations which my father has fostered all my life without making an effort to accomplish them. I am frank to confess," Star continued, coloring, while her lips quivered slightly, "that from your reply to my father's letter, I inferred that I should be received into your family as an equal, and that you would give me a mother's care and counsel during the next three or four years of my life. Papa, I know, also understood it so, and died content, feeling that I should be well and kindly provided for."

Mrs. Richards felt very uncomfortable, for she knew that every word Star uttered was truth. She knew, too, that she was doing a mean and cowardly thing in making the bright and talented girl a servant; but she must have a housemaid. If she must curtail, she must do it in this way rather than in her own or Josephine's wardrobe.

"You are very impertinent, miss, and have been reared with altogether too high notions for one in your position," she said, angrily. "You ought to be thankful for a roof to cover your head, and anything to cover your nakedness, coming here, as you did, destitute of everything. An equal in my family, indeed! Music, painting and drawing! What will Josephine say to that, I wonder? And who did you suppose was going to

foot the bills? It won't do you any harm to have some of this independence taken out of you, and I'll have you understand, once for all, that you will fill Maggie Flynn's position in this house, or none."

Star bowed her proud head coldly. She saw that she was helpless for the present, and must yield to the inevitable.

"Very well," she said, calmly. "I understand from Mrs. Blunt that Maggie Flynn was about my age; that she had six dollars a month besides her board, and two evenings out a week. I will consent to fill her place, for the present, upon the same conditions."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mrs. Richards, in a towering passion at this unexpected proposition. "I never heard anything like it in my life! You forget that you are indebted to me for the very clothes you have on at this moment."

Star could hardly repress a smile at this calculating outbreak.

"You have given me the print for two dresses," she answered, with ready tact, "the cost of which, with us in England, would be four pence a yard. I have nearly made them myself, but you can deduct whatever you see fit, and I will attend to my own wardrobe in the future. If I do Maggie Flynn's work, I must have Maggie Flynn's pay and privileges," she concluded, decidedly.

"You will have nothing of the kind!"—Mrs. Richards was fairly hoarse with anger. "You forget that your father has consigned you to my guardianship for the next few years, and you will do exactly as I direct you. But we have wasted time enough in this kind of talk. You are to come with me now; I will set you to work, and see if we cannot take down some of this English impudence."

Star followed the woman as she was bidden, without a word, but there was, nevertheless, a determined gleam in her glorious eyes; her form was as erect and proud, her step as firm as if she felt herself in every respect the equal of the woman who appeared bound to oppress her.

All day long she was kept steadily at work; not a moment was she allowed to rest, except while she was eating. She made beds, swept and dusted rooms, and ran upon errands, until every bone in her slight body ached with weariness and her small feet were nearly blistered.

Her delicate hands had never performed such menial duties before, nor had her gentle heart ever throbbled with such revengeful, rebellious feelings.

It was eight o'clock before her hard mistress released her from her labors, and told her to go directly to bed, so as to be up early in the morning and sweep off the front steps before people should begin to pass.

She went to her room as directed, but instead of retiring, she took from a drawer of her bureau one of the packages which she had rescued from her stateroom on that burning vessel, and, weary as she was, she again descended two flights of stairs, and approaching the library door, tapped gently upon it.

A deep, manly voice bade her come in, and she entered with a firm and decided tread.

Mr. Richards was sitting at his desk, enraged in answering some business letters.

She had timed her visit to him, for she had watched and seen him go into the library after tea was over.

He looked up as she closed the door behind her, and his face relaxed into a kind smile as he saw who it was.

"Do I interrupt you, sir?" Star asked, modestly, but without advancing beyond the threshold.

"Not at all, Miss Star. Come here and sit down; I am just through," he answered, heartily.

She went and stood before him. She did not wish to sit down; she could say what she intended to tell him better standing, she thought.

"You spoke so kindly to me this morning," she began, "that I have ventured to come to you for a little advice this evening."

"Spoke kindly to you? Why on earth shouldn't I speak kindly to you?" he asked, in surprise.

Star tried to smile, but she felt more like dropping her face upon her hands and sobbing aloud.

She controlled herself with an effort, however, and putting some of her papers upon the table beside him, said:

"I have brought you some papers which papa gave me just before—just before he died—a sob would come in spite of her then. "One is a copy of a letter which he wrote to Mrs. Richards," she went on, "and there is also her reply. Will you kindly read them, and tell me just what you understand by them?"

"Certainly, if you wish," he replied, looking a trifle surprised at her request.

He motioned her again to a seat, then opened the letters and read them both through.

"I understand," he said, when he had finished them, "from your father's letter that, believing he was soon to die, he wished to provide a home for you. He states that he has no friends or relatives in England with whom he would be willing to trust you; that he has next to nothing to leave you, and begs my wife, as the nearest of kin, to assume the care of you and your education until you are able to do something for yourself, trusting to Providence to reward her for her kindness to the orphan. He mentions that he feels assured she will do this, since she once entertained such tender feelings for his wife for the signal service which she once rendered her."

"Do you know what that service was?" Star asked, in a low tone.

"No; I asked Ellen when I read the letter which she received, but she seemed to have forgotten to what he referred. Perhaps you know, though?" Mr. Richards concluded, inquiringly.

Star colored vividly.

"Yes, sir," she returned, with compressed lips.

"Well, what was it? I should like to know."

"My mother was a Miss Chudleigh before her marriage, as you doubtless know, and she lived near Hallowell Park, in Devonshire, where Mrs. Richards was once visiting, and it was during that visit that she saved her from drowning."

"Whew! Your mother saved my wife from drowning, eh?" cried Mr. Richards, in astonishment, and coloring as he remembered his wife's indifference upon the topic when he had questioned her about it.

"Yes, sir. Now, will you please read Mrs. Richards' reply to my father's letter, and tell me how you interpret it?"

Star did not care to dwell upon the subject of her obligation, since Mrs. Richards had seen fit to pass it by so lightly.

"I interpret it just as it reads," he said, after glancing over it; "that she would be very happy to grant your father's request, do her utmost to make a good and useful woman of you, and follow out his wishes regarding your future education as nearly as she could."

"Yes, sir, that is the way papa understood it; that is the way I understand it," Star said, rising and standing erect before him with a gravity that made him wonder what was coming next.

"My father," she continued, "as you know, was a clergyman with a very limited income, and he conducted my education himself until he became too weak to do so, therefore I am pretty well advanced for one of my years. I have read seven books in Virgil, have read two years in French, and am nearly through trigonometry, and have read a good deal in history. I was studying harmony in music when papa died, besides doing a little in painting and drawing. I do not tell you this," Star interposed, with a sad smile, "to boast of what I have done, but that you may understand what my feelings are when I tell you why I came here tonight. Papa wished me to keep on with my Latin, reading Horace and Tacitus, with French, music and history—in fact, he left a written program for me to follow out as nearly as I was able. I am ambitious myself—I am hungry for knowledge. I want a thorough education, and as I must in the future earn my

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

The Girl Who Was Left Out

The Story of a Girl and a Boy—and How a “Moonbeam” Frock Brought Them Together

By Marjorie Ames

“YOU ought to see the girl who rooms next to me. She’s a nice little thing, but her clothes are simply frightful! She hasn’t one pretty thing to wear.”

It was Estelle Adams—I recognized her voice. And she was talking to the smartly dressed young woman who had come to the college to take a special course. I drew back before they saw me—back into the comforting darkness of my room where no one could see my crimson cheeks. But after all, wasn’t it true? I didn’t have to overhear that cruel remark to realize that my clothes were not “right” according to the standards of these city folks.

You see, I had been at college a month, but it had only taken me a few days to see that all the dresses I had brought from home were hopelessly “home made” looking and out of style. They had seemed so pretty too when Mother packed them fondly in my trunk! I remember how proud I was as I watched her pack—the dressmaker in town had made my clothes and I felt that I would be truly well-dressed at college.

But somehow, my clothes lacked that certain smartness, that certain distinction that the other girls’ clothes seemed to have. It made me awkward, self-conscious. Perhaps that is why they never invited me to their chummy little fudge parties, their gay “pillow-fights,” their secret candy “pulls.” I was always alone, out of it all—and I just hated to think of having Dick see that I was unpopular. Dick was, well, one of my best friends and he was coming to visit me for the first college dance. Oh, if he only *wouldn’t* come I told myself miserably as I watched the other girls gaily prepare for the event. They all had beautiful dresses and blouses such as I had never owned. How could I, with my unbecoming clothes, hope to be “one of them?”

A Miserable Evening

Dick came. I was happy for a few glorious minutes, but when we entered the ballroom I felt unhappy and self-conscious again. How beautifully all the girls seemed to be dressed! How well their clothes became them! I was a wall-flower that evening—and only a girl knows how that can hurt. I wanted to run wildly from the room, to hide, to cry. But Dick was so loyal and kind; he insisted upon dancing with me, even though I refused him so coldly. You see, I just felt that he was comparing my unattractive clothes with the beautiful gowns the other girls were wearing.

When Dick left, I knew that he was offended and rather disappointed in me. I could tell by the way he marched stiffly away from me that morning, instead of lingering as he used to—back home—to tell me how pretty I looked. Oh, how could anyone look pretty in a hateful old blue dress that hadn’t even a bead to brighten it up!

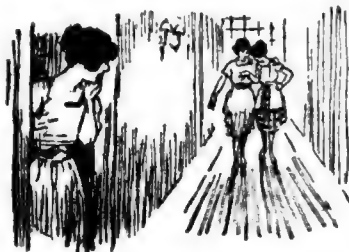
I was unpopular at college, Dick was drifting away from me—everything seemed to be against me. What could I do? No use appealing to Mother or Dad—they wouldn’t understand. They thought my clothes were beautiful. But I’d *show* them

what beautiful clothes were, I’d—why I’d *make* them! I’d make pretty clothes myself, right here in my college room.

But then I realized with a pang how foolish I was. I had never learned to sew, I could never make fashionable dresses like the girls wore. If only there were some way I could learn quickly, without sacrificing too much time from my studies, how to make real attractive clothes. If only there were some rapid way I could learn how to make smart clothes, attractive clothes, becoming clothes.

I Find a Way to Have Pretty Clothes

I remembered seeing somewhere an announcement of a course in dressmaking, and I began to search for it. But I was bitterly disappointed when I found it. Nothing but another



“I drew back into my room before they saw me”

“course in dressmaking”—meant, no doubt, for the woman who already knew a little about sewing. Not a modern, up-to-the minute, quick-to-learn kind of course that I was hoping for. Mechanically I glanced through the magazine—and on the very last page I found exactly what I was looking for! It seemed almost as though it had been placed there for just *me*.

Breathlessly I read through the announcement of this new-way course in clothes-making. Eagerly I read about the remarkable new method of sewing that made it possible to plait and tuck and ruffle with almost lightning rapidity. With a thrill of happy excitement I read how beautiful dresses could now at last be made by women who never sewed before—how anyone could now learn how to make perfect-fitting, fashionable, smart things to wear right at home.

No one knew what the mysterious package was that arrived soon after. Only I knew that it was the first two books of the course that was going to open up a new world to me.

What a Few Months Brought

Then there were many busy days for me. As soon as I finished my class lessons I hurried away to do my home work. Then when all my college requirements were out of the way, I turned eagerly to my study of clothes-making. I got permission to use the sewing-room and one of the sewing-machines, but I didn’t tell anyone what I was going to do. How rapidly I was progressing! This was modern dressmaking, I told myself proudly. This was the twentieth-century way of doing things. No waste of time; no hard, tedious work. Everything progressed quickly, easily, step by step to perfect clothes-making. I was positively elated!

With the first book of the course, I received free sufficient material to make a dainty collar-and-cuff set. The course told me how to make this set with no trouble whatever. I’ll never forget the first time I wore the pretty collar and cuffs on my dull-

blue dress. Even Estelle stopped to admire it. Then in the second lesson I made an apron, then a chemise, then an adorable little house-dress, and finally a prettier afternoon frock than even the dressmaker back home had made for me. And all from material furnished with the course, mind you! Those pretty clothes, the nicest things I had to wear, didn’t cost me a cent!

The Dress of Romance

Dick came to the graduation dance. I don’t think he would have come if I hadn’t sent him a special invitation—and I know I certainly wouldn’t have invited him if I didn’t feel so sure of myself, so proud, so confident. You see I had spent two whole evenings making the most gorgeous dance frock you ever saw—and well you know what a difference a pretty dress can make!

I wish you could have seen Dick’s expression when he saw me. He actually caught his breath, and I’ll confess I frankly enjoyed his bewilderment.

“Is it made of moonbeams?” he gasped. It was white net, filmy and delicate, over a lustrous foundation of satin. And there was a tiny cluster of silver flowers at the waist.

That evening I went to sleep with a new song of triumph singing in my heart. For Dick had asked me the Question that every girl, whether she admits it or not, longs to hear. Of course, my “moonbeam” frock was hopelessly crushed—but what difference did it make when I could make a new one whenever I wanted it.

I guess you want me to finish up my story—but it does sound so much like a “movie” plot! Dick and I are married now, and he has done so well that I can buy all the pretty clothes I want. But somehow, whenever I want a special gown for a very special occasion, I just sit right down and make it myself. Creating a new design is always so fascinating, and I enjoy making clothes the new, modern, quick way. I don’t think I ever got as much satisfaction out of anything as I do out of making pretty clothes for myself. I know every girl and woman must feel the same way.

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“Is it made of moonbeams?” he gasped

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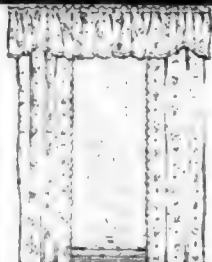
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The Painted Kid

By Grace Downey Tinkham

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"L

ORD A'mighty! See what that cat's brought in now!"

I looked up when Luke spoke, and I was sitting on the little stoop of our bunkhouse after dinner—and saw John Neeley, our boss, coming toward us with a kid about twenty. The funniest looking kid I ever looked at—not funny, either, naturally. But, say! A woman can get by with that so far as I'm concerned—but a man! Luke and I sat gaping like two fools.

"Sam, Luke," said John, "meet Billy Travers. The Reverend Ernest Strong sent him down from Chicago to his brother Herman to work in the harvest, but Herman says they have plenty help now, so he turned him over to us. Guess we can use him, can't we?"

"Sure," said I. We stood up and shook hands with the kid.

"I'll put him in your care, Sam," continued John. "You can make room for him in your bunkhouse." Then he turned to the boy. "Sam is foreman here," said he, "you'll take orders from him."

"Yes, sir," the kid answered respectfully. And in spite of his dolled-up face I liked the straight look of his blue eye, and the square cut of his jaw.

John returned to the house, and I told the kid to sit down and tell us what he could do.

"Just learn as far as farming is concerned," said he. "But I'll sure try hard, sir."

"You don't need to 'sir' me," I informed. "Call me Sam, like the rest of the boys."

Then I began to size the kid up. He wore one of those little skin-tight suits, like the casing on a sausage, only a darn sight flimsier. It looked as if it might have hysterics any minute and fly to pieces if the kid made a hasty move. The cuffs and collar of his noisy striped shirt were soiled, and his shoes worn as if they could testify to many a good mile in their young life. He stood leaning against the side of the house, staring out over the fields of yellow grain at the sunset with hungry, sunken eyes. I looked at the kid's body. The frame appeared big enough and strong enough, but, gosh, that kid was thin! It seemed as if he hadn't met up with square grub in months.

"Say, kid, when did you eat last?" I burst out. His lids dropped, and the muscles of his jaw tightened.

"Yesterday. I—I had a chance later, but—but didn't want anything," he stammered.

"Do you suppose everything's eaten up?" I asked Luke. "I ought to get something under this kid's belt."

"Margaret will scare up something," said Luke.

"Lucy—or whatever that new hired girl's name is—I saw hiking for the village an hour ago; but don't worry, Margaret sure will see that you get something. Nothing runs hungry or sick in these parts when she's around."

That sure was true. John's Margaret couldn't be surpassed for kindness of heart, or looks, or brains, either. If you went to search the entire universe and the heavens besides, I know, for I helped John raise her from a little tike of two, when her mother died, to the blooming, lovely girl of eighteen. John and I had lived together for years, and were more like brothers than boss of a five-hundred-acre farm, and foreman.

"Well, come along, kid," said I. "We'll forage." "I'd like to wash up, first," he replied. "I—I haven't washed since yesterday—I know I look fierce!"

I showed him where to get water and towels, and a few minutes later you wouldn't have known him. All the dirt and red paint was cleaned from his face, and his light, curly hair slicked back as neat as a whistle. He looked mighty white with that rouge off, with those black eyebrows and eyelashes appearing longer and blacker against that white skin. But, say, that kid was easy to look at!

I took him to the house, and into the kitchen, then went in search of Margaret. She came a-running, and I introduced her to the kid. Quicker than it takes to say Jack Robinson that little girl had coffee made, and a big plate of ham and eggs before the kid. Maybe he didn't put them away! At first he sat kind of nervous and trembly, following with his eyes every move our girl made, and with a look in his face as if he was seeing a real live angel for the first time in his young life. Then the physical of him got the upper hand and he went to it. I took a cup of coffee to keep him company, and Margaret busied around, talking, the red lips of her smiling and the black eyes snapping.

"You're from Chicago, aren't you, Billy?" asked she, calling the kid by his first name as she did the other boys, although she could see with half an eye that he was no regular farm hand. "Mr. Strong told Dad."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, shifting in his chair, a little restless.

"Once, a long time ago, I was in Chicago," she went on. "Do you remember, Sam? The time you and Dad took me with you on a business trip. And just as we were coming down the elevated stairs at State and VanBuren, we saw a boy being arrested and rushed into the patrol. How rough the policemen were with him when he fought back! How scared I was, and how I cried! I was just a kiddie then, but it left an impression. He was a thief, they said."

The kid choked over his coffee, went pretty white, and got to his feet.

"Thank you," he said to Margaret as he turned to the door, groping. She didn't seem to notice anything wrong, she was used to queer specimens coming to the farm. I followed the kid out, having all I could do to keep from bursting out: "What the dickens is the matter with you?" There sure was something.

I thought it over after I got stretched out that night. The kid had been in trouble, but the thing hadn't got him, he wasn't hard-boiled. I looked at him as he lay on his cot, the clear moonlight pouring in on him. Deep circles showed black under his eyes, and his cheek bones stood up altogether too prominent. "You've been sick, kid," said I to myself. "Also, you've been in some scrape. But why in thunder do you come to a he-man's farm looking for work all painted up like a ballet toe-twirler?" Daggone if I could figure that out, so I turned over and went to sleep, intending to mind my own housekeeping and let others mind theirs.

The next morning I rustled a pair of overalls for him and a straw hat, and put him in the field pitching the load. Help was a problem that summer. It went against me to have to set the kid to such hard graft right away, but there was nothing else to do, and the crop had to be harvested. When he came in at noon, sweat running in streams down his face, I asked him how things were coming.

"Fine! Fine!" said he.

"Not too swift for you, is it?"

"For me? I should say not."

"You'll do, kid," I thought to myself, "you'll do! You've got grit—if you do paint!"

Heavy clouds hung low in the east all afternoon, and I had to rush the men, like a regular old Simon Legree, to get the grain that was down into the barns. At five o'clock she started coming. Thunder rumbling and crashing. Lightning cutting and slashing through the black clouds, looking for all the world like the feather-stitching on a crazy quilt. Then she opened up and down she came. "Go to it!" yelled Luke,

shaking his fist at the loosed elements. "The last load's in—so let her come!"

That was the middle of August, and two weeks more of slaving work ahead. If you know what a real grain farm is in harvest, you know ours. The summer sun beating down like a bunch of fire, sweating, swearing, tired, hungry men; grain dust, grain bristles, the humming of the binder, the singing of the threshing machine; the stench of horse sweat and man sweat, and a smell of cooking from the farm kitchen mingled in.

At the end of the third week we had the crop in and threshed. Most of the help had left and gone to the city. The kid asked to stay on, so I talked it over with John, and we decided to keep him, putting him doing odd jobs about the place, mending fences, tending the stock, and picking early apples. We didn't really need the kid, but I had a feeling that I wanted to keep him. The farm had certainly done him good.

"Oh, I'm 'jake' now!" he'd say if I asked him how he was feeling. After the first week he had picked up wonderful, the fresh air and hearty grub had turned the trick, had built him up and filled him out. He was easy enough to look at before—after he cleaned off that doggone paint—that got me! Evidently he didn't use it as a regular thing. But when he got shaved up of a Sunday, curly hair slicked back, spick-and-span shirt on, soft collar open at the throat—say, have you ever noticed that some men's throats are sure as pretty as a woman's? That kid was a looker, I'll tell the world!

One Sunday morning the kid and I sat on the side porch reading. John and Herman had gone to the station to meet the Rev. Ernest Strong, his son Glen, and a friend. We were to have them to dinner that night, and Margaret was helping Lucy prepare things. She sat down the porch a-ways whipping dressing for the salad. The kid sure wasn't doing much reading, for he kept rattling his paper all the time, and I knew for every rattle his eyes wandered in the direction of our girl. Say, anything that girl of ours wanted she sure could have! But, when somebody wanted her—well, that was different! John and I had to about know the "who's who and why" of the aspirant. Not that the kid had made any advances, he knew how to keep his place. But gosh a'mighty, those eyes of his could talk, in spite of all the repressing of self he tried to do!

As we sat there, Margaret suddenly said: "Billy, come here, I want to talk to you."

The kid got to his feet like a shot.

"Mr. Strong told Dad that you used to do an act in one of the Chicago cafes."

The kid nodded.

"Next week," she went on, "I am going to give a party for Glen Strong and his friend, and I wanted something a little different from the usual country entertainment. Would you—"

"Do my act for you? I'd do any—"

He stopped short, and Margaret cried impulsively: "Billy, you're a dear!" which sent the kid to the seventh heaven, blushing crimson.

"I'll get my makeup and do my act for you, if you like," he offered.

Our girl was delighted, and the kid disappeared in the direction of the bunkhouse. Soon he returned. Gosh, he nearly brought me to my feet, bowing and scraping! I thought it was some swell Chicago dame come with the Rev. Ernest, who had broken away from the bunch and hoofed it out by herself. There he was, all dolled up in female jimcracks, blond wig, powder and paint!

"Oh, a female impersonation act!" cried Margaret.

The kid went through his stunt. And maybe he couldn't sing and maybe he couldn't shake a wicked foot!

Then came the night of the party. Glen Strong had brought a young fellow by the name of Colman with him from Chicago. Margaret had invited all her bunch in, male and female. The kid, according to plans, appeared after the rest had arrived all decked out like a regular vamp, and Margaret introduced him as Miss something-or-other. Some of them fell for him right. It sure was humorous. Later on he gave his act, and it went fine.

Then came the refreshments. Luke and I were on the east side of the porch dishing up the ice cream. Glen's friend, Colman, stood to one side puffing a cigarette. He hadn't mixed in with the bunch much—felt himself too highbrow, I suppose. But he had been camping on our Margaret's trail, persistent. I didn't stomach that so easy—that young bird wouldn't look you in the eye. Pretty soon the kid stepped out, extracted a match from somewhere in his paraphernalia, and lit up. Colman instantly stepped up to him.

"I've been waiting to get a word with you!" he jerked out. "What are you doing here—you thief?"

"None of your damn business!"

"I'll make it my business."

"I'm not afraid of anything you can do," the kid gritted.

"You thief!" sneered Colman.

The kid drew back sharply, then straightened. I saw his fists double at his sides. Like a shot out of a gun he landed on the face of the other. The Chicago guest crashed back into the railing, saved himself, and sprang at the kid. The kid stood doubled, ready for him. They clinched, Colman pummeling the kid in the ribs. The kid shook him off and landed a blow, Colman came back at him. He got the kid down. They seemed pretty well matched as to weight and strength. Over and over on the floor they struggled, cursing, groaning, hammering at each other. The kid wrenched himself free and sprang to his feet. Colman, some winded, staggered to his. With a short, quick jab he caught the kid on the cheekbone, laying it open. The kid wobbled, went down on one knee, got to his feet, swung hard and landed square on the point of the other's jaw. Colman dropped with a thud. The kid had put him to sleep!

All the bunch had gathered by that time, and stood crowding around, open mouthed and staring. I pulled the kid from the gang and pushed him toward the bunkhouse. The female fiery hung on him in ribbons; his arms and legs showed scratched and bleeding through the lace and silk. The blond wig was gone, tramped into a dirty mess of a bank of hair. Someone lifted Colman and carried him into the house, where Luke and I worked over him. The party had sense enough to take themselves off. The kid sure knew where to hit a man to lay him cold! I thought that Chicago bird would never come to!

"How did this thing start?" the Rev. Ernest asked me, taking me to one side. And I told him the insulting remark I had heard the Colman boy make.

"I want to see Billy," said he. "And I would like you and Mr. Neeley to come with me."

So, John and the Rev. Ernest and I went to the bunkhouse. The kid had torn off what remained of his female outfit, and stood in trousers and shirt flinging things into a battered old suitcase, looking white and tight-jawed. He never turned when he heard us, but kept right on throwing things in.

The Rev. Ernest went to him and said: "Billy, I think now is the time to explain a few things to Mr. Neeley and Sam, don't you?"

The Rev. Ernest had a way with him. He was a little man physically, but somehow you felt the bigness of his soul. The kid looked up. He was white as chalk.

"Yes, sir, I'll tell them," he said. "Guy Colman called me a—a thief," he began, in a voice that

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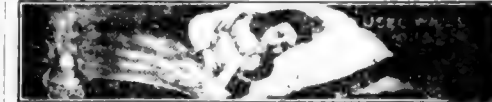
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was none too steady. "That's why I struck him. I'm not a thief—although I stole once—just once—if taking what belonged to me could be called that!" He stopped a minute, his young body strained and tense as if it hurt all over. "In a little town in the southern part of Illinois I used to live with an old uncle," he went on. "While I served overseas he died, and when I got back I sold everything, and with the few hundred dollars from the household goods and other things went to Chicago to find work. The war had cut off my education, so I was not so well equipped to land anything. For a year I worked at different odd jobs, changing when I thought I could better myself, and getting along all right for I had my small capital to fall back on. The next year was harder, my money was gone. One day I thought of using a female impersonation act I had done in army entertainments. Finally I landed with the Colman Cafe, they used entertainers. Six months everything went fine, then the flu grabbed me. I lay in the hospital a month, and when I got out there was no money and no job.

The last pay envelope I had received before I was sick figured up five dollars short. That happened occasionally with the Colman help—Guy had charge of that end of it—and the old man was always queer about squaring such things. So, as soon as I was able, I went to see him. He told me to come the next evening prepared to give my act.

I had just got from my clothes into my makeup, when he sent word that he was trying out someone else that night, and that there would be nothing doing. My pockets were empty. I hung around until late, hoping he would settle with me, or give me a job. Then one of the waiters came and said if I wanted to see the old man I'd better be about it, for it was time for him to blow. I tore into my own clothes, and rushed to his office—didn't stop to take the paint off my face. He was not in the room. A drawer in his desk stood open, and in it my eye became glued to a crinkled bill, some loose change, and a five-dollar gold piece. He owed me five. I reached in and took it, intending to tell him. As I turned I faced Guy Colman. He had never been strong for me, he knew that I suspected that he had slipped through the fingers of the draft board.

Like a flash he pounced on me, called the patrol, and had me rushed off to jail. Mr. Strong came across me there the next morning, and I told him everything. He knew Mr. Colman and got in touch with him at once. The charges were withdrawn. Then Mr. Strong found someone who was coming through this part of the country and he made arrangements for me to come with him. We had but a few minutes to get from the jail. The kid stumbled over the word, "to the street intersection where we were to meet. I didn't stop for anything—not even to clean up. That place had held me all night, it was a nightmare—I couldn't get away fast enough!"

So that was the answer to the kid's painted face! He hung a few more things into the old suitcase, then suddenly turned to John.

"I'm dead sorry about making this fuss tonight, sir," he said, looking contrite. "I'll get out of here now."

John Neeley had no flea heart about him, that organ was constructed big to fit his big body. He went to the kid and put his hand on his shoulder. "Stay right here if you want to, son," said he. "If I hadn't considered you anything but what that young sneak called you, you would have been on your way long ago."

The kid's face lit up so grateful that it shone. The Rev. Ernest's, too, was beaming.

Just then Margaret came bursting in with a basin of water, gauze and antiseptic.

"What I expected!" blazed she, standing the things down on the table with a thump, whirling and facing us. "A nice bunch of brainless wonders! Billy with a cut cheek, his hands skinned and bruised—and not one of you with sense enough to attend to him!"

Darned if we hadn't forgotten the kid's cuts. Our girl drove the Rev. Ernest, her Dad and me from the bunkhouse as if we were so many half-witted incorrigibles. Then she turned to the kid. He stood looking at her, a thin stream of blood running down from the cut on his cheek.

I didn't wait to hear what they said—those two—for, say, some folks don't need any language!

The things that kid's eyes told couldn't be expressed in any language ever invented! And maybe hers didn't flash back a wireless that sure spelled paradise to the kid. Shucks! What's the use of language, anyway, if you can talk like that!

Signs of Good Luck

To see a frog is the sign of gold.
A bent or perforated coin brings good luck.
It is lucky to be born on Good Friday.
To see a white rat is a fortunate omen.
A horseshoe brings good luck to him who finds it.

It is lucky to rise from slumber on the right side.

To find pieces of old iron is considered lucky.
It is said to be lucky to rub shoulders with a hunchback.

A mole on the right foot is said to be a sign of wisdom.

To sow grain during the increase of the moon will bring good crops.

If you have two crowns on your head you will eat bread in two countries.

When a man's finger joints crack it is a sign some one is doing him a kindness.

He who eats goose at Michaelmas will not want money for the rest of the year.

To find a four-leaf clover in the fields is said to bring the finder good things.

Small spiders, especially black ones, are called money spiders, and bring good luck if not disturbed or injured.

If you catch sight of the new moon for the first time when it is on your right, especially if you see it over your right shoulder, you may expect good luck.

If you find a pin with the point toward you, pick it up, it will bring good luck, hence the saying:

"See a pin and pick it up,
All the days you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lie,
You'll need a pin before you die."

Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

He was there beside her; she was forced to meet his eye, to hear the sound of his voice, to reply to the questions that he addressed to her. Why, then, should she deny herself the happiness of lying for those few brief moments within his arms? Why should she not once again feel their pressure about her? Why should she not be happy in one blissful, forgetful moment, while she closed her heart to the thought that he must despise her for her cruel, heartless letter?

And she did know it; she knew as well as if she had heard the words from his own lips that he had come there solely to hurt her, and yet she loved him so that she forgave him for it without the asking. She felt that it was infinitely better that he should despise her than that he should know the truth, and she never thought of censuring him for his lack of generosity.

She loved him; that was the explanation of it all, and she put out her hands to him, without daring to lift her eyes as he drew her to him. Underwood uttered a little, half-bewildered exclamation. Perhaps it would not have been the word to have been heard by ears polite; but he neither thought of that, nor would have cared if he had. He only followed the couple with his eyes. And through the maze of dancers they circled down the long room, Marian closing her eyes and striving with all her soul to fancy herself back in one of those drawing-rooms where she had been with Anne Gordon, when June Beckwith had been escort for them both. She tried to fancy that they were waiting as they had done then, when they were so happy in their unacknowledged love, now dead to both of them forever.

But somehow she could not put the thought of that death from her. It seemed to stand between them rigid and defying, grinning with hideous mirth into her closed eyes, refusing banishment even for that little moment for which she prayed.

He was holding her even more closely than he had done in the old days. Her head was almost upon his shoulder. She felt his breath on her cheek, searing through to the very soul. The moment was one of most exquisite anguish, and she thanked Heaven when the sound of his mocking voice ended it.

"You are the queen of all this splendor to-night, Miss Reade. Does it make you happy?" he asked, striving to keep the bitterness out of his voice, but not succeeding. "Does it make you quite content to know that you have satins and jewels and—homage laid at your feet, for you to trample upon, if you so desire? Are you pleased with the new life that is opening before you?"

She hesitated a little while before she could force herself to speak. It seemed to her that at first she was choking, that she must tell him the whole, awful truth, and cry out to him for his pity if she must refuse his love; and then the memory of all that he would suffer came back to her, and her love was great enough to make her sacrifice herself in order that she might save him suffering.

She put her hands up to her throat and half-paused in the waltz, but he forced her on. He bent himself back, still holding her closely to him, and looked into her face. The agony she was enduring was terrible, but she forced herself to answer, even though brokenly:

"Yes, I am—happy."
He laughed loudly, hoarsely.
"Allow me to congratulate you!" he exclaimed. "Surely it is only the favored of the gods who are in reality happy. And you like your new friends better than the old?"

She bowed her head, and a flush stole into her cheeks.
"Not better," she answered dully. "No new friendships that I can form would ever take the place of the old. There are those in my life—in my other life that I can never forget and never cease to regret."

"Your other life?" he repeated.
"The old life that is dead and laid at rest forever. The old life that—Oh, for the love of Heaven, let me go! Can't you see that this is maddening to me? Have you no pity?"

There was anguish in her voice, anguish in her expression, but it did not appeal to June Beckwith. Contact with the woman whom he loved more than he had even guessed, the woman who was hopelessly lost to him, the woman who had preferred this infamy to being his wife, had seemed to madden him. It had aroused all the brute that lies dormant in every nature, a natural result, according to the theories of Darwin and of evolution.

He dropped his arms from about her and laughed. There was a flush on his face, a quiver on his lips, a flashing, scintillant light in his eyes that half-dazzled her, but the laugh was cruel, brutal.
"Upon my word, Miss Reade," he exclaimed, his voice raised above its ordinary pitch, but somewhat drowned by the music, "you would make a most clever actress. I don't believe that Agnes Booth could have done that line better. If your father should not make a success of his new venture, it might be advisable for you to try the histrionic profession. If you should need a reference, you might tell your prospective manager to apply to me."

He had scarcely finished the sentence when Underwood's hand was placed on his arm. The watchful eye had seen June's excitement, and not knowing what the result might be, he was there to avert any scene.

"Come!" he exclaimed, in a low tone. "I want you. It is time that we were going." "I want you," cried Beckwith. "Why, the evening has barely begun."

"But there is something that I wish you to do for me."

"Very well, since you will have it so. Miss Reade, I see one of your new friends approaching—Mr. Dick Gresham. I resign you to him, my most worthy successor."

He bowed to her with exaggerated courtesy, and allowed his friend to lead him away.
"Dick Gresham!" he exclaimed hysterically, as they entered the deserted coat-room together. "Ha! ha! I say, old man, did you ever think that I should be cut out by a gambler, and, particularly one of the Dick Gresham type? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Be quiet, June," whispered Underwood earnestly. "What is the matter with you?"

"The matter!" cried Beckwith, turning almost fiercely upon him, the hysterical smile dying from his eyes as if by magic. "What is the matter with me? Nothing; only that I think sometimes I am going crazy. I love that girl. Low as she has sunk, I would face anything to make her my wife, even now, if she would but come to me and say that she desired it so. I thought I despised her. I came here to convince myself, and the sight of her has made me mad. Oh, Fred, get me out of here! The place is stifling me. Get me out, or I feel that I shall commit some horrible crime!"

Underwood did not reply; his face was set and stern. He held an overcoat, and June Beckwith slipped his arms into it; then Underwood handed him his hat. As they were passing through the hall, June looked in at the door of the dancing-hall.

"Look!" he exclaimed dully. "The woman whom I would have made my wife is in the arms of the most notorious gambler in New York. She is finishing with him the waltz which she began with me."

Still Underwood did not speak, but clutching June's arm closely, he almost forced him out of the front door and into the street.

CHAPTER XII.

ANNE GORDON'S PLEA.

How the night finished for Marian, she could never quite recall.

It seemed to her that she was in the midst of

some horrible nightmare, from which there was no hope of an awakening. As the evening progressed, and the wine began to take effect, the persons present became more indifferent to their conversation, even in her presence; and when the last guest had departed, Marian turned and faced her father, who stood there beside her, his countenance flushed with wine.

"Thank Heaven, it is over!" she gasped. "I could not have borne it a moment longer. I felt as if I were stifling. Father, who were those people?"

She asked the question desperately, and his brows contracted with anger.

"My friends," he answered curtly. "Your association with Anne Gordon has spoiled you, Marian. I wish that you had never seen the girl!"

"But father—"

"Never mind the 'buts'! You remember the promise that you made to me, I suppose. If you intend keeping it, do so without comment. You are too high and mighty to suit me, my girl. 'Those people,' as you have chosen to call them, are perfectly respectable members of society. That you never happened to meet them in the drawing-rooms of Anne Gordon's friends was the misfortune of Anne Gordon. I don't propose to have you dictate to me who my guests shall be, and I do propose that you shall treat them with the courtesy and respect that is due them in my house. You have sworn that you would obey me in all things. Very well; I command your obedience in this. And now, good night. It is very late, and you must be sleepy; I know I am."

She made no endeavor to detain him, but followed him up-stairs, leaving the servants to lock the house.

She heard him whistling a tune from an opera-bouffe as he closed his door, and a shiver passed over her.

"I wonder how it is all to end?" she asked herself wearily. "I wonder how long I can endure the misery to which he is subjecting me? Oh, it seems to me that anything would be better than this! What have I done, what have I done to deserve it all? What terrible sin have I committed, that I am to be punished beyond my powers to endure?"

She undressed herself hurriedly and went to bed. She never allowed herself, even mentally, to mention the name of June Beckwith. She was trying obstinately to forget that she had seen him; but she might as well have striven to forget that she lived.

He was there, pictured upon her mental retina with a distinctness that was almost uncanny, even while she tried the hardest to shut him out. She turned out the light, went to bed, and closed her eyes tightly, as if thereby she might banish him; but she fell asleep with the picture still before her, and mercifully forgot.

She remembered in the morning that Anne Gordon had told June to ask her to come to luncheon; and while the sight of her old and well-loved friend had grown almost painful to her, she decided, after a little consideration, that it would be better for her to go.

"If I don't go," she reasoned, "Anne will come here; and I cannot bear for her to come beneath this roof—anything seems better than that."

She stood and looked at herself in the glass for a moment, when her hat was on, and a little, bitter exclamation passed her lips. "There is not a streak of gray in my hair. There is not a line of care in my face," she said slowly. "My youth is growing hateful to me. I wish I were old and wrinkled and gray; it might bring me rest and peace."

She turned away wearily and left the house. The fresh air touched her hot cheek soothingly. The walk did her good, and when she rang the bell of Anne Gordon's home there was a flush on her face that made her beauty thrilling.

She was shown to Miss Gordon's boudoir, and the friend of years rose with that loyalty that was one of her sweetest characteristics, and kissed her.

"It is so good of you to come, Marian," she said, gently drawing her to a sofa, and seating herself with her arm about the young girl's waist. "I was half-afraid that you might be too much fatigued after—after last night."

She could scarcely force herself to speak the reference to that evening, and she observed that Marian's eyes were not lifted.

"I was tired—I am—tired," Marian stammered. "I have only come for a little while, and then I must go—home to rest."

"Go home?" repeated Anne curiously. "I hoped that I could persuade you to remain with me, dearest."

Marian glanced up uncomfortably.

"No," she answered, with a fleeting smile; "not this time."

There was a painful pause. Miss Gordon seemed to be considering what she should say. Her lips twitched nervously, and then, in a commonplace manner, she asked:

"Was it pleasant—your ball last evening—little one?"

"Yes—that is, no; I'm afraid I did not enjoy it particularly."

Miss Gordon waited for a moment for something more definite, but it did not come. She drew closer to Marian, and with her arm still encircling the girlish waist, she said:

"What has come between us, dear? There was a time when you came to me with all your little griefs. There was a time when you kept no secret from me—when our lives were shared each with the other. I have loved you as my own sister, Marian. Dearest, have I failed you in any way, that we are growing so strangely apart? Are you afraid to trust me with the secret that is troubling you, dear?"

Marian looked up, but her eyes met those of her friend but for a moment. She smiled, but it was so strained, so miserable that Anne Gordon almost cried out.

"I have no secret," she answered dully. "Don't say that!" cried Anne desperately. "Suppose I tell you that I know. Suppose I—"

But before she could complete the sentence, Marian had turned to her wildly, the terrible fear in her heart pictured upon her countenance. She thought Anne Gordon referred to the robbery that her father had committed, and her horror and shame were indescribable.

"You know!" she gasped. "You know! Oh, for the love of Heaven, no! No, not that! Anything but that!"

"Hush, dear!" cried Miss Gordon, drawing her even closer and speaking rapidly, passionately into her ear. "You must not think I love you less because—because your father is not the man that we would both have him. You must not think that a single atom of my respect has gone from you. I love you just the same, my darling, and there is nothing under heaven that I would not do to save you the shame, the humiliation of it all. Oh, Marian, I am so sorry for you!"

The exclamation contained infinite tenderness and sorrow, for Marian had thrown herself upon her knees and with a hoarse cry had buried her head in her friend's lap. It seemed to her that she could never look Anne Gordon in the face again, knowing that she knew her father to be a thief.

"Even this shame could not be spared me," she groaned. "I had hoped that you, of all the world, might never know!"

They were misunderstanding each other terribly. While Marian thought her friend referred to the robbery, Miss Gordon thought Marian referred to the fact of her father's degradation, in that he had taken his daughter into a gambling-house to live, and the girl's very anguish gave the loyal friend hope that matters were not so bad as June Beckwith had stated.

"Oh, dearest, it is much better that I should know!" she cried, lovingly laying her hand upon the bowed head—"It is much better!" Marian.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

How My Wife and I Earn Money at Home in Spare Time

Our actual experience turning spare hours into dollars. And how others—young and old, housewives and girls, can make extra money in the same way—without leaving home.

By Ward Butler

THE 29th day of March, 1918, found me with a bride to support; a great deal of confidence in my ability to support her—and just fifty dollars in cash to give us a start in life.

I started out with a sort of a hazy belief in the old saying that "two can live as cheaply as one." But it didn't take me long to get that foolish idea out of my head. You can't buy two pairs of shoes for the price of one—not by a good deal!

I worked with all my might and main. But my Saturday night pay-envelope was scarcely enough for one—and I had two to support. To make matters worse, I was often out of work—nothing coming in, and the rent and grocery bills mounting up, just the same.

At the end of the first year I sat down and took stock. By denying ourselves even the common necessities of life, we had managed to set aside just \$50. In the meantime the cost of living was steadily increasing—and our first child had come to us. All in all, I simply had to have more money. I could see just one way out, and that was to turn my "after-supper" time into cash. I decided that in some way I would have to earn money right at home in my spare hours.

I began desperately reading magazines and papers, searching for some kind of home work that would meet my needs. Then finally one evening I saw an advertisement that appealed to me from the first glance. It was headed "How To Make Money In Your Own Home."

The plan, I soon learned from the advertisement, was to knit socks on a hand-knitting machine. The company that furnished the machine offered to buy at a fixed price all of the standard wool socks knit on the machine and to furnish replacement yarn for each lot of socks. "Here," I said to myself, "is something that looks good to me." So that very night I wrote a letter to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Buffalo, N. Y., asking them to tell me all about their proposition.

In just a few days I had an answer. The whole thing seemed mighty fair and square to me. The more I thought about it, the better I liked the idea, so I made up my mind to get a machine and make a start at the work.

When the machine arrived I began studying the Instruction Book. Everything was as clear as could be. I had only my after-supper time to devote to the work, but in just a few evenings I was complete master of the machine, and really knitting socks many times as fast as an experienced knitter could turn them out by hand.

Then came the time to put the company's offer to a practical test. One evening my wife and I gathered together all the socks I had knit, and made them up into a neat bundle. Bright and early the next morning I mailed the package to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company. It was only a few days until we received a letter from them with a check for the socks; also a package containing yarn to replace that used in making the socks. At last I had found spare time home work that paid real money.

I began then in real earnest, putting in every possible moment at the work. I bought my machine in November, 1918. During that winter I knit over 500 pairs of socks.

For a while I continued to send my shipments to the company, and always received checks promptly. Then one day I said to myself: "These socks are such splendid values that I believe I can sell them right here in town." So I took some samples to the local stores, and although I certainly am not a salesman, I soon had enough orders to keep me busy. The socks sold themselves.

My wife one day wanted a new corset cover, and we fell to planning how we could make it on the machine. We purchased some variegated crocheted cotton and knit a strip for the yoke, working in fancy stitches. We knit the shoulder straps also and sewed the yoke on a piece of Indian linen, edging the knitting with narrow lace. This proved to be a very attractive novelty. Every lady who saw it wanted one. Soon we had all of the orders we could fill. As my wife had learned to run the machine, we both worked at it, and during that summer we made and sold about 600 corset covers.

Then a few months later, just as we were beginning to pull out of the rut, I was taken sick, and confined to the house for 3 weeks. I don't know what would have happened to us without the Auto Knitter. I made money with the machine when it would have been

impossible for me to go outdoors and work. When I got to run my machine a whole day I averaged two dozen pairs of socks. As I made a clear profit of 20 cents a pair selling to stores, this amounted to \$4.80 per day.

During the winter of 1919-1920 my wife and I made over 1000 pairs of socks. With what we had saved up from the proceeds of our knitter, I bought some farming equipment and rented a small farm. It was the first step toward realizing a dream we had been harboring for a long time.

What we made that year from the farm and our knitter enabled us this year to buy more equipment and rent a larger farm.

I have just been figuring up, and I find that since we bought the Auto Knitter we have made more than 2500 pairs of socks, from which we realized a profit of over \$400; and 1,000 corset covers, which profited us \$150. Totalling it all up, our machine has made us well over \$500 clear profit in 2½ years.

I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for the Auto Knitter. It was this little machine that started us on the road to independence. But for the Auto Knitter I would still be a day-laborer, struggling helplessly to make both ends meet. As it is, we are well on the road to prosperity.

Now and then somebody hears of my success and asks me if it will pay to get an Auto Knitter. I simply tell them what the Auto Knitter has done for me. I don't know of any higher praise I could give the machine.

Then I tell these folks about the contract the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company makes with every person who buys a machine—an agreement to take all of the standard wool socks you can furnish and to pay you a liberal, fixed guaranteed wage, on a piece-work basis, as well as replacing the wool used in knitting each lot of socks.

I have tried this contract out, and I know what I'm talking about when I say that it is an ideal arrangement. You can work for the company just as much—or as little—as you please—spare time or full time—or not at all—yet for every shipment of socks you send them, you get your pay check promptly. And of course you are at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter to stores or individuals, just as I have done.

And remember this: Whether you put in a whole day at the work, or just a few spare moments now and then, you get paid—and well paid—for every minute you invest.

Mr. Butler's experience, told here in his own words, is simply one of many. Letters are continually coming in from men and women all over the country telling of similar successes in making money right at home with the Auto Knitter.

Of course you are interested. No matter where you live—on a farm, in a small town, or in the heart of a great city—you have the spare-time problem to consider. You want to turn your leisure hours into dollars. And so you would like to know all about the knitting machine that has meant so much to other people. By all means, write to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Dept. 1011-R, 630-632 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y., and find out about the pleasant occupation waiting for you—Auto Knitting. Learn what other folks are doing, and the substantial amounts that even a part of your spare time may yield you.

Remember that previous experience in hand-knitting is not necessary. An inexperienced person without special talent can learn to operate the Auto Knitter, and turn out standard socks.

You will never regret writing for information about this remarkable machine. Send your name and address now, and find out all of the good things that are in store for you.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 1011-R, 630-632 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y. Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name Address City State Comfort 11-21

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

stories he read) and thus he acquired initiative, and the courage to apply his ideas in a practical manner. It does not seem improbable, does it?

To be sure, if all of us had initiative and the courage to tackle things and see them through, we would soon be a nation of sharks, eating each other up. The "failures" constitute a huge proportion of the workers of the world. They are failures only in that they have not succeeded in becoming masters. But even your dreamer, your impractical person, is often full of ideas that others have used to immense advantage. Have you not yourself, time and time again, thought, dreamily, maybe, of some plans or schemes which later you found perhaps many others have put to practical use? Did I not, days ago, when I first heard of a piano in a "movie" house, wonder how it would be to have an orchestra to listen to? And did I not live to see the piano grow a violin on the side, and sprout drums and increase and multiply to an automatic organ, and then to a pipe organ with an honest-to-goodness organist who drew more per week than I earned in a month? And now I can (for say 17 cents) see pictures for hours and listen at the same time to a thirty-five piece orchestra.

And have I not looked at a certain piece of ground for years and wished I could put up some concrete homes on it, and lay it out with winding paths? Oh, I have it all dreamed out. But first, an arch must be built, for a small stream runs through it. And people "with money" have passed up this site for years, because of the arch. And now behold! An ad. in the paper which reads, "Corner lot at corner of Spruce and West Streets, will be given away to anyone who will build on it." To build, the lot must be arched. After the arch, refuse will level it off. Then the owner of the corner will have started the ball rolling and the other lots will sell. Good for the fellow who gives away a lot! And good for the fellow who gets it "for nothing." And good for the town; when the first fellow builds he will draw company in no time. It does not sound improbable, does it?

My father lives retired on the interest of some few shares of stock. He spends his time loafing in a real-estate office. Day in and day out he hears real estate transactions going on about him. He tells us, of an evening, "The Y— estate is being settled. Today the heirs put up for sale some lots scattered around the town. One of them out here, about three or four blocks away, they sold a lot to one of the heirs for \$18.00, a lot 30x140 feet. Nobody bid on it so one of the heirs bid \$15.00 and another bid \$18.00 and got it. Today it is worth \$300. Father could have bought it for \$20.00. Another time he reported, 'I can't get rid of that piece of woodland (my grandfather's estate) so I'll have to give it to somebody for the amount of taxes due on it.' My wife said, 'Well, Daddy, whenever you feel that you must part with it, let us know and we'll give you a couple of dollars over the amount of the taxes.' We have never heard of it since. And it is not yet sold. It does not sound improbable, does it?

And now why do I, who am nothing but a working man, poor, and at this juncture out of work, why then do I write this to you? Writing is not my business at all! I am a music clerk when I work. Simply this is my reason. That parents would encourage the original ideas, or even the hackneyed ones of their children. Oh, that they would encourage them to try out the good ideas they often have! Oh, that wives would encourage their husbands with kindly helpfulness instead of the all-too-frequent dampening of their spirit when the unusual opportunity knocks at the door! And oh, that more of us who look like men, could act like men, and, seizing our opportunities when we recognize them, go on courageously to the end, whether that end furnish profit or experience, or both.

Your pardon for my intrusion on your time, and my thanks for the very real comfort of COMFORT.

Sincerely yours, MUSICUS.

ELIZABETH, 520 Maple Ave., N. J.

DEAR READERS:

Everyone seems to describe themselves upon entering this corner for the first time, so I'll do likewise.

I am eighteen years old and have been married one year. Have light brown hair, brown eyes and a fair complexion.

I am much interested in fancy work of all kinds and can do nearly every kind with the exception of tatting. I make all my clothes.

How many of the sisters have been to Coney Island? I suppose there are a lot who have never been there. I was there a short time ago and what a time I had! We, my mother and aunt, went on almost everything there was there. I have always prided myself on not being frightened by I met my Waterloo that day in the shape of a weird thing called the Scrambler. I don't mean weird, the only word to describe it is devilish. There are about a dozen round cars set on a metal floor. When first started the floor revolves and the cars go around in a nice orderly procession, but they gradually go faster until not only the floor but each car is whirling around like a top. They go so fast that the crowd of people watching become a blurred mass. I began to feel funny, first I got dizzy, then sick to my stomach, then I felt that I had to hold my head. While doing this our car gave one awful bump and I landed on the floor with my head on the seat in back of me and my feet on the opposite seat. The ride lasted only a few minutes but it seemed hours to me. We are going to Coney Island again before long but I, for one, am not going in the Scrambler.

Will some of the sisters write to me?

MRS. KATHLEEN HOWELL.

Mrs. Howell.—My visit to Coney Island wasn't as exciting as yours but then, there's quite a difference in our ages. I wish I could go again and take some of the COMFORT children with me, particularly those from lonely ranches and farms. Wouldn't we have a glorious time?—Ed.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been reading COMFORT for a long time and like others did not write because I was afraid of the waste-basket. But after reading the letter from "A Parson's Daughter" I thought that I would write and tell her that I enjoyed her letter very much, because I, too, am a parson's daughter.

My dear sisters, everything that she said was true, and I have experienced those things in my life also, and many more, and I know that God, too, has space would not permit her to tell it. I remember distinctly how sister and I used to go from house to house and sell seeds, postcards and start up a Larkin club or something like that to get what we wanted, because we could not afford it. We earned quite a few pieces of furniture that way and then the "Church Members" thought that we furnished our home too expensively, and I had gotten more than one subscription for COMFORT and that way earned toys and dolls and the other things I found in the dear magazine for my sisters and brothers and myself, because we, like other children, like toys, and then the members said that we had too many things. Now we are living in Detroit in a five-room house, and it is a little small even now as there are eight of us in the family, and just imagine how they say that we could live in a smaller house. Yes, that is a parson's life, my dear, and I just want to say that unless you are told by the parson's family itself you could never think or believe what your parson and many others are going through and what they are suffering because the foolish ones talk nonsense.

My dear sister, I just want to say this: that if you do as "A Parson's Daughter" said in a recent number of COMFORT, and net pass the gossip on, you will save your pastor and his family many heartaches and worries.

If any sisters care to write to me I will be very glad to answer all that I possibly can. But before I go I will say that we have had COMFORT in our home for a long time and that sister and I have gotten quite a few subscribers for it, and, sisters, if you want some one to read a good paper or give them a nice gift, just give them COMFORT throughout the year as a birthday present, and it will not be long before they will do the same thing and give it to others.

Now I want to say, my dear friends, sisters and brothers, that a hearty handshake and a cheery word will not harm your pastor at all, and that if you have any to spare just pass them on to him. You could not give it to any one that would appreciate it more than he would. If I see this in print, I will come again.

"ANOTHER PARSON'S DAUGHTER."

SPARTA, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for years and I can remember the time when it was smaller than it is now, and yet it was always true to its name.

I belong to the teaching profession. Let me tell you,

mothers, when you are tempted to criticize the teachers for not passing Mary or John, that it is not the teacher's fault they fail. In all the years that I have been teaching, whether I liked the pupil or otherwise, it was always a pleasure to see new faces in the fall. No teacher will fail a youngster, for if she disliked the child there would be all the more reason for passing him on to the next teacher. No one knows how the teacher works over "getting them through." She knows that if she fails with too many her reputation will suffer, and if she passes one on who is not quite ready, she will be criticized by the succeeding teacher. If your youngster comes home with a "hard luck story," remember your child is only human, and that it would be natural for him to smooth it over. Go right to the teacher and have a talk with her. Oftentimes it will make things easier for you and the child, too. Many of the trials of the teacher come through misunderstandings. Remember it is the teacher's place to do the best she can for every child under her care, and I believe the majority of teachers try to do their duty.

Keep house, although I am not married. Happy Mother, I believe it depends upon the individual who gets the more enjoyment out of life, the one who is a model housekeeper or the one who does not care so much about the way things look if she enjoys herself. There are some women so constituted that a speck of dust drives them wild. If one is like that, then I say keep on working. I say, if you are satisfied, also your husband, then let the neighbors gossip. Some people derive a heap of enjoyment out of gossiping and tending to the neighbors' business.

Doty, don't tell the husband. It is really some of your business to mix into family affairs. If outsiders would keep hands off, families would be happier. If you want to drop the woman, do so, but don't think it is your duty to gossip. Oftentimes much harm is done by people thinking they are doing a kindness which is not so.

It is true that the "Butterflies" do not make the best kind of wives. Yet it is also true that they are picked up before the sensible ones are. If the sensible ones are wise, they will take notice of the "Butterflies" once in a while and make the fellow guess a little. Did you ever notice that a fellow is always happy when he is kept guessing by his best girl?

Just a word about myself. I am a bachelor girl, no matter how old, five feet, one and one-half inches tall, and weigh 130 pounds. I like to write letters and receive interesting ones. If any of the sisters feel like writing, their letters will be more than welcome.

Sincerely, ETHEL P. KETTES.

HIAWATHA, MICHIGAN.

DEAR MRS. W:

If your deaf ear is doerward I'll get you one of those much advertised, sure cure for deafness, instruments and then you will have to hear me in spite of yourself. May I have a word with Irish?

Don't have anything hanging on the walls of your son's room, for when a child awakes at night, any object on the walls, no matter how familiar, takes on odd shapes and frightens him. Let him take his Cuddy Bear to bed with him as it seems to comfort children in their loneliness when in a room by themselves. Don't frighten him into obeying you by threatening him with a bogie man, etc., and don't scold him when he is frightened. Speak gently and lovingly to him and it will do much more good. Last but not least, be very careful what you feed him as heavy food causes nightmares. Be more careful at supper-time as that is most important.

Are there among us, any sisters, mothers or wives of any Co. A, 47th Inf. 4th Division boys? My husband was a member of Co. A and I'd like to hear from some of you.

Best wishes, IRENE STANKOVICH. (MRS. JAMES)

LAND O' DREAMS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May a nineteen-year-old lassie enter your corner for a little chat? Thought I'd drop in to cool off and rest after the day's work. Funny isn't it, that though we long so much now for cold weather, we don't appreciate it when it comes—in the form of winter? Winter is dreadful if we don't prepare for it. Of course in town it doesn't make so very much difference so far as roads are concerned, nor in the country where the roads are good. But here, where I live, the roads are more often bad in the winter than good and we are "in" for weeks at a time. Winter is always a bugbear to me and all summer I plan little devices to make it more cheerful.

Did you ever notice what a difference it makes in your feelings to have clean curtains, a different cushion or a white tablecloth? Farm homes generally have a dining-room for company and a kitchen to eat in. Some don't even have dining-rooms; we don't, so I



TOYS FOR THE CHILDREN ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

make the best of the kitchen. I always aim to have a white tablecloth on as it gives a more cheerful appearance. This wouldn't be possible if I had to buy linen but instead I bleach flour sacks in kerosene, in which some borax has been dissolved, and make tablecloths of them. It is hard to keep the kitchen curtains white in winter so I use printed goods and find they make very good curtains. They reflect cheerfulness too, if you choose a bright color, not too loud, but something bright and cheerful. Tie them back with a strip of white goods, two inches wide. I use flour sacks again for this. Every time these white "ties" are washed, starched and ironed, it is like something new to look at. I like lots of cushions, not that I care to sit on them but they brighten a room, I think. I use any color and make them of calico, in different shapes, some round, some square and some oblong. When I am very blue I bring out my red cushions with their white ruffles. I find red a very cheery color, if combined with white. I have two changes of curtains for every shelf in the kitchen and when I find myself becoming morose, down come the old curtains and up go new ones. Did you ever try tying a red ribbon, in a jaunty bow, on a shelf curtain? You'll find your tired eyes wandering toward it very often and find yourself being unconsciously brightened by it.

My life has not been a bed of roses and I used to sit and pine but now I find I can forget everything for a while in just some simple duty, as taking a pleasure in making our house a home.

I am ambitious to learn but have had very little education. Last winter I learned to play the violin, by ear, and studying anything and everything I could find. The winter I intended to take up French, by the aid of written instructions.

Long ago I adopted this poem as my motto:

"If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill—
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub at the side of the hill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

"If you can't be a highway then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun, be a star;
It isn't by the size that you win or you fail—
Be the best of whatever you are."

I didn't learn that in a week or a year. It came to me slowly, and I've not learned it thoroughly yet. Sometimes I feel that I am the fifth wheel but I always remember that "nothing can last forever" and I realize the need of living only in today, and hoping and praying for a better tomorrow.

STRUGGLER.

MR. VICTORIA, MD.

My DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND ALL:
Here we come, two of us. Seeing the door ajar we pushed it right open and walked in. How is every-

The Pretty Girls' Club

Answers to Questions

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

HILLES.—The only thing to do with blackheads is to press them out with a bit of soft cloth, then touch the spot with an astringent. If they return it is because the pores are sluggish. I should massage my face nightly with a tiny bit of cold cream on my finger-tips, after the skin has been bathed until perfectly clean. Do you use much hot water on your face? That opens the pores, which soon fill up and produce blackheads. Use hot water and soap in it at night, rinsing many times; with a final rinse in warm water followed by dashing on cold water. Use tepid water in the morning, with a douche of cold water following. If you fall get rain water for your face, so much the better; or you can add half a teaspoon of tincture of benzoin to a basin of water. Slap the face gently after bathing, using the flats of the fingers and going over all cheeks, forehead, chin. Anything which stirs up the blood will help, but the main thing is to get the pores clean, then close them. An astringent will do the deed, first but after that it takes cold water to make the skin firm and contract the pores.

LEMONS.—Your hair is falling out after your baby's birth because your body has had a severe drain upon its strength and will have as long as you are nursing, as I suppose you are. You need first of all to give the body nourishing food in more than ordinary quantities. Drink plenty of milk, eat cereals with cream and sugar, white bread and butter, potatoes, rice, roast or broiled meats, fresh fruit. I should not use lemon juice on the hair, although if you put the juice of half a lemon in the last rinsing water, it tends to make the hair slightly lighter, but while your hair is thin and falling, it is no time to experiment in this way. Shampoo regularly, rub a little oil into the scalp—but not on the hair—the night before shampooing, brush it very gently, as firm brushing may bring away more hair. Massage the scalp at night by placing the flat of the fingers each side of the head and moving the skin back and forth on the skull, going over the entire scalp in this fashion. This makes the blood circulate. But your main task is to feed your body; drink plenty of liquid and see that the bowels move once or twice a day, without cathartics. Prunes, apples, oranges, water, bran in your cereal, will take care of this. Skins differ, but it is probable, in answer to your question, that you can rub a cut lemon on your face to bleach it. However, if you look after your diet, bowels, and careful washing of the face, with the use of cold cream at night, I think your skin will clear up without the use of lemons.

RANSOM.—The wrinkles around eyes, mouth and on forehead, are due, I think, to your being so much under weight. They will smooth out if you can build yourself up to one hundred and twenty or more pounds. As you should, in any case, you are way under weight, from the standpoint of health as well as appearance. Read what I have said in answer to "Edna," as to food, and make it your business to feed yourself. Get exercise. Sleep. Breathe fresh air. Avoid coffee, tea, cathartics. Use a little cold cream on your face daily, massaging it in and wiping off any surplus with a soft cloth or pad of cotton, then applying powder lightly.

LUCCA.—One hundred and fifty pounds for five feet six inches is not too great a weight, unless it is in the wrong places. That is, if the abdomen is too large, or the calves of the legs, etc., while the rest of the body is thin. Then the weight is not too much when well distributed it is too much for that particular person. Exercise will reduce any portions of the body which are out of proportion.

GLADYS.—The only way to take off freckles is to take off the skin! If you have only a few, I should let them alone, as they will without doubt fade in time; all you need to do is to prevent more coming. Keep the skin well bathed, use half a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin in the water with which you bathe your face. It will only be a matter of a few weeks or so when your face will bleach out. Whereas if you attempt to remove the freckles by taking off the skin, you will find the new skin sensitive and likely to freckle again. For only a few freckles it is not worth while.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

body today, including old maids and bachelors?

We have taken COMFORT between us for more than six years, and think it fine, reading it from cover to cover, the sisters' letters always find their way to us.

We have never seen any letters from Charles County. We both live in Charles between La Plata and Rock Point.

La Plata is the county seat. It has two banks, the Southern Maryland National Bank and the Charles County Bank. Two hotels, two jails and the court house. There are also beautiful schools and churches and many pretty houses.

I guess by this time you are all wondering who in the world we are. One of us is four feet five inches low, dark brown hair and grey eyes, this one is married to one of the best Johns, as some of the sisters say, and has four cute little children. The other one is five feet six inches, light brown hair and hazel eyes and has a dark complexion, and is nineteen years of age.

We are going to tell you what we did last Christmas. We decided to make gifts for the children so we got down our rag bag and also scrap bag to see what we could find. There were some pieces of gingham, calico and percale. We had patterns for a dog, sheep and pig. We made some gingham sheep, calico dogs and percale pigs, which we stuffed with old rag and cut up fine. Then we made some little red hens out of red outing. We made real pretty balls for the baby to play with out of fancy socktops.

Out of old window shades we made reins for the boys with bells that came off some old ones tacked on them. Then we made bunny babies with rabbits' ears out of white outing flannel, which we named John and Jane. The sisters' letters always find their way to us. We made black stockings with white button ties and sheep wool for hair dyed black. You can't think how cute they were. We also made white babies with red suits from an old red sweater. With these and the few things we bought the children had their arms full of toys Christmas morning and were as happy as if they had toys which cost lots of money. We are sending snapshot of these things which you may print in COMFORT if you think it is all right.

We will close, hoping to see this in print, with love and good wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the editorial staff.

FROM THE STUFFING BLUE CHUMS.

Stuffing Blue Chums.—I can't imagine what your name means but it sounds as though it had some significance. Thanks for such a nice letter and just in time for the rest of us to get some ideas for Christmas. Accept my sincere apologies if the drawing we had made doesn't do justice to your respective good looks, but the snapshot you sent couldn't be used.—Ed.

ALBANYVILLE, R. R. 2, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am writing again hoping you will find room for my letter in the Sisters' Corner. Since my letter appeared in August, 1920, COMFORT I have received letters from almost every state in the Union.

I think Magdalena is right in what she says about children gossiping. I forbid my pupils to tell things at home that occur at school for if I allow them to go home and tell every little thing that happens they will form a habit of telling everything they know and adding a little, too. Sometimes the patrons get the idea that I don't want them to know what is going on at school but I'm always glad for the parents to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.—Advertisement.

Restore Those Silver Threads



These disfiguring gray streaks which make you look a hundred years old—comb them away with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Mail coupon for free trial bottle and test on single lock. This proves it.

No danger of streaking or discoloration—nothing to wash or rub off. Leaves your hair soft, fluffy, lovely to curl and dress. Restoration complete in 4 to 8 days, whether your gray hairs are many or few.

Fill out coupon carefully—enclose lock if possible. Trial bottle and application comb come by return mail. Full sized bottle at your druggist or direct from us. Don't risk ruining your hair with cheap substitutes.

Mary T. Goldman, 865 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Mary T. Goldman, 865 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is black, jet black, dark brown, medium brown, light brown.

Name.....

Street..... Town.....

Co..... State.....

Be Careful What You Wash Your Hair With



MABEL NORMAND

"I never knew a shampoo could be so delightful." Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle. The best thing to use is Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap and beats anything else all to pieces. You can get Mulsified at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy, and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff. Be sure your druggist gives you Mulsified.

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Don't let wrinkles and hideous crow feet destroy your beauty. They make you look years older than you really are. Under the magic urge of **PARISIAN FLESH FOOD** wrinkles disappear. Absorbed by the dry skin and shrunken tissues beneath, it fills hollows and replaces that aged, tired look with one of youthful freshness. You're a new woman and can see it! Send name, address and ten cents for Sample Box and Beauty Book. Agents Wanted. Mme. M. FOULAIR, 80 Parisian Bldg., CLEVELAND, O.

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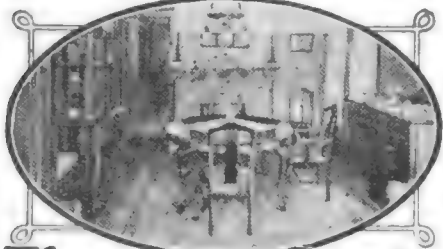
Nu-Art Laboratories, 711 D, South Orange, N. J.

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the first order you place after sending this adv. to us. Tens of thousands of home-lovers have furnished their homes delightfully on this famous Larkin Better Homes Easy-Payment Plan. Furnishings of the highest quality, at attractive money-saving Factory-to-Family prices. Now you can get almost anything for your home without a first cash payment. Larkin Co. agrees to pay your First Payment if you send this adv. just check below offer most interested in. And get complete catalog giving all interesting details about:

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- ☐ Symphonic Pianos
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Tear out this adv. and mail today with your full name and address. After getting our proposition, you'll be credited \$3 to \$20 on your purchase, the amount of the usual first cash payment. Sending this adv. today gives you this liberal offer with:

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Just think of selecting for your home from our list of 1228 Furnishings or getting a Symphonic Piano or a Symphonic Player Piano or a Symphonola which plays all phonograph records. Truly, home-making advances a great step by this unusual offer. Be sure this adv. with your full name and address and offer checked are mailed today to:

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A Box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers Brings You a Wonderfully Clear and Beautiful Complexion

No need for steaming the face, no massage, no cream, nothing but pure water for bathing



and Stuart's Calcium Wafers to clear the blood of impurities. You soon notice the change.

Pimples, blackheads and other such facial blemishes may be traced to an excess of impurities being eliminated through the skin and this condition calls for calcium to enable the process of elimination to be carried on more completely.

It is the Calcium in Stuart's Calcium Wafers that has given this complexion beautifier such a wonderful reputation.

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10 Cents
WORTH OF COMMON KEROSENE
or Coal Oil will keep this lamp in operation for 30 HOURS and will produce

300 CANDLE POWER
of the purest, whitest and best light known to science. Nothing to wear out or get out of order. Simple. Safe. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Send for catalog showing lamps for every purpose; also special introductory offer and agency proposition. Write today.

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A REAL PHONOGRAPH Given FREE!
A marvelous invention just perfected. Beautifully finished, durable spring motor, regular mica diaphragm. Plays a 10-inch record accurately with a sweet tone. Any selection of music you prefer can be played. A wonderful machine in every way. Can be used for home entertainment, school work or social gatherings, etc.

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Get the latest and best proposition yet. Tailor-Made Sterling Quality Skirts—they sell on sight. High class, fully guaranteed. Every customer is a booster. Big commissions. No collecting or delivering. Men or women—full or spare time. Hundreds have found it an easy way to make a good income. You can too. No experience necessary. Sample outfit furnished. Write today. Don't put it off, for now's the time.

Fabrica Mfg. Co., 118 Second St. Dayton, Ohio

Some New Charades for Thanksgiving

By Jeanette Atwood

Copyright, 1921, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

CHARADES that demand three or four scenes before the "whole" has been illustrated are not adapted for young folks, as it is rather difficult to follow through all of the scenes for young memories. But the more simple appearing charades are really quite difficult to puzzle out when produced, although to read about them they seem quite too easy. I have seen as many grown folks as children fail to solve some of the very simple charades given here, such as the words "Ily-laws," "Up-roar," "Down-trod," and the like.



BLACKSMITH.

The following charades being easily enacted, with "properties" that are in common use or readily improvised, are especially well adapted to provide impromptu entertainment in the home for any social gathering of friends and neighbors, or may serve as an amusing pastime for the family circle Thanksgiving afternoon or evening.

VICTORY.

Two pictures, one of the late Queen Victoria with the words "Good Queen Vic" under it. Another picture of General Cornwallis. He was a "Tory," and the whole is not difficult to guess. Some of the short word charades, that need but one scene, are given here. Try some of them on your guests and you will be surprised to find how difficult it is to guess them.

BOOK-MARK.

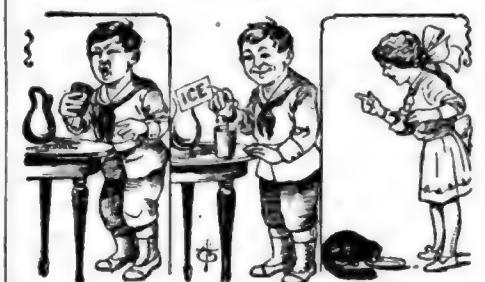
Not as easy as it seems if you can get a very small child to enter, pick a book from the table (previously placed there for the child—a catalogue or something without value) and sits on the floor. Child very busily engaged in marking up the pages, scrawling over them, with a pencil. A big blue crayon pencil would be best.

BLACKSMITH.

Some one calls off stage (next room will do for this), "Is Mr. Smith out there?" And a voice replies, "Yas'm, I'se here," then a boy blacked up and wearing a man's hat and long trousers, appears. That's all there is to it. But it is surprising to find how few can readily guess that this is "black" Smith.

ICE CREAM.

This is amusing. A child may start to drink some water from a glass, make up a face, leave



room and come back with a large piece of ice, which he drops in it.

The next part a girl comes in with a kitten, a saucer and cream jar, pours some cream and makes kitten drink it.

TENNIS RAQUET.

A couple of children may stretch a little net and play tennis, gently of course, while two more children with a horn and tin pan may make a fearful racket. Everyone will guess "tennis" but be surprised when told that is not right, as the whole charade is "tennis raquet."

MUSIC.

Behind a screen have a child holding a cat. Child to "meow" like a cat, a dozen times, then release cat and push him out from behind scene. The next part is a child on a couch with a bandage about head. The whole, of course, is "mew," "sick."

CHECKER-BOARD.

Two are playing checkers, when a third comes in, removes the checker from the board, puts it on chair or floor and with a gimlet or bit and bitstock proceeds to bore a hole in it. (Hole may be previously made in it.) This is held up. "Why, you have bored a hole right through it!" exclaimed one.

"Why did you do it?" queries the other. If they fail to guess, he may say, "I wanted another checker-board (bored)."

MELANCHOLY.

This very simple charade is not always easy to guess if properly produced. To make it all the more lively, a boy may black up and dress in old clothes, come in and steal a watermelon. If watermelons are not in season, a pumpkin may easily be painted to resemble one. The paint will readily wash off.

After this some one comes through, leading a collie dog. (Mellon collie.)

For the "whole," if they fail to guess it, one may sit at a table, head on hand, very melancholy. Some one may ask, "What's the matter?" "I am down-hearted, I feel like the whole of this charade."



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come back with a pair of artificial eyes. Black-headed hat pins, cut off close to the head, will serve. Jab these in the putty where the eyes should be, then walk off.

MARBLE.

It may be difficult for young people to understand that to damage anything is to mar it, however, that word may be used to aid. A boy has a small bell. He rings it. It doesn't suit, so he takes a hammer or hatchet and proceeds to pound it and mar it. If no one guesses it, he may be asked, "Why do you mar that?" Reply, "It isn't a good bell."

SPRINGTIME.

A big old-fashioned bed or upholstery spring is best. Some one brings it in. Places it on stand. Springs it up and down with hand to show that it is a spring, then leaves it. Another comes in with a small clock and places it on top of the spring and goes away.

MAGIC.

Somewhat of a pun, but some of the best charades depend on the phonetic system. Some one calls, "Madge! Oh, Madge! Are you there? Come here, dear," and a little girl runs on. "Oh, there you are, Madge." Next a bright youngster pretends to be afflicted with hiccoughs. He goes about trying to stop it and continues to "hic-cough," taking care to say only "Ich! Ich! Ich!" For the whole, if it is not guessed, some child may perform a simple little trick in magic.

PRIMROSE.

A clever little girl who can act very primly, with many mincing mannerisms, may enter, carrying a rose. She sits middle of a couch and a



boy enters and sits beside her. She moves over to other end. She acts very "prim" indeed.

UPROAR.

A child climbs up on a stepladder and roars.

UNDERSTAND.

A child sits under a small table or stand.

INTENT.

Child in a small tent.

OVERCOAT.

Place a coat beneath a chair and have a child sit on chair.

DOWN-TROD.

Child picks some "down" from bit of swans-down fur, then treads on it and stomps, making it past tense, or down-trod.

BY-LAWS.

A stack of calf-bound law books on a stand and a child stands close beside them.

It is true these seem very simple. And if one at a time were performed they would be much easier to guess, but start the entire six at once, and, what between glancing from one to the other and laughing, the youngsters will have a rather difficult time of it.

Three states may be used at once, first explaining that the next scene represents three different states.

INDIANA.

An immense letter D cut from cardboard or made of sticks. A little girl comes out with name "Anna" pinned on her, and stands inside the "D."

These three relating to States, like the preceding group of five, will prove more amusing if produced at the same time.

There are many words that one simple act will describe. They are not as easy when acted as they seem to be just by reading about them.

MAINE.

Child may sit on hobby horse and continually stroke his mane.

NEW JERSEY.

Child wears a bright jersey and tells another child it is new, not using the word "jersey" but merely saying, "This is new. Yes, this is brand new," etc.

MOVING PICTURES IN THREE REELS.

Youngsters may move three wall pictures, hung low purposely, or three framed pictures from mantel to piano. Child to reel about dizzily while moving each one.

INNOCENCE.

Child brings on a large card lettered like this: "MEET ME TUESDAY NOON BY MOONLIGHT BETWEEN THURSDAY AND THE FOURTH OF JULY." The more they study it, the more will they become puzzled. "I don't see any sense to it!" some will exclaim. Tell them that's right and that they have nearly guessed it. The answer is, of course, that it is *in no sense*.

PARACHUTE.

This is a good charade word but rather difficult for little children. Older children will doubtless catch it and when there are smaller folks it is well to have a "whole" at the end of the charade if they cannot guess it by the scenes. This word should be managed as follows: A

child picks a pear from a dish and eats it. Another child marches across stage wearing a letter "A" and a third comes in with a toy gun and shoots at a target. Then if they cannot guess it, a little child may stand in a chair with an opened umbrella and jump from the chair with it, as one would do with a parachute.

None of these charades are "deep." They are not intended for mature minds. But as a means of entertaining a party of young folks throughout an afternoon or evening, they will serve admirably. In fact, experience has taught that young folks do not care for charades that they cannot guess. A few simple ones that are easy, mixed with others, adds more pleasure to the evening.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

visit the school. If parents could only realize that gossiping is a vehicle of mischief that only serves to narrow their children, they would be more careful how they allowed them to talk. If you hear a bit of scandal do you let it die in your memory, or do you tell it to the next friend you meet as toothsome piece of news? Never believe anything bad about anybody is a very good motto. I have been teaching school for six years and sometimes we as teachers become discouraged. We are discussed over the entire community, every step we take is watched and we must be very careful. Some parents think we should do things for their children regardless of the others, they will also send us word how to instruct them. Of course, the only thing we can do is to ignore the whole business and do as we please.

I have been in school this summer and now I'm studying Shakespeare's work, also canning. I believe I'll tell you how I do my canning as it may be of help to some one. Not having a home canner, I began to look around for something to cook my fruit in so I selected two large cans. The fruit is prepared, placed in glass jars with rubbers and caps in place (but cap not tight). I took a large white cloth, placed in bottom of lid can to serve as rack, set my glass cans into the lid can on this cloth, poured in cold water over half way up the jars, placed on stove and cooked the required length of time, then lifted my cans from the water and left them to cool for ten or fifteen minutes, after which I tightened the lids. I have canned over two hundred fifty cans this year and haven't lost a can, also the fruit has a better flavor and looks much nicer than when cooked in an open vessel.

One word to music lover, I actually heard one woman say that all girls married the first change they got, and some little narrow-minded two-by-four men think the same thing, but they are sadly mistaken. When most girls marry they want a man, a real man, a man that has character, a man that is willing to work and make a home, a home where she can be queen. Oh, no, you're mistaken, I'm not a maiden lady (old maid) neither did I get married, but I was before I married and I know several girls that could have married and did not. I have been married six years, have one boy, Elmo, who is three years old. I'm a farmer's wife but please print this.

Sincere wishes, ADA KIRBY.

LIMESTONE, R. R. 2, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: COMFORT AND COMFORT SISTERS:

It has been almost three years since my other letter appeared in COMFORT so I am prompted to write again, for the same reason that I wrote before. I am seeing comfort and I made a host of good friends through my first letter, friends who sent me words of cheer and comfort when I most needed them. When we are not in actual need of anything, a gift from a friend is not so greatly appreciated, but when the shadows hang thick and dark across our pathway, then we need the gifts and cheer from friends. Some of the sisters seem to think that we should pack up our troubles and disappointments and carry them all alone. Why not then carry our joys alone? The friends who will not stick in sunshine and shade alike are not friends at all and I'm inclined to believe that the ones who advocate carrying their sorrows alone never had any real ones come into their lives. I do not like to see folks glum all the time, neither do I like to hear a lot of silly nonsense. I am not old but I know the dark side of life and if I hadn't some good friends with whom to talk and share my burdens I could never have gone this far. In two and one-half years I have had go out of my life two children, a sweet, golden-haired girl and a curly-headed baby boy who went away on the 11th of July. Both were walking and talking but their baby hands are still forever. Their toys lie around undisturbed and seem to echo my loneliness. The little worn garments are scattered over the house and I cannot turn but what my vision meets some little article which bears the finger prints of the little children. Their photographs rest on the mantel and seem to look at me with big blue eyes, once so full of mirth and laughter.

Sisters, is not this a shadow that we ought to help each other bear? And you, who have never had such trials, put yourself in my place and see what you think of it, then let us know. I am more sorry for people who have sorrows than those who have bodily ailments. Why do I say this? Simply because I have had both and I could endure the latter.

Do not imagine that I sit down with folded hands and nurse my troubles. Far from that. I keep very busy trying to chase away the shadows. We live on a farm of 160 acres, down in Tennessee, and that means work. I can lots of fruits and vegetables every summer besides making butters, jams and jellies. The doctors say that the first question an East Tennessean will ask when sick is, "What am I going to eat?"

Our crops this year consisted of wheat, corn, rye, cane, tobacco, peanuts, popcorn, beans, melons, sweet and Irish potatoes.

I shall greatly appreciate any letters I may receive. With love to all, MRS. BONNIE BOVELL.

DURANGO, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I am a subscriber to COMFORT. I should like to say to "Irish" that her little boy of past two is merely a baby, and it is perfectly natural for babies not to like the dark, especially when they wake up and find themselves alone in bed. He is probably not worried at all, only a normal child. My little girl of four (our only living child) has always slept with me, while not a nervous, terrified child, she has often wakened in the night and asked me to hold her in my arms. Once she said, "Mother, isn't it funny how the 'fraid' goes 'way, when you put your arm around me?" So I should take that little boy of two in bed with me, if I were his mother. But maybe I am too easy with children, but I remember so vividly my own childish feelings.

What a nice thing it would be if more mothers could realize what a short time we have to keep our children. Some time ago I heard a mother who had two children say, "I must make a pleasant home for my children for the next ten years, for that is as long as I can hope to have them with me."

I used to be a teacher before marriage. I shall send in a club of COMFORT subscribers, the best little paper going.

Some time I may write how I broke my little girl of sucking her fingers when two years of age.

Very truly yours, MRS. CALVIN MOXLEY.

TENNESSEE.

HELLO EVERYBODY: Here comes a stranger, though I feel that I know every one of you.

I have read the letters giving advice to the woman whose neighbors' children bothered her, and want to add my experience. When we moved to town we were in a neighborhood where there were many children and my friends told me, "You are in for it for the children will worry you to death." I only laughed and told them I didn't think so. I have one little girl so before long the other children began to come in. I would allow them to play a while but when I thought they had stayed long enough I called my little girl into the house and if they came in with her I would have them sit down and be quiet. It wouldn't be long before they would go home. The plan has worked for sixteen months and none of the mothers are offended. If I didn't want to bother with them at all I would have them sit down when they first came.

I hope this will help someone. EVER CHEERFUL.

BALTON, S. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I want to say just a few words about marriage, especially about the marriage of girls to boys younger than themselves. It seems to me a girl should always

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

Release

Get new \$100 Oliver for only \$55. We now sell direct. And we save you \$45. New Oliver, our latest and finest model. Free trial. No money down. Return machine at our expense, or keep it and pay only \$4 a month.

Write for all particulars today. A postcard will do. Send one now! No obligation. Oliver Typewriter Co., 1200 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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MAKE YOUR WASHING MACHINE

It's easy to wash a tub of clothes in 5 to 10 minutes—clean and without wear, with the Vac Cup Attachment, the Semi-Automatic Washing Machine. No electric or water power necessary. Vacuum and suction principle—formerly the Dodge and Zull Syracuse "Easy." Sent on 30 days' free trial. Easy monthly payments included. Send postal card for how to save work. Harrington Mfg. Co., 1113 Sunset Ave., Syracuse, N.Y.

LOVE CARDS

Send 5 cents for large sample. Address: Love Cards, 1113 Sunset Ave., Syracuse, N.Y.

Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

You know how I love you. In the old days we used to call each other sister. Let me be your sister now, dear, in reality. You can never be happy there. Leave it all and come to me, Marian. My sister, let my home be yours!

She paused. There was the sound of wild sobbing; but it ceased at last, and Marian struggled to her feet. She did not look at Anne Gordon, and her voice was almost inaudible as, with downcast eyes, she said:

"I can't thank you; I don't know how. It goes beyond all that."

"Then you will come?"

"I can't," she answered, in a choked voice. "That would be impossible."

"Why? Are you to sacrifice all your future because of him? Are you to ruin your whole life for the sake of a man who is not worthy to even speak your name?"

"He is—my father!"

"And because of that you are to allow him to not only spoil your life but ruin your soul? Are you going to sacrifice yourself for a creature like that? Marian, I tell you that you shall not! It is criminal! It is horrible! It is against every law of God and man!"

"Don't, Anne, I beg of you. As you love me, spare him. I know that he is unworthy, and it may be that I am wrong to remain by his side; but I have promised him that I would, and I have not the right to break my word."

"Marian, you cannot mean it. See, dear: I offer you a home here with me. I promise you that you shall never want, that you shall share with me, even as my own sister should. Marian, I am pleading with you. I cannot endure to see you putting this blight upon your own life as you are doing."

"And I tell you that I must!" panted Marian. "Oh, please say no more! I dare not desert him. He needs me. He could not live without me. If I were to desert him, only Heaven knows what would become of him. Do not ask me again, Anne. I see but too clearly the terrible situation in which I am placed, but there is nothing for me to do but abide by it. Good by, Anne. It is hard for me to say it, but I could not bear to see you again! I must go on and live my miserable life alone. You have been so good to me, dear—so good, that if I were to try to the end of my wretched life, I could never make you understand how grateful I am. But surely you know how it would hurt me, under the circumstances, to see you again. I couldn't. Anne—I couldn't. Dear, as I love you, that would be impossible. As long as I believed you did not know—as long as I thought I could keep the guilty secret from you—I could bear it; but now that you know, it would be—madness! Good by, Anne!"

She caught Miss Gordon in a wild, passionate embrace. It lasted but a moment, and before Anne could recover herself sufficiently to speak, she had gone.

A moment more and they might have understood each other, and both have been spared the whole sorrowful after-time; but that moment was denied them, and their miserable game of cross-purposes stood as they had played it, a monument of future suffering.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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The Thanksgiving Raffle

By Joseph F. Novak

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THE first snowfall of the year had arrived, and while it whitened the pedestrians downtown, and frosted window-ledge, arc-light and electric sign, it made a mess under foot.

Julian Barker swung along gaily through the downfall, and when he arrived at the bank where he was employed, he breezed into the building, overcoat unbuttoned, his white silk muffler waving.

"Hurrah for Thanksgiving and the snow!" he yelled, as he went behind the cages and joined his fellow-workers. "Of course, it's slush downtown, but in the resident districts it will be the real thing."

"What are you furraring for? Have you anything to be thankful for?" queried Wilson, one of the bookkeepers.

"Have I?" Julian queried. "Have I? Say, I'm thankful that I didn't get fired for balling up those clearing items the other day!"

"And I'm thankful that I didn't get an earful for that awful mistake I made in the boss's letter," laughed pretty Susan Kent, one of the stenographers.

"Well," said Julian, "I propose that we give everyone a chance of being thankful and so have a raffle. Let's get together, buy a turkey and raffle it off here in the bank tonight after closing time. Whoever wins it will have material cause for thanksgiving."

"You said it, boy," said Clayton, another of the bookkeepers. "I'm on."

"Let's see, there's twenty of us, including the bank officials. Let's sell twenty chances at 50 cents a chance. That will realize ten dollars."

"Would you ask Mr. Sprague to buy a chance?" gasped pretty Susan.

"Sure, I'm not afraid. I'll begin and here's my fifty cents. I get number one," and Barker tossed a half dollar into a pin-box and wrote "No. 1" on two slips, reserving one for himself and placing the other in the box.

Susan took "No. 2," and then as the other clerks and stenographers came in, he sold them a "chance" and when the bank officials came in he got three, too.

"With ten dollars we ought to get an immense turkey," Barker exclaimed jubilantly. "Here comes Mrs. Gray; I'll get her," and he waited up to her.

"A chance on a turkey?" exclaimed Mrs. Gray. "Why, dear boy, what would I do with a turkey if I won it?"

"Cook it, of course," informed Julian, sanely impudent.

"How? Over a gas-jet?" queried Mrs. Gray.

Mrs. Gray had a sweet, motherly face. No one knew much about her, except that the bank president, Mr. Sprague, and her husband had been friends. It was said that she had been well off at one time, but with her husband's death, her apparent prosperity had crumbled and applying to Mr. Sprague, she had been given a position in the bank. She did not seem in place; she had too much of the home air about her. She had charge of part of the statements, and though she was scrupulously neat and accurate to a degree, she was slow. The other statement clerk was always finished away ahead of her. Once he offered to help her, but there was such distress in her eyes that he never offered again.

As Mrs. Gray spoke, a look of reminiscence came to her eyes, and Julian watching her, exclaimed:

"Gee, I'll bet you could put up a regular bear of a meal! You can cook, can't you?"

"Why, I think so," she smiled. "I was married when I was twenty and I cooked for my husband for fifteen years. It's five years since he died. I know my cooking didn't kill him for he met his death in a train wreck, and the little attempt at a joke was pitiful as the watching lad saw it called up tender memories."

"I always thought you were a dear sort of a home body. Now I want you to take a chance on this raffle anyhow. It's only fifty cents and I'm sure you'll win."

"Surely you'll win, Mrs. Gray," laughed Susan Kent. "Julian tells everyone that."

"Of course I do. You don't suppose I'm selling blanks? Now, there's just one more, so I must tackle Blodgett," and after him he went. Blodgett was the general man of the bank and a widower of several years' standing. He had been the bank's right-hand man, in fact he was now, but with the death of his wife there had come a cessation of ambition and though he was as conscientious as ever, his energetic spirit was gone. The older employees of the bank noticed it, and they knew the reason. To the younger boys and girls he was just "Old Blodgett," though as a matter of fact he wasn't more than forty-two.

"Now, what do you want?" he asked, as he adjusted the green shade he generally wore over his eyes.

"Just to soak you fifty cents for a raffle ticket," Julian informed him calmly.

"For what?"

"Chance on a turkey. If you win it, you'll have something to be thankful for."

"Yes, I'll be thankful for it. What would I do with it if I won it?" growled Blodgett humorously, as he slid over the coin.

"Well, since you're not anxious to win it, you won't," said Julian, grabbing the money and "beating it."

Everyone liked Blodgett, for being of even temper, he was always pleasant and though everyone went to him for orders and advice, he was never officious.

With the money collected, Julian pocketed it, and then got down to business for the daily grind was beginning. The clerks and stenographers scattered to their respective places and desks and soon the institution was like a hive.

At noontime, Julian plunged out into the snow-swept streets, and after having his fifty-three cents worth of lunch at a local cafeteria, he went to do his shopping.

Turkeys seemed to be reasonably priced, and as he thought it over, it seemed unwise to spend all the money for the fowl.

"Why not do the thing right? Why not use about half the money for a turkey and the rest for a Thanksgiving dinner? Why not, indeed? No reason at all," Julian reasoned and decided, and off he started.

He secured a basket, then made a center rush at the counter where a mob of women were clamoring to be waited upon.

"Oh, girls," he pleaded, "I've got to get a turkey for my poor widowed mother who does washing. I'm in a hurry. Gangway, please."

His irresistible good-humor won him a place at the counter and a few flirtatious winks at the salesgirl secured her services. He quickly made his selection.

"Good by, girls," he laughed. "I love you all," and he waved so infectious that several fearfully determined faces relaxed into smiles, though one woman murmured something about him being a "nut."

He went on with his purchases.

"How much of cranberries do you need to make sauce?" he naively inquired of a motherly-looking old lady, who informed him, "How many people could be served with that plum-pudding?" he asked of another, and so on. His boyish good-humor, passport to being quickly waited upon.

Thus he went about the great department store until he had spent all his money, securing sweet potatoes, mince-meat, plum-pudding, nuts, candied in fact everything that he ever remembered eat-

ing at a Thanksgiving dinner, and loaded down with his burden, he started back for the bank.

Mr. Sprague looked at him over his glasses as he passed in.

"Beggers, peddlers and canvassers not allowed," he said, and then gave a wink.

Julian deposited his burden under his desk, allowing no one to see the result of his shopping until the bank closed for the day. Then there was a mild uproar as all the clerks laughingly demanded an immediate decision or their money refunded.

"Whereupon, Julian displayed his wares. 'Great heaven! There's enough for a mob!'" exclaimed Susan.

"It would feed one of us for weeks," laughed another of the girls.

Julian mounted a stool, "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "we are now about to participate in the drawing of this wonderful raffle. Many of you suppose you have nothing to be thankful for. Well, let me show you differently. If Mrs. Gray doesn't win it, she can be thankful that she didn't get a turkey. If Blodgett doesn't win it, he should be thankful because he has no one to cook it for him. The rest of us should be thankful that we had the pleasure of hoping we would win, and whoever wins it will be thankful for that, and we who don't win it should be thankful we don't have to lug the darn thing home!"

Applause and wet sponges greeted this oration. Entirely unmindful, Julian calmly wiped a trickle of water from behind his ear, and proceeded:

"Gentlemen and ladies, the drawing will take place."

Susan was blindfolded, drew a number and—the dinner went to Blodgett!

"Great Scott! What shall I do with it? I can't cook it!" exclaimed Blodgett.

"Chance is very brainless," complained Julian. "You win it and can't cook it, and I suppose if you hadn't won it, Mrs. Gray would, and she would have no place to cook it. It's very annoying."

"Well, Mrs. Gray can cook the dinner in my kitchen if she wishes," Blodgett said laughingly, though there was a tone of longing in his voice. Was he thinking of the times in years past, when he had watched the only woman bustling about that kitchen, so long vacant?

"There's your chance, Mrs. Gray!" exclaimed Julian. "Will you do it?"

"Yes, if the whole office force joins us in the banquet," laughed Mrs. Gray.

"Invite the whole crew, Blodgett!" sang out one of the clerks.

"Sure, all come!" exclaimed Blodgett, heartily. "How many will?"

Julian and Susan agreed, as did several others, so that there would be a dozen at the table.

"I'll call for you, Susan, and then we'll get Mrs. Gray and the three of us go to Blodgett's home."

And though it was thus agreed, immediately a dark plot was launched.

The office force dispersed to their respective street cars and "L" stations, but Blodgett asked of Mrs. Gray permission to walk with her to the street car, "and tell me if there is anything else you will need for cooking that dinner."

Early next morning, Julian called for Susan. Susan looked a regular bud in her pretty winter clothes and quite in holiday spirit. The sky was lowering, but that only made the thought of assisting with the Thanksgiving dinner more cozy and agreeable.

"Gee, you look nice, Susy," Julian said. "You know, I'd like to have you go to a show with me sometime."

(But this isn't Julian and Susy's romance.) They called for Mrs. Gray and found her looking more sweet and motherly than ever. She was only forty and by no means elderly looking but to eyes of eighteen and nineteen (the ages of Susan and Julian) she was an old lady.

They reached Blodgett's home in due time, and then after sitting in the parlor for a bit (which Blodgett kept scrupulously neat "as if he were awaiting the coming of his bride" Susan afterward romantically said) they all went to the kitchen.

"Oh, Mrs. Gray, you be the mother, and Blodgett'll be the father and we're your kids," suggested Julian.

"Well, I don't mind playing at housekeeping, for it was my delight in times gone by," said Mrs. Gray cheerfully.

She put on a coverall apron, rolled up her sleeves and started in to work with Julian as assistant cook. Susan a very enticing slavey and Blodgett a faithful ally. He brought any dish or utensil desired.

Julian noted the almost magical way in which Mrs. Gray's slim white hands got the dinner under way, and noted, too, that it was not lost on Blodgett. A queer sort of feeling rose in the boy's breast; he pitied Blodgett as he looked about the beautiful house, so austere and clean and neat—the work of a man-housekeeper. He pitied Mrs. Gray, who didn't seem at all the woman whom he had so many times watched as she pored over her statements under the electric light in the bank. She seemed to belong in the kitchen. That was his thought and he meant no disrespect—she was so essentially a home woman. She should have had the house—and Blodgett should have lived in the boarding-house.

So ran his thoughts.

"I think I'll make a fine mince pie," Mrs. Gray announced, and with the rapidity of one who loves the work, she set about it.

There was a ring at the phone, and one of the clerks begged to be excused from attending the dinner.

Other calls came. Those clerks! The wretches! Not one intended to come!

"Well, I suppose there's no use in setting the table for people who won't come," complained Susan. "But it will be better than having a bunch!"

"Yes," said Julian, trying not to be aware of the look that passed between Mrs. Gray and Blodgett. "Only, you've made three pies, and one will be enough. But," artfully, "Blodgett may have the others to eat tomorrow."

There was a little restraint after the last refusal, but it soon passed. Then Blodgett and Susan went to the dining-room, where the man got out the linen and silver. No one knew that he felt as if he were opening a grave, and yet, he could not feel that he was committing a de-



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creation. For many years he had lived alone, and life was lonely. He wanted to remain true to his wife, and yet there was a feeling that perhaps she knew, and perhaps she did not care if he opened their home as he was doing to one at least who was as lonely and alone as himself. "You must have loved your wife very much to give her all these lovely things," said Susan softly, as Blodgett seemed lost in memories.

"Yes, Margaret enjoyed having pretty things, and she was so good and worthy of everything I did for her," he replied.

A call came from Julian from the kitchen and thereafter there was much circulating between kitchen and dining-room; Susan fixing up the table to the prettiest of her ability, while in the kitchen Julian washed dish after dish and pan after pan without protest except when was stumped as to how to wash a pot blackened by gas.

At length everything was ready. There was the turkey in all his glory, there were the delicious mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes and potato chips; there was—well, it was all there.

The four sat to it, and soon were making fine headway. Mrs. Gray partook heartily of her efforts, for "it is so long since I ate anything that I cooked," she apologized for her hearty appetite. Blodgett felt that he had not had such a meal since—since—how could he say "since" Margaret died?—because this enjoyment of his home again seemed unloyal to her. And yet, if she knew—

Julian and Susan didn't mind, for they were scarcely more than girl and boy, anyhow, and they went to it with boy and girl appetite.

After dinner they cleared away the feast, and while Mrs. Gray washed the dishes, they all wiped them, and then as the snow had again commenced to fall, they canceled the plan they had made to go to a movie.

Blodgett opened the piano and Susan, who could bang a little, played many popular songs, then they put the phonograph into commission and after that wearied, they played "five hundred." So interested did they become that they didn't notice the lapse of time until Julian, glancing at his watch, noted that it was nearly seven.

"Mercy! We must go!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray. "No, let's not. Let's make it a perfect day. Let's have a supper from the left-overs from dinner!" exclaimed Julian.

"Well, if Mrs. Gray is willing, I am," said Blodgett, smiling broadly.

The plan was adopted and after supper and the clearing away, they went back to the parlor again. Blodgett brought out several albums of

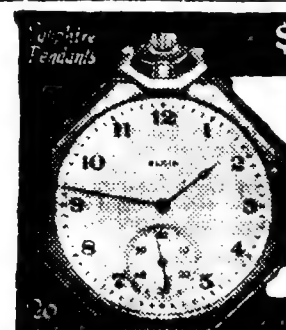
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)



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Attractive Ways of Using Blanket Stitch

Suggestions for Christmas Gifts

As it is none too early to be thinking of the gift problem, as is our usual custom, our pages are devoted this month to various useful and attractive articles, which can be made with simple stitches.

These hand-made articles are really delightfully pretty when finished if one is careful in selecting and combining their colors.

The collars, creeping rug and bib are as attractive as necessary. The tatting boudoir cap is simple and beautiful. Any housewife always welcomes extra doilies now that they are so generally used, and market bags are as much in vogue as during the "cash and carry" war days. Sofa pillows are always needed and the two suggestions here are especially good.

Blanket-Stitch Embroidery

A touch of hand work is always an addition to any article however small, and dainty effects can be secured by those who are not sufficiently skilled to do fine work or who lack perhaps the time or eyesight.



BLANKET STITCH EMBROIDERY.

worked out in two or three colors in blanket stitch.

Little aprons, bibs and bonnets may also be made extremely fascinating and individual.

There are also many other ways in which blanket stitch can be effectively employed.

Unbleached covers, scarfs and sofa pillows crossed with bands of bright cretonne, with all edges turned in and held in place with long and short blanket stitches, are as strikingly pretty as they are durable.

While fine stitches always have their place, at present the main idea is to secure as pretty and elaborate effects as possible, with the least work and in the shortest time.

It is really remarkable how much can be accomplished in this way.

Besides articles for use in one's bedroom or living-room, house dresses and children's dresses, aprons and hats can also be artistically trimmed with just a few bits of bright pieces prettily arranged.

The pockets of dresses trimmed with circles of color similar to the decoration here shown on the basket, and perhaps a few leaf-like shaped pieces of green is one idea recently seen.

An apron which any little girl would like to wear, has two pockets on the front, crossed off in diamonds which are outlined in black or brown, and above these on the garment small pieces are arranged as leaves and blossoms. Similar trimming can be used to border the bottom, neck and sleeves of little dresses which can be ornamented very easily and quickly.

Novel Shopping Basket

This home-made affair suggests another way in which blanket stitch can be employed effectively.

The basket proper was made by sewing straw which formerly had been a summer hat. The straw braid was ripped from the wire frame, cleaned, softened with warm water and then sewed round and round in the shape shown.

The first strip forming the bottom measured nine inches, turn and sew around, pulling the braid on a little to give the width.

The decoration consists of circles of silk and velvet, overlapped as shown and stitched in place with black wool. As the prevailing shade



SHOPPING BASKET.

of the pieces were green, wool tassels of a leaf green were added.

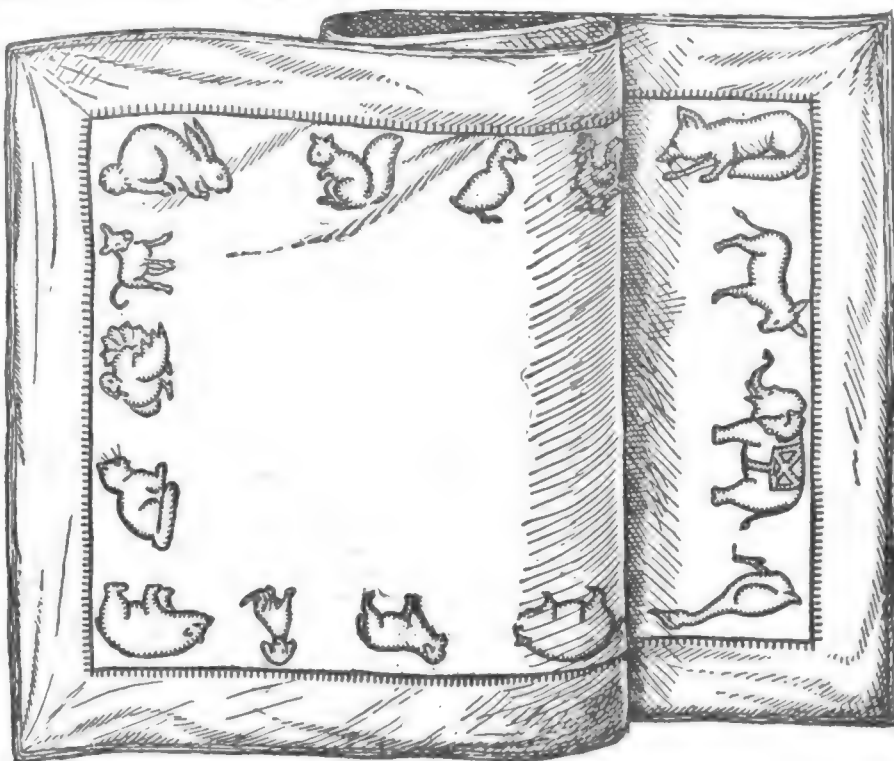
Ten Fresh Ideas

Each one useful, simple and attractive. Busy home workers with an eye open for Christmas, 1921 or intervening birthdays or "showers" should get interested and try them out.

The material, tiny scraps to be found among one's things, a paper pattern from which to work and all these designs can be fashioned from the following descriptions.

Lingerie Holder

A holder for lingerie ribbon is an ever useful and acceptable gift. For this fold up three inches of a piece of pretty ribbon measuring 9 by 12 inches, and overseam the sides. Make pockets by dividing this portion into three

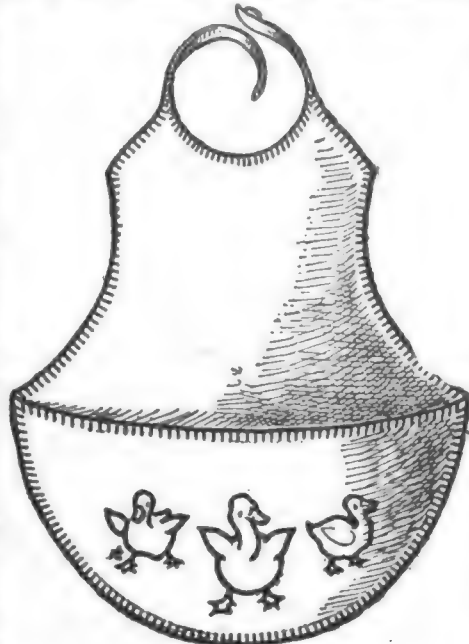


CREeping RUG FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

parts and feather-stitch between. Edge the case with a small silk cord. To the center sew a ribbon stitched down to form two divisions under which one may slip a pair of small scissors and a bodkin. In the pockets place running ribbons wound on cards cut to fit.

Safety-Pins

A holder for the ever necessary safety-pins is fashioned from two pieces of white linen, each six by four inches. Between these place two



CHILD'S FEEDING BIB.

or three pinked leaves of cream-colored baby flannel.

Finish the edge of the linen covers with a buttonholed scallop. Tie all together at the top by running a ribbon through worked eyelets. An embroidered initial or monogram will make this little article personal and attractive. Fill with different sized safety-pins.

Spool Holder

Cut 10 circles of cardboard, or rather five pairs in graduated sizes and cover them on both sides with silk. Tiny scraps of any colors will work in nicely.

Make a hole through each circle, tie a knot six inches from the end of a No. 3 ribbon run through one of the largest circles, then through a spool of silk or cotton, repeat, working on a circle of each size with a spool between. Leave piece of ribbon twelve inches long from the top circle. Thread the other circles and spools from the bottom up in the same way. Tie the ribbons from the bottom together in a small bow, closely enough to keep the spools together side by side. Tie the top ribbons also for hanging.

Needle-Case

This is a unique little needle-case in the form of a tiny parasol. For this one will need a fine bone crochet hook, a six-inch circle of pretty silk, narrow lace to edge and a bit of flannel. Cut the two circles, pinking the flannel one. Fit this inside, making an eyelet hole in the center of the two. Fold and mark eight points around the edge of the silk covering, at each of these make a loop of silk, buttonholed over. Run needles into the flannel from these points toward the center and also in the divisions between.

Through the loops on the edge run a narrow ribbon which will draw the parasol into form and tie in a bow around the crochet hook.

Powder Pad

This tiny powder pad is for one's bag. Make the inner bag of net or cheese-cloth two inches square. Fill and slip this into a chamois covering made of two circles measuring an inch and one-half in diameter.

Punch holes with a large darning needle in the upper or top chamois, overcast the edges together with embroidery silk.

To accompany this, cover the back of a small mirror with chamois, overcast a No. 2 ribbon, to the edge, slip the mirror in, gather the op-

Child's Creeping Rug

A creeping rug is a great convenience which would surely be appreciated by any young mother.

A baby old enough to sit alone will be attracted by the bright colors used in working the border of animals.

The one here illustrated had for a foundation an old blanket doubled four times. The top was covered with white cotton flannel, the bottom and nine inch-border of medium blue. Blanket stitch this on the inner edge as shown with dark blue or black. For the animals use various colors. Small shoe buttons, securely sewn in place, answer for excellent eyes, and this feature alone will often amuse baby for hours.

A fascinating set for a small child's room may be made of unbleached cloth; for the crib quilt outline a circle of small children or a group of bunnies, kittens or chickens. These should be placed in the center of the quilt rather than as a border.

For an older child's room make a bedspread, finishing the edge with a blanket-stitched border the same as shown on the creeping rug.

Across the foot and the top inside of the hems run a border of blossoms or butterflies. Scarfs for bureau and little chairs and other articles in the room may be worked out to match.

The Ever Useful Boudoir Cap

Our model is of rose pink, and one of the daintiest caps imaginable.

The cap itself is of four thicknesses of pink maline, or, if preferred, one could substitute white wash net dyeing it to the proper shade to match the tatted band.

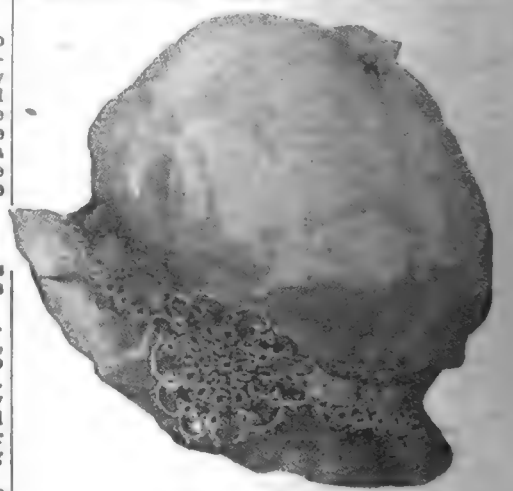
For this pink crochet cotton No. 30 was used. A band of tatting crosses the front and back of the cap and on each side are rosettes like motifs, which are shown in detail below.

For the Rosettes

Begin with a center ring of 12 long picots with 1 d s between, close. Knot thread and cut. Ring 6 d s, join to long p, 6 d s, close, leave one-eighth inch thread, make ring 3 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 3 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close, make 12 of each of these rings, joining the smaller to the center ring, surround each wheel with rings and chains as follows: Ring 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, join to center p of large ring 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close. Chains: 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s.

Beading Band

Small ring 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, leave one-eighth inch thread, 1 large ring, 3 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 3 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 small ring joined to first small ring. Large ring, join to side p, small ring, leave free. Large ring joined to second large



BOUDOIR CAP.

ring, 1 small ring, large ring, joined to last large ring, small ring joined to last small ring. Repeat.

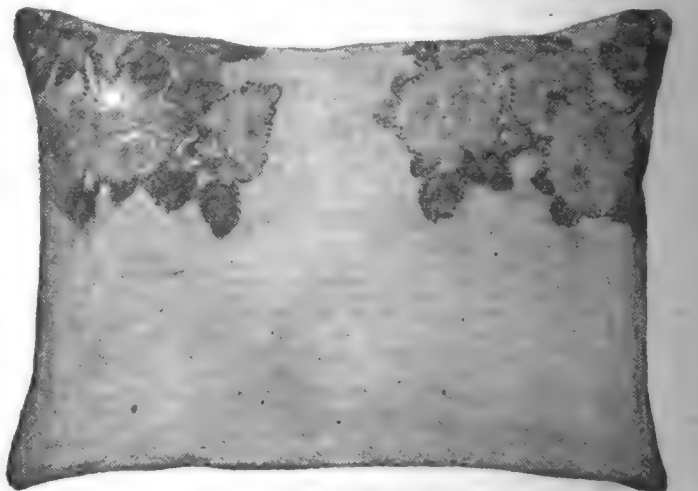
For the other side of beading work the same. Join two small rings to last small ring, making a group of four rings. Join free small rings together.

Run ribbon under the group of four small rings.

The rosette may be used in numberless ways. Of fine tatting cotton camisole yokes of the joined rosettes are very handsome. Square or pointed yokes for nightgowns may also be fashioned.

Tatted Napkin Rings

The motif used on the tatted cap can also be employed in many other ways which will readily suggest themselves.



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This cover of silk or brocade is made the same as any book cover and can be easily refilled when necessary.

Bedroom Slippers

For these one will need one pair soles, two and two-thirds yards of five-inch ribbon, flowered is preferable, one-half yard of narrow white elastic, three yards of white lace and two yards of narrow ribbon. Halve the wide ribbon and full onto each sole, allowing more ribbon around the toes than the heels, make a running around the opposite edge for the elastic and finish with a frill of lace and rosette of narrow ribbon in front.

Scrap Bag

This bag for the side of a sewing machine is made of common linen dish toweling and is serviceable for this purpose.

Make a nine-inch bag and seam up the sides. Crochet over a cord with linen or ecru cotton, when a yard or so is covered, sew a half inch to the top of the bag beginning at the seam, now make a loop over a wooden embroidery ring, coming out over the cord which is sewed in place. Cross this and sew down another inch, make a second loop, repeat working around the bag in this way.

Use the same cord for hanging. This little article is designed to catch thread and cuttings when sewing, and is most convenient if hung to the iron work of a machine, under the table.

Work Box

This box, made of two other boxes, may be of any size, but the smaller should just fit in larger diamond-wise.

For the lid use four diamond-shaped pieces large enough to cover the corners. Fill the center with a fat cushion tied in with ribbons.

Cover the whole box inside and out with any pretty flowered material—cretonne, chintz or dimity.

Manicure Case

For the foundation one can use a box such as the sealed packages of crackers come in. Open this out flat and cover both sides with any suitable material. Slip the ends back into place and then make the box secure by binding the edge and the lid with narrow ribbon. Strips of ribbon should be fastened to the sides of the box and also on the inside of the lid for holding the emery boards, scissors, file and orange-wood sticks. Room will also be found for the polishing paste and powder, buffer and in fact all articles required for manicuring at home. If the box is neatly and attractively made it is pretty enough to adorn the dressing table of the most fastidious girl.

Child's Feeding Bib

The little feeding bib is of unbleached cotton, worked entirely in blue. Across the bottom is an extra piece which forms a useful pocket in case of accidents.

The little ducks would doubtless prove amusing to any animated small child.

Sofa Pillow Cov.

A good example of blanket stitch decoration is shown in the effective pillow. This cover is of plain natural tone crash, the cretonne roses being appliqued in place with heavy black mercerized cotton floss.

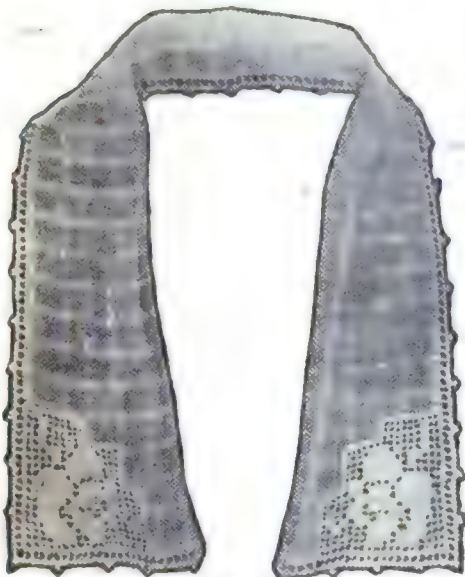
For a small article which the shuttle worker can turn out very quickly, nothing is likely to prove of more use than a napkin ring, for so often the necessity arises for an extra one. Or such rings may be used by the whole family if tied with ribbons of different colors or marked

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Worth-While Designs in Filet Crochet

Dainty Designs for Neckwear

THERE is almost an endless variety of neckwear as dainty collars are used so much on dresses, blouses and sweaters. At present the finest of organdy is the vogue, made up with either plain hemstitched hems, lace edges or worked with flower designs in bright colors. Certainly there could be nothing more dainty than the organdy cross-bar, combined with filet for an all-white collar.



ORGANDY AND FILET COLLAR.

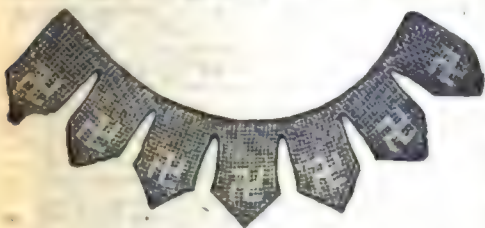
The motifs in the corners, shown in detail below are made of No. 100, mercerized crochet cotton.

Begin with ch 60 sts, turn.
1st row—18 sps, ch 5, turn.
2nd row—9 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.
3rd row—5 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
4th row—5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 8 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.
5th row—1 sp, 9 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.
6th row—8 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
7th row—1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.
8th row—5 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.
9th row—2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 4 sps, turn, slip st over 3 sps, ch 5.
10th row—4 blks over 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
11th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
12th row—2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.
13th row—4 sps, 6 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.
14th row—5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.
15th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 10 blks, turn, slip st over 6 sps, ch 5.
16th row—5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.
17th row—4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, ch 5, turn.
18th row—9 sps.
Now crochet all around the two straight sides of the motif, working 3 s c in each sp and 7 s c in each corner sp.

Tab Collar in Filet

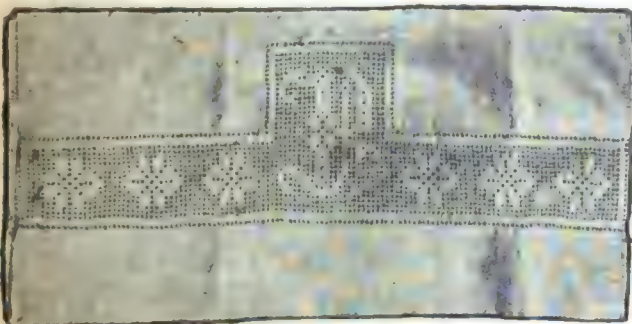
These fashionable collars are justly popular because they fit any shaped neck and are suitable for many occasions.

Medium fine cotton, No. 40 or 50, works up very prettily or even coarse cotton can be used with good effect, especially for wear on a woolen



TAB COLLAR IN FILET.

slip-on. The coarser the collar the deeper the tabs will be.
Ch 63, turn.
1st row—18 sps, ch 5, turn.
2nd row—18 sps, ch 3, 1 d c in same st with last d c, ch 9, turn.
3rd row—1 d c in top of last d c, 19 more sps, ch 5, turn.
4th row—12 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, ch 3, 1 d c in same st with last d c as in 2nd row, ch 9, turn.



FILET BAND FOR TOWEL.

5th row—1 d c in top of last d c, 5 sps, 1 blk over blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, ch 5, turn.
6th row—12 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, ch 3, 1 d c in last d c, ch 9, turn.
7th row—One is now on center row of first point, 1 d c on top of last d c, 4 sps, 7 blks, 12 sps, ch 5, turn.
8th row—15 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 d c on first d c in last row, thus making a slanting line, ch 6, turn.

9th row—1 d c on 3rd d c in last row, 2 more sps, 1 blk over blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, ch 5, turn.
10th row—12 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 d c on first d c in last row, ch 6, turn.
11th row—1 d c on first d c in blk, 19 more sps, ch 5, turn.
12th row—18 sps, 1 d c in first d c in last row, ch 6, turn.
13th row—18 sps, ch 5, turn.
14th row—3 sps, ch 51, turn.
15th row—15 sps on ch, 3 sps over sps, repeat pattern, making as many tabs as are necessary.

Finish by working 3 s c in each sp, 3 s c in corner sp, ch 3 for picot, 3 s c, 3 s c under each double on the ends of rows on the points, and 3 s c, 1 p, 3 s c under each ch 6, 4 s c, 1 p, 4 s c under ch at center of each point.
ANNIE BURCHFIELD.

New Filet Sofa Pillow

Materials—coarse mercerized crochet cotton, either white or colored and bone hook of a suitable size.

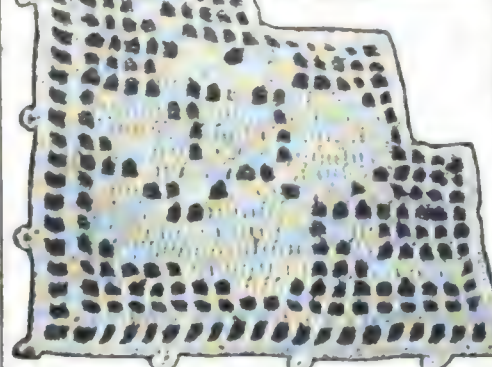
The work is begun in the center with a ch. 7, join in ring.

1st round—Ch 3, 16 d c in ring, join.
2nd round—Ch 9, 1 d c on first d c, ch 2, 1 d c on fourth d c, ch 6, 1 d c on fifth d c, ch 2, 1 d c on eighth d c, ch 6, 1 d c on ninth d c, ch 2, 1 d c on twelfth d c, ch 6, 1 d c on thirteenth d c, ch 2, 1 slip st under first ch 9.

3rd round—Ch 5, 1 d c under same or the first ch in last round. * ch 4 or 5 according to how one works. 1 d c under same ch, ch 2, 1 d c on d c, ch 2, 1 d c on d c, ch 2, 1 d c under ch 6, repeat from * 3 times, sl st to first ch 5. This gives one 3 sps on each of the 4 sides, with chains at corners. These should have stitches enough to make the work perfectly square.

Manner of working corner is always the same so hereafter directions for pattern of one side only will be given as this is repeated for each side.

4th round—Corner sp, with 5 sps between, repeat 3 times.
5th round—Corner sp, 3 sps, 1 blk or 4 d c, 3 sps, repeat 3 times.



DETAIL OF ROSE CORNER IN FILET COLLAR.

6th round—Corner sp, 3 sps, 3 blks (10 d c), 3 sps, repeat 3 times.
7th round—Corner sp, 3 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, repeat 3 times.
8th round—Corner sp, 5 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, repeat 3 times.

9th round—Corner sp, 3 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, repeat 3 times.

10th round—Corner sp, 3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, repeat 3 times.

11th round—Corner sp, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, repeat 3 times.

12th round—Corner sp, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, repeat 3 times.

13th round—Corner sp, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, repeat 3 times.

14th round—Corner sp, 4 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, repeat 3 times.

15th round—Corner sp, 6 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 6 sps, repeat 3 times.

16th round—Corner sp, 11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 11 sps, repeat 3 times.

17th round—Corner sp, 9 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, repeat 3 times.

18th round—Corner sps, 9 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 9 sps, repeat 3 times.

19th round—Corner sp, 9 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, repeat 3 times.

20th round—Corner sp, 10 blks, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 10 blks, repeat 3 times.

21st round—Corner sp, 41 sps on each side. This completes pattern as illustrated but more rounds all of spaces may be added to increase the size of the work. If considerable of an increase is needed, the last 3 rows worked as a checker-board of blocks and spaces makes a very pretty

and easy to make finish.

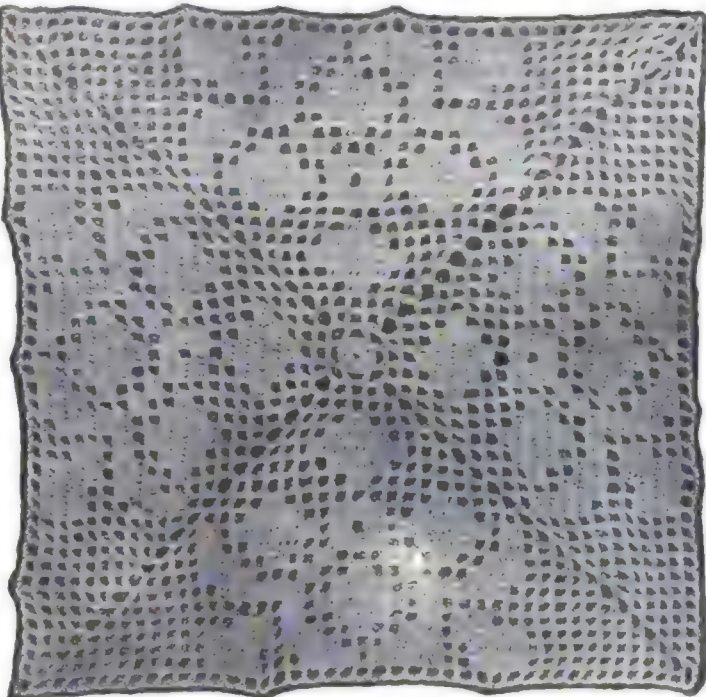
For the back use either white heavy satin or a mercerized white saten.

Filet Band for Towel

Of either No. 30 or 40 mercerized crochet cotton, with No. 12 steel hook, ch 63 sts.

1st row—19 sts, ch 5, turn.
2nd row—1 sp, 17 blks, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
4th and 5th row—Same as 3rd row.
6th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
7th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
8th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.



SOFA PILLOW IN FILET.

9th row—Same as 8th row.
10th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
11th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
12th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
13th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
14th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

15th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
16th row—Same as 15th row.
17th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
18th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

After one completes a design, measure the width of the towel to be trimmed, then the number of designs needed can be decided upon and the amount of space necessary and each filled with rows of 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

If one desires to use an initial as shown in our illustration, this must be centered and planned for and a chain made of sufficient length to give the added spaces which the size of the initial requires. This is a simple matter however and can be planned for with a little forethought.

A Lacy Set of Doilies

This design for a set of table doilies is a carefully planned combination of colors which gives a pleasing result.

A good piece of cretonne which is worthy of the filet edge will prove both durable and serviceable.

The centerpiece and the plate doilies have a two-inch edge, but a simpler design is sufficient for the smaller ones.

Before cutting the material, iron it smooth if necessary. Pin down to a carpet, arranging it perfectly straight and true. Draw circles the size desired. Cut apart, in squares, leaving as much cloth beyond circles as possible.

With fine thread and a small stitch, sew around each circle twice, then trim to shape. If stitching has drawn edges in at all cut the stitches in a couple of places.

Single crochet into each, working just beyond machine stitching. For small doilies.

2nd round—Ch 4, 1 d c, ch 1, 1 d c, repeat around, working 1 d c in each st. Count space in this row, which must be a multiple of 8 sts to make pattern come right. Join each round with sl st.

3rd round—Ch 5, 1 d c on d c, 2 d c in 2nd sp of 2nd round, 1 d c on next d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, repeat around. Finish with 2 sps, join to 1st sp, ch 3.

4th round—2 d c in sp, 1 d c on d c, ch 2, sk 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 2, sk 1 sp, 1 blk, repeat around. Finish with ch 2, join to 1st blk, ch 5.

5th round—1 d c on last d c of blk, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, repeat. Finish with 3 d c, join to ch 5, ch 5.

6th round—1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c, repeat, making this row all spaces of which one should have 100. Join last ch 3 to 1st ch.

7th round—3 sl sts over 1 sp, ch 4, 1 d c on next d c, ch 7, 1 d c in top of last d c, or just at point of double and beginning of ch 7, this ch makes a space in center of points. Now 1 d c on 3rd d c in 6th round. Ch 4, sl st over 4th and 5th sps counting from sl st, beginning this round. Ch 4, 1 d c, ch 7, 1 d c, as explained before, 1 d c, in next d c in last round, ch 4, sl st over next 2 sps. Repeat around and break thread.

To finish, as illustrated, edge with pink, blue,

yellow or any shade which harmonizes best with the center.

Colored Edge

8 c over sl sts, 2 s c under ch 4, picot of ch 3, 2 s c, 2 s c under ch 7, 1 p, 2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c under next ch 4 s c over 2 sl st sps. Repeat around.

Wide Filet Edging

For pattern on centerpiece and large doilies after 1 round of singles into the edge. Ch 5.

1st round.—All sps, the number must be a multiple of 7.

2nd round.—Ch 5, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk. Repeat. Finish with 3 sps, join to 1st ch 5, ch 5.

3rd round.—2 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks. Repeat. Finish with 2 sps, join, ch 5, ch 5.

4th round.—1 blk over 2nd sp in last round, 3 d c on 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, 1 blk over sp, 2 sps, 2 blks, ch 2, 2 blks, 2 sps. Repeat. Finish with ch 2, join, ch 3.

5th round.—2 blks, ch 2, 1 blk over sp, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2. Repeat from beginning of round. Finish with ch 2, join, ch 3.

6th round.—3 d c on d c, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 2 blks, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 2 blks, repeat. Finish with 3 d c, join, ch 5.

7th round.—2 sps, 2 blks, ch 2, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps. Repeat. Finish with 2 blks, join, ch 5.

8th round.—3 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks. Repeat. Finish with ch 2, join, ch 5.

9th round.—4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk. Repeat. Finish with 2 sps, join, ch 5.

10th round.—All sps.

11th round.—Same as 7th round in directions for edging above for small doilies.

Colored Edge

8 c over sl sts, 2 s c, ch 3, 2 s c under ch 4, 2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c under ch 7, 2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c under ch 4, sl st over 2 sps, repeat.

Victory Wreath Filet Square

This motif may be used in numerous ways as inserts. These may be placed either in the corners or along the ends. For scarfs, tray-cloths and chair backs this design is particularly good. Made of suitable size cotton it can also be used in the corners of handkerchiefs, napkins and curtains to good advantage.

Of No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton a very handsome sofa pillow cover results from combining with equal size squares of linen. Of carpet warp the pattern can be used for one entire side of a sofa pillow. If not just the right size, enlarge by adding a few rows of spaces to each side.



VICTORY WREATH.

One square of fine cotton also makes a pretty cover if placed over a small silk cushion.

Directions for Filet Square

Ch 115 sts, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 4th st from hook, 1 d c in each following st or 112 doubles in all, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—3 d c, ch 2, skip 2 d c, 1 d c on next, repeat, making 35 sps. 4 d c on last four doubles, ch 3, turn.

3rd row—Same as last row.

4th row—1 blk (3 d c), 13 sps, 1 blk (4 d c), 7 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk (4 d c), ch 3, turn.

Each row is begun in this way, the ch 3 to turn answering for 1 d c.

5th row—1 blk, 13 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 13 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

6th row—1 blk, 8 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

7th row—1 blk, 9 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

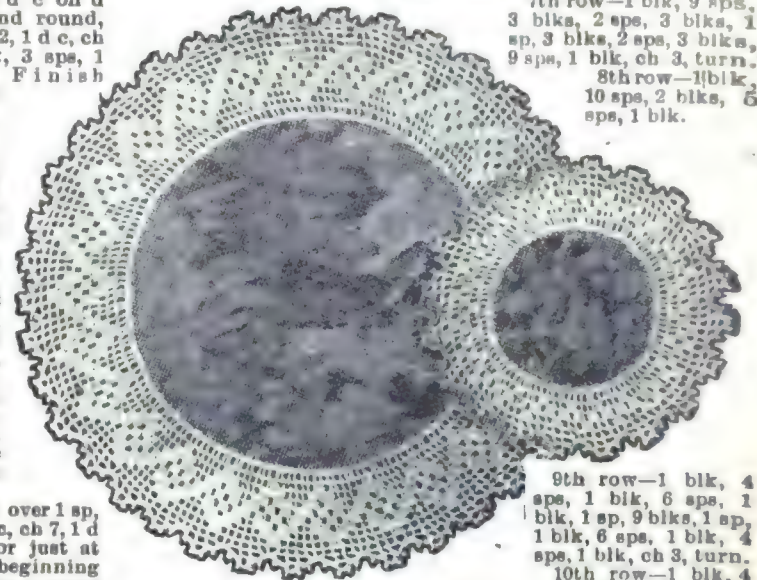
8th row—1 blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

9th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 9 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

10th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 11 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

11th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

12th row—1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1



FILET AND CRETONNE DOILY SET.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Beads—Ancient and Modern

The Home-Loom Worker Rivals All Others in Beautiful and Intricate Designs

By Ella Gordon

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BEAD NECKLACE.

STUDIES the art of dressing with all the freedom possible. But anyone familiar with Seminoles will tell you that each tribe of beads has been added as symbolic of tribal prestige, and that they are never taken from the neck, except in case of emergency, such as sickness, and then only for a few hours and by permission of the Seminole chief.

Beads have played an important part in religious rites and ceremonies among savage races since the most remote antiquity. In Asia for many centuries they have been employed by the Hindus and Arabs in connection with the recital of their prayers but in civilized Europe the first use of beads in religious services appeared at a much later date among the Dominicans, having been introduced, as it is claimed, by the crusaders returning from the Orient. Their use as a religious life in connection with prayer has universal prevalence among Roman Catholics under the sanction of their church, and a string of beads arranged in the prescribed order for this purpose is called a rosary. The word rosary is derived from rose, and means a chaplet of roses; each bead representing a prayer, and in their entirety signifying a garland of spiritual roses. Though rosaries may vary somewhat in form, that in general use consists of fifty-five beads; fifty of them being small beads, called "Ave Marias" for prayers of that name, are arranged in five "decades," each of ten beads; the other five are larger beads called "Pater Nosters" for prayers so named. Rosaries are blessed by the Pope or by some authorized ecclesiastic. The beads serve as counters during the recitation of the prescribed prayers. The beads may be of various materials, and some rosaries are very costly and beautiful.

And thus it would seem that from the beginning, beads have come down to the present, influenced by environment, climate and peoples. From Port Said comes the wonderful lapis lazuli, jade from China, cloisonne from Japan, odd and striking shapes from Tibet, wooden beads from Syria, good luck beads from Egypt. The Persian pieces can be told because they have the lotus flower on them in one form or another. Most of the old English beads were of jet produced by the Whitby mines in England.

The manufacture of glass beads was introduced into modern Europe by the Italians, and in the neighborhood of Venice there is still an important branch of the industry. On the island of Murano alone, several thousand workmen are employed in this manufacture.



BEADED BLOUSE.

The present use of beads as dictated by fashion is fascinating and interesting. The work done on bags, medallions, purses and slippers is not unlike the fine bead work of our North American Indians, with which we are all more or less familiar. Modern invention has kept pace with fashion in giving us the bead loom on which to do bead work. The art of making necklaces, fob chains, girdles, dress trimmings and many other pieces, in as simple or intricate a design as desired, is easily acquired through the easily understood directions for choice of beads, colors and working of patterns, which come as a part of the loom outfit.

The prettily beaded over-blouse made of georgette crepe is a leader in usefulness to wear with

a dark suit or sport skirt. The design is in garnet seed beads, and just now very popular.

Strings of beads to match the color of waist or dress are strikingly becoming. White beads, or the clear glass ones in the light shades catch the evening lights and sparkle attractively. Cut jet is always handsome, and makes a stunning contrast when worn with white or light colors. One of the bead chain novelties is made with a few inches of chain alternating with beads. Here is an opportunity to bring into use any old watch chains, or those formerly used for fans, lockets or glasses. Make a double tie into the end link with buttonhole twist well waxed. In white or light-colored beads, use white twist, but in the darker shades the twist should match the



JEWEL BOX FOR DRESSING TABLE.

beads. After tying into the link, thread the two strands of twist into a short needle that will pass through the beads, and string on the desired number. In order to tie the string beads into the next section of links, in a way that is secure, and at the same time conceals the knot, the following directions must be patiently followed: Starting with the beads ready to be fastened into the link of chain, make a double tie the same as at the other end, but do not draw it closely. Now turn the needle and pass it back through the last three beads, bringing the needle through by separating the third and fourth beads on the loose twist. Now drop the needle, press the beads closely together, carefully draw the double knot between the last bead and link, draw the ends of twist straight, separate them and make a tight tie between the third and fourth bead, cutting off the ends, but not too closely at first, as it is liable to untie. The same method is used to tie the string of beads into a fastener.

Very popular are the slipper and pump buckles. Make a foundation of heavy buckram, leaving the lower edge a little longer than the design, and at the same time narrower. This forms a "tongue," to which the edge of shoe is tacked. The design is usually in black, tan or cut steel beads; either the tiny round or long type. Hat ornaments are made upon buckram the same as buckles.

One bracelet about three-fourths of an inch wide is a pretty novelty. It is made on the bead loom, and extends around the wrist to within one inch. In cutting the warp from loom, leave ample length to sew into a ribbon which is the same width as bracelet. The ribbon should be of a good quality as it ties the bracelet around the wrist and finishes in a double bow-knot.

The jewelry box here pictured is very simple to make, being of clear glass and put together with passe-partout binding. First bind each part and let it stand overnight, then place the sections together and hold them by covering flat with the binding. Make a true miter at the corners to give the box a neat appearance. Put the cover in place and cover the back edge with binding, which forms a hinge. Let stand overnight before lifting the cover. Unless two widths of binding can be obtained, it is well to trim that which is used for first covering the edges so to make sure the putting-together strips will cover. For decoration, there is opportunity for the one with original ideas. Those who paint glass can follow some pretty wall-paper design. Flowers cut from the paper itself, or from flowered cottons, or cut-out embroidery are other means of decoration. Still another is to completely cover with Japanese embroidery, but where a part of the glass remains uncovered, the effect is rather the best.

The string of beads with tassel, as illustrated, gives an idea of attractively arranging several sizes of beads. The chain itself is strung on as many strands of waxed twist as there are individual strings of beads in the tassel. The chain terminates by passing all the twist through one large bead. Each of these strands of twist is then strung with beads, the last one being of the smallest used, and next to that the larger size. Carry the twist over the small end bead, and with the needle, back through to the second large bead, as described above. This arrangement makes one of the most attractive novelties seen.

BEADED BLOUSE.—Dark blue georgette with Indian red seed beading is the combination used in this smart and useful blouse. If the exact pattern for this particular blouse cannot be obtained, use your well-fitting shirt-waist pattern with the following changes and additions: The side fronts and back are plain in this model. If desired, add fullness to shallow back and front yokes, but it should be as scant as possible. Cut the side fronts straight from edge of neck at the shoulder seam to the lower edge of blouse, which when finished and held in at the waist should measure seven inches below the waistline. The finished hem is one and a half inches deep. The tuxedo collar is cut on the straight of the material and is finished with a three-fourths of an inch hem. In cutting, make it wide enough to turn back well over the collar seam. Five inches wide when finished turns back to a pretty width. The front is cut and finished separately and sewed to the right side of waist. The left side is the waist opening, which fastens with snaps. It is cut square at the top and wide enough

to give slight fullness. Turn an inch hem and finish with gathers and a narrow velvet ribbon which holds the top in to the desired width and finishes with a bow which is tacked in place. Finish the front with a hem to match blouse.

The sleeve is one-piece and belled. This is accomplished by a slight outward extension of the seam from the elbow to bottom. Finish with a hem to match bottom of blouse. The girdle is made narrow and double. Twice around the waist and tied at the side makes a becoming finish.

The simple bead decoration will not be difficult for the amateur. Over the line of sewing which fastens the hems of sleeves, collar and bottom of blouse, except the front, sew a straight line of tiny round beads, leaving very little space between. Back of this mark a line of double curves as illustrated. By making two straight parallel lines of white basting, the first one-fourth of an inch from the line of beading, and the second one-half inch back, the remainder of the design can be done by the eye, as the basting will keep the line of curves regular.

BEADED BAG.—An all-over beaded design for the "dressy" bag shares in popularity with the solid beading. The one herein pictured was selected because of its rich simplicity and the simple process by which the home worker may accomplish the design. There are several ways of shaping the foundation. The easiest to decorate is to cut two pieces of material, on which the decorating is to be done, in the shape of a letter C, allowing added length at the top which should turn under at least with a two-inch finished hem, besides the run for ribbon or cord. These are next lined, unless the material is heavy enough to bead well. First mark off the two sides of bag in diamond shapes, extending them to the run at top, and nearly to the seam line of the bag, so that when the bag is sewed together there will be no break in the design. These lines which form the diamond shapes are outlined in tiny beads. That part of the design contained in the upper part of the diamond is a triangle made of three long beads, one on each side, with a small bead in each of the three corners. At the top edge of hem there are two rows of small beads. Neatly line the bag and use ribbon strings. To make the tassel, follow previous directions for stringing beads.

Tatted Napkin Rings

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

in some way so as to be easily distinguished. Ecru mercerized thread or different colors may be used. This should be of heavy quality. The motif here shown may be used or make a ring of 7 d's, 1 p, 7 d's, close. Ch 7, d's, 1 p, 7 d's, 1 ring, joining to p of last ring; another ring like first. Repeat until you have 7 groups of rings, or until the strip is long enough for the ring.

Having completed this, make a ch, a ring, joining to the same picot with last 2 rings, a ch and again a ring, joining to same p, thus making 4 rings in a group; make a ring, joining to picot with next 2 rings and repeat from ending after completing last group with a ch joined at the base of first ring. Fasten the ends with ribbon and tie through.

Victory Wreath Fillet Square

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

sp, 3 bks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 bks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 bks, 5 sps, 1 blk.

13th row—1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 bks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 bks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

14th row—1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

15th row—1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 3 bks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

16th row—1 blk, 5 sps, 5 bks, 4 sps, 2 bks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 bks, 4 sps, 5 bks, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

17th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 2 bks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 bks, 3 sps, 2 bks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 bks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

18th row—1 blk, 3 sps, 3 bks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 bks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 bks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 bks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

19th row—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 bks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

20th row—1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 bks, 4 sps, 2 bks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 bks, 4 sps, 2 bks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

21st row—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 bks, 1 sp, 3 bks, 3 sps, 2 bks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 bks, 3 sps, 3 bks, 1 sp, 3 bks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

22nd row—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 bks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 bks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 bks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 bks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

23rd row—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 bks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 bks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

24th row—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 4 bks, 5 sps, 3 bks, 5 sps, 4 bks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

25th row—1 blk, 6 sps, 2 bks, 1 sp, 3 bks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 bks, 1 sp, 2 bks, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

26th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 bks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 17 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 bks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

27th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 bks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

28th row—1 blk, 9 sps, 4 bks, 9 sps, 4 bks, 9 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

29th row—1 blk, 9 sps, 3 bks, 11 sps, 3 bks, 9 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

30th row—1 blk, 8 sps, 2 bks, 1 sp, 2 bks, 9 sps, ch 3, turn.

31st row—1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

32nd row—1 blk, 14 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 14 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

Next 2 rows all sps, followed by 1 row of doubles.

33rd row—1 blk, 35 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

34th row—Same as last row.

35th row—Same as last row.

To enlarge after last row of blocks, ch 7, 1 d c in top of last double, ch 2, 1 d c between rows, ch 2, 1 d c, between next 2 rows, repeat, at corners ch 5 and 1 d c in same at with last d c. Continue to work as many rounds as desired working the corners always in the same manner.

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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Cold Weather Precautions

COLD weather turns the owner's train of thought to frozen radiator, cracked cylinders, hard starting, etc. Naturally, a subject of interest is the means of heating the garage so as to eliminate the usual difficulties which appear with cold weather. True, if an anti-freeze agent be used in the cooling system there will be no danger of freezing, but this does not have any effect on starting. There are several methods used for providing heat, some good and others to be discouraged. Steam or hot water piped into the garage from an outside source is an excellent system for this purpose. If the garage is attached directly to the house, it will usually be convenient to break through an opening into the cellar and take advantage of the waste heat generated by the furnace or boiler.

On the other hand, when the garage is built on a corner of the lot, some other means must be devised for the heating of the building. In many cases I have found that an oil heater is used. To my way of thinking, it is not safe policy to use an oil heater for this purpose. There is always some gasoline on the floor or in the drip pan of the car, and as the vapor from gasoline is heavier than air it will settle close to the floor. A common parlor stove with chimney is much better for safety reasons inasmuch as the burned air is carried through the chimney out of the building. This condition causes a circulation inasmuch as fresh air will be drawn into the garage. No building is absolutely air tight and the fresh air will find a way in without making special provisions for its admittance.

Some owners have been known to place a kerosene lamp just back of the drip pan so that the heat generated by the lamp will circulate around the engine. There are several reasons why this

with a hose knows that by adjusting the nozzle it is possible to obtain varying pressures. Having a certain pressure from the main line, this pressure can be increased by restricting the opening at the nozzle. This principle is applicable to electrical current. Having a given amount of current, it is possible by the use of finer wire to step the current up to higher pressure. Some magnetos are of the high-tension type. They have both low and high-tension windings. The high-tension windings take care of the stepping-up process and therefore no coil is necessary.

2. It will be understood that with the four-coil system it is difficult to adjust each vibrator so as to insure sparks of the same intensity in each cylinder. For this reason, owners of cars having the four-coil system often prefer to install a master vibrator. This device consists of a primary winding, one vibrator and a condenser. When installed into the system, the vibrators on the four coils can be screwed down tight or short circuited. The master vibrator replaces the vibrators on the four coils and it will be readily appreciated that inasmuch as there is only one vibrator to adjust, all cylinders will receive sparks of the same intensity.

3. It has been previously explained that piston displacement is determined by multiplying the area of a circle, the diameter of which is the cylinder bore, by the stroke. If the cylinder has a 5-inch stroke and 3 1/16 inch bore we must first find the area, which is as follows: 3 1/16 x 3 1/16 x .7854 which equals 7.9797 square inches. Multiply 7.9797 by 5 and we obtain 39.8985 cubic inches as the displacement for one cylinder. Since this is a six-cylinder motor, we must multiply 39.8985 by 6, and we obtain as a result 239 cubic inches as the piston displacement for the motor.

4. The load is not carried in the same manner on artillery wheels as on wire wheels. On wire wheels the load is carried above the hub. In other words, the load is suspended on wire spokes. On artillery wheels the load is carried below the hub.

5. A weak mixture causes a slow-burning exhaust which in turn ignites a charge which was not fired in the cylinder and has entered the muffler. A mixture that is too rich is not completely fired in the cylinder. Naturally much of the gas finds its way into the muffler where it is ignited. Even though the carburetor may be properly set, if a cylinder misses occasionally this unignited gas must be expelled into the muffler. There is always a chance of the hot exhaust from another cylinder causing this unignited gas to fire in the muffler. If the valves are not properly timed, the gas may be sent into the muffler and there ignited. A spark that is timed much too late will give a like result.

Monthly Quiz

1. Is kerosene satisfactory as an anti-freeze agent in the radiator?
2. Would you press down or pull up when turning the motor over with the hand crank?
3. What causes premature ignition?
4. What is the freezing point of water?
5. Will a plug that sparks outside the cylinder always spark inside the cylinder?

Answers to Correspondents

SOME GENERAL PRINCIPLES.—I have in my care three cars, a Westcott, Hupmobile and Ford, also two trucks, a Ford and a Service, and would like to be enlightened on the following points:

1. What is meant by a "four-stroke cycle engine"?
2. When one adjusts his carburetor to a leaner mixture so that engine is running well and shows a clear exhaust while idling, what causes the engine to die or show less power under normal load?
3. What is the S. A. E. formula for figuring the H. P.? Can you give me another formula?
4. When auto engineers figure an engine's horsepower to be 25.6, what do they figure the engine weight for one horsepower, and what would the engine weight be for 25.6 H. P.?
5. What is meant by "actual" H. P., and what by "rated" H. P.? As I remember a 12-cylinder Liberty airplane engine was rated 120 H. P., while its actual H. P. was given at 430. I don't understand the terms.
6. Can you advise me which grades of "Mobil" are best adapted for use respectively in the cars and trucks mentioned?

H. D. K., Brazil, Ind.
A.—(1) By the term "four-stroke cycle" it is meant that there are four strokes of the piston for each explosion in the cylinder. The four strokes are as follows:
FIRST.—Let us start with the suction which is a downward stroke or sweep of the piston in the cylinder. The gear timing has been arranged in such manner that the intake valve is open and the downward sweep of the piston creates a suction and draws gas into the cylinder from the carburetor.

SECOND.—The intake valve closes and as the piston travels upward on its next stroke it compresses the gas in the top of the cylinder. This is the compression stroke.

THIRD.—Remember that all valves are closed and the gas is tightly compressed. At this point a spark takes place in the cylinder and ignites the gas. Immediately there takes place a condition which might be compared with an explosion. In reality it is an expansion of the gases which drives the piston down and thus imparts a rotary motion to the crankshaft. This is the power stroke.

FOURTH.—The power stroke past, we now have an accumulation of burned gases in the cylinder. An exhaust valve opens and the next stroke of the piston, which is an upward one, sweeps or pushes these burned gases out of the cylinder through the exhaust valve which has been mechanically opened. This is the exhaust stroke.

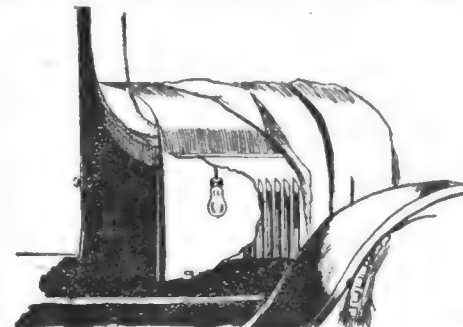
It will now be appreciated that the strokes in a four-stroke cycle are suction, compression, power and exhaust.

(2) You have brought up a question from which I am unable to grasp the condition to be solved. I assume that you have determined that the mixture is too rich and have cut it down. By running the motor idle you have found out that all cylinders fire evenly. Next you have placed the motor under load and have experienced irregular motor operation. If such is the state of affairs, I would take it that you have done all the adjusting on the low-speed screw. When you open the throttle and place the motor under load, the mixture is not rich enough to furnish the required power. I do not believe you are following the manufacturer's directions in setting this carburetor.

(3) The S. A. E. formula assumes that motors should deliver their rated horsepower at a piston travel of 1,000 feet per minute. Do not become confused; this formula is based on feet travel and not on revolutions per hour. The formula is as follows: the square of the bore in inches multiplied by the number of cylinders and the product divided by the constant 2.5. For example, consider a four-cylinder motor, the cylinders of which are four-inch bore. Multiply 4 by itself and the product is 16. There are four cylinders so we must multiply 16 by 4 and the product is 64. Now divide 64 by 2.5 and the quotient is 25.6. The rating for this particular motor by the S. A. E. formula would be 25.6 horsepower. I could give you several other formulae compiled by other authorities but I refrain from doing so inasmuch as they would require lengthy explanation regarding the foundations on which they are founded. I believe the S. A. E. is the one recognized by every state in the Union.

(4) Weight is not a controlling factor in figuring horsepower. Design controls weight.

(5) The rated horsepower is the one arrived at by the S. A. E. formula. As stated before, the states recognize the S. A. E. formula as a basis for assist-



ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB UNDER HOOD TO PREVENT FREEZING.

practice should be discouraged. If there should be a leakage of gasoline the lamp is likely to set it on fire. Should the lamp be upset there would be fire. Should the lamp be blown out by a gust of wind there would be danger of the water in the engine freezing.

When the garage is fitted with electric lights some owners have made use of a drop cord. The engine hood is raised just a trifle to admit the cord and an electric light bulb is placed at a low point on the motor. The heat from this lighted bulb will, if the engine hood be covered with wraps, maintain a temperature that will insure easy starting and against freezing. I do not know of any objection against this method.

If an anti-freeze mixture is used in the cooling system and it is decided to do without heat in the garage, the one point to bear in mind when starting is that the cold manifolds cause condensation of the fuel. Hot water poured over the manifolds or a sack of heated sand placed on the intake manifold will raise the temperature to a point where sufficient vapor will reach the cylinders to effect a start.

I heard of one owner who had difficulty in starting on a cold morning and having heard that heat was the essential element that was missing, decided on building a small fire under the motor. He gathered some straw in a large pan and then touched it off with a match. More heat than calculated was generated and as a result of the experiment this owner lost car and garage in the conflagration.

Speed

Step on 'er and there is a rapid change of scenery. It is a condition termed "speed" with which every car is to some extent blessed or cursed, depending on the viewpoint taken. Speed is no accomplishment. View down on the accelerator, advance the spark and speed is obtained. Everyone has a hankering to occasionally drive on a good road where there is little traffic and open the throttle for a speed of thirty to forty miles. Where there is not much traffic and the roads are good, an occasional spurt of this kind does not place the driver out of the group of "safety first" operators.

It is the driver, however, who after having his taste of speed cannot resist the temptation to continue. He is the type of driver that endangers the lives of others. He is the type of driver who has the "Excuse my dust" attitude while others quote the old saying, "Fools plunge in where angels fear to tread."

Everyone knows the type of driver I have tried to describe. Drive on a narrow road with heavy traffic traveling in both directions and you will find him try to shoot by a long string of cars in order to gain the front position. Finding that he cannot make it on his first attempt he crowds into the line, causing in some cases rear-end collisions, etc. He sees another opening and he is gone again, probably to break back into the line a little further up. In the majority of cases, if you were to corner this man and inquire the reasons for his desire for speed, you would probably get an answer to the effect that this was no funeral procession.

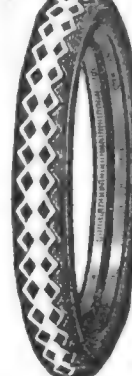
If any Comfort readers have the yearning for speed allow me to submit a few facts as to the chances you will have for continuing existence on terra firma, providing you were to be suddenly stopped by a pole, bridge, etc.

Traveling at the rate of 25 miles per hour the car has the same velocity as if it were raised about 20 feet and then dropped. You might think that at a car speed of 50 miles per hour it would be comparable to being dropped 40 feet in a car. Such is not true, for the stored energy increases as the square of the speed. Race tracks are built, policed and every other possible caution taken for speed and yet we read of the casualties.

Answers to Last Month's Quiz

1. The current produced by a storage battery, generator or magneto is not of sufficient pressure to jump the gap at the sparkplug and for this reason must be stepped up to a higher potential. Let us turn to water as an example of the principle involved. Anyone who has watered the lawn

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To introduce one of the best automobile tires in the world. Made under our Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process that enables us to sell our tires under a

10,000-MILE GUARANTEE

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We want an agent in every community to use and introduce Hydro-Tonon tires at our astonishingly low prices to all motor-car owners.

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STANDARD TIRES
LESS THAN 1/2 Price

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SEE THESE LOW PRICES

Sizes	Tires	Prices	Sizes	Tires	Prices
28x3	4.95	\$1.55	34x4	\$8.50	\$2.50
30x3	5.25	1.60	32x4 1/2	9.50	2.75
30x3 1/2	6.25	1.80	34x4 1/2	9.25	2.75
32x3 1/2	6.75	1.75	35x4 1/2	9.65	3.15
31x4	7.75	1.95	36x4 1/2	9.95	3.25
32x4	7.95	2.25	36x5	10.50	3.45
32 1/2 x 4	8.25	2.40	37x5	10.75	3.65

Remember, a rubber Free with each tire. When cash is sent with order 5 per cent discount allowed. Examine—judge for yourself. If not satisfied, return goods at our expense. Specify straight side, clincher, non-skid or plain wanted.

CLEVELAND TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
3116 Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

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Special offer on "SATISFACTORY" reconstructed double tread tires. Each tire guaranteed 6000 MILES. Refiner free with every tire—also a new Miller inner tube at factory price.

Size	Tires	Prices	Size	Tires	Prices
28x3	\$4.75	\$1.50	34x4	\$8.15	\$2.50
30x3	4.75	1.60	35x4	9.40	2.75
30x3 1/2	5.75	1.75	34x4 1/2	9.40	3.00
31x3 1/2	6.15	1.85	35x4 1/2	10.40	3.15
32x3 1/2	6.40	2.00	36x4 1/2	10.90	3.40
31x4	7.40	2.25	35x5	12.25	3.50
32x4	7.65	2.40	36x5	12.50	3.65
33x4	7.90	2.50	37x5	12.50	3.75

State size, also whether straight side, clincher, plain or non-skid. Send only \$2.00 deposit for each tire, balance C.O.D. subject to examination. Orders shipped day received. Extra 5% discount for full cash with order. Order now.

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Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
30 x 3 1/2	\$7.00	\$11.25	32 x 4 1/2	\$13.50	\$22.50
32 x 3 1/2	7.95	13.65	33 x 4 1/2	13.95	23.45
32 x 3 1/2	9.00	15.45	34 x 4 1/2	14.45	23.90
31 x 4	10.00	16.90	35 x 4 1/2	14.95	24.45
32 x 4	11.50	18.75	36 x 4 1/2	15.45	25.45
32 x 4	12.25	20.00	35 x 5	15.90	26.15
34 x 4	13.25	22.45	37 x 5	16.45	26.55

SEND NO MONEY! Shipment C. O. D. Express or Parcel Post. Examine tires on arrival and if not fully satisfied return same at once and your money will be promptly refunded. Including shipping charges. State whether Straight Side or Clincher. DON'T DELAY! ORDER NOW!

ALBANY TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
2721 Roosevelt Road Dept. 303, Chicago, Illinois

ing

A Practical Use of Early Ideas for Holiday Gifts

ARE you cultivating at home the domestic work commenced at school? If not, let us talk about how really important it is, that during these highly receptive years, children should put into actual practice their early ideas of drawing, sewing, embroidery, knitting, crocheting, etc. This applies to both boys and girls. To be sure, the boy is not likely to make needle-work his business in life, but in youth he will enjoy doing it, and develop a certain accuracy and patience, which, while he may not realize it, will be of great value in whatever line of work he may later follow. The value of drawing cannot be overestimated, as it trains the eye, mind, and hand, as nothing else can. If you will watch the average child who pursues drawing, you will see how rapidly an ability to correctly observe forms, color and quality is being developed, and if encouraged will constitute a valuable asset through life.

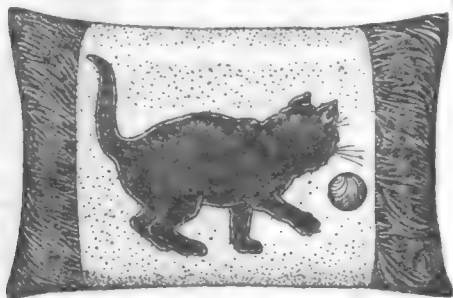
Advantages of Home Work to the Child

Any child can be taught to take an interest in making things for the house, or for each other, if the idea is commenced early. Take, for example, the figure on the school bag, and the one on the pillow, and you will see they are the same subjects you have watched your children draw for amusement. Now that fashion dictates the use of all kinds and forms of hand work, why not put them into practical use, and allow the children to contribute their personal efforts to the higher development of their natural gifts? The cat is simply a bit of patchwork, and the boy, "Off to School," is but a free-hand drawing which any child will delight to experiment with. And watch, for he may succeed in doing something even better.

What older sister would not delight in making a toy or bib for baby sister, or a mat for table or floor, for holiday or birthday gifts? Encourage the thought, mothers, in the days when, to the child, it is more play than work, for it will give a new meaning to home and add an interest that will hold them closer to the home fireside.

Couch Cushion

Two distinct shades of material are used for this cushion; light and dark. Or, ends of dark green, a "field" of light pink, and cat and ball of black sateen. This combination is decorative and interesting, and there is a wise saying that a black cat brings good luck. First make a draw-

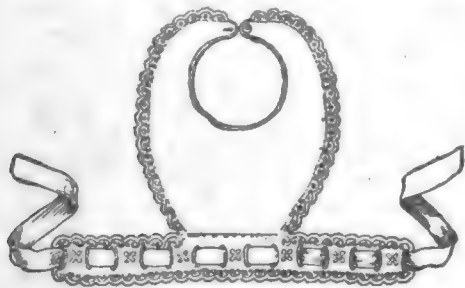


COUCH CUSHION.

ing of the cat on a good quality of paper, so the pattern will retain its sharp edges when cut out and placed on the material. Iron the material, place the pattern thereon, and hold the iron on a few seconds. This will usually cause cloth and paper to hold together, which will greatly facilitate marking around the edge, which should be done with a sharp-pointed pencil. Cut out the cat, place on material, hold it in place with flat weights of some sort, and baste carefully around. A buttonhole stitch is the best as it takes care of the raw edges. For kitty's eyebrows and feelers, also for outlines about ears and legs that do not work out in the pattern, use an outline stitch. The dark ends of cover are sewed on with an ordinary seam, then turned back, which makes the cushion stronger.

Baby's Bib

The important point of this bib is, that it loosely ties around the waist, thus holding it in place and giving added protection to the dress. To shape, use the top of a dress pattern, that the neck may be the right size, then cut the required length, and cut on the strings if it is to be all

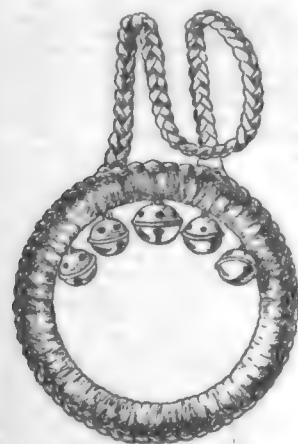


BABY'S BIB.

In one piece. The strings of the one illustrated were made by simply sewing on a strip of Hamburg beading through which a ribbon was run, but the more practical, everyday bib is cut with bib and strings in one, and buttoned at the back. Bind the entire bib with a soft bias piece, then stitch around. If a more elaborate finish is desired, crochet over the edge.

Toy for Baby

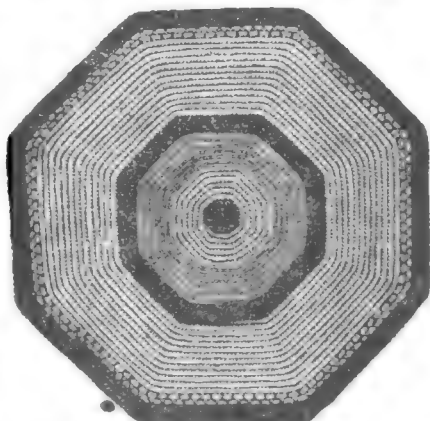
There are several ways of developing this interesting toy. A bone, celluloid or rubber ring must be used, as metal will corrode from dampness and become poisonous. Use woolen yarn, or heavy soft cotton string, and cover the ring with a buttonhole, or crochet stitch. A cord is made by braiding soft materials and sewed to the ring, that it may be worn around the neck. Five celluloid bells are sewed to the under side of ring. The toy is washable, and may be kept sanitary for baby's lips, for unconsciously



small children are apt to put toys to the lips.

Crocheted Table Mat or Rug

Use woolen yarn, coarse crochet cotton, or striped rags. Begin at center. Ch. 7, join in a ring. First Round. Ch. 3, 2 s.c. in ring, ch. 1, 2 s.c. in ring, repeating eight times from



ch. 3 to form eight sides. Ch. 1, join. Second Round. Ch. 3, 3 s.c. into first round. Ch. 1. Repeat to Ch. 3. Ch. 1, join. Continue until desired size is reached. Cross-stitching with wool over two or more rounds gives a pretty finish for a table mat.

Talcum Powder Can Cover of Fillet with Medallions

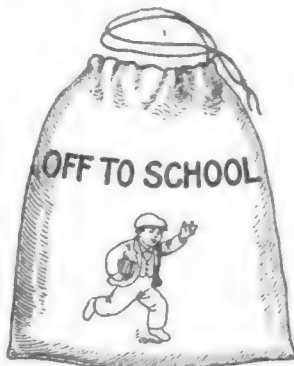
Ch. to reach around bottom of can. Ch. 4 more, skip 8 sts. 1 d.c. into the next stitch to form a block. Ch. 2, skip 2 sts. 1 d.c. into next st. to form block. Repeat until the fillet is long enough to cover can. Crochet edges together.

Top Edge

Four s.c. into each block. Turn. Skip 1st, s.c. into next. Ch. 11, skip 8 sts., hook into next. Ch. 5, skip 3 sts., hook into next. Repeat around edge. Turn. 4 s.c. into small loop. 14 s.c. into large loop. Repeat around edge. Fit muslin to bottom of can, finish with a tiny hem, and sew it to fillet. Three medallions ornament the upper edge.

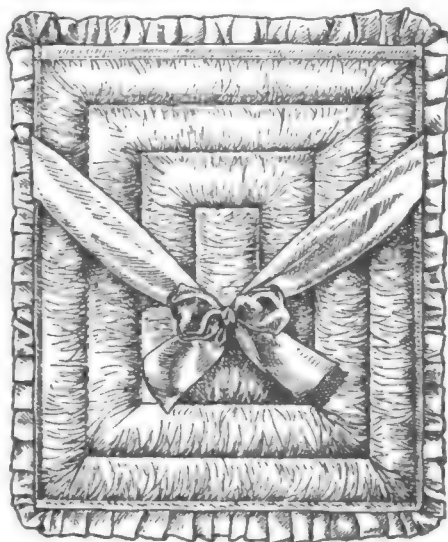
School Bag

Denim is a practical material for school bags; also khaki, and usually enough can be obtained from an old suit for this purpose. If the material is old, probably it is somewhat faded so dip it in dark brown dye. Make the bag large enough to hold the largest sized books the children carry. If lined, it will give longer service and often prevent wetting through. Make a run around the top and draw in a heavy shoelacing; soft, narrow leather ones are preferred by the boys. Two strings are preferable to one, as two balance the weight, which is considerable when the bag is full of books. The decorations are finished before the bag is sewed together. The letters may be drawn on the material, or paper patterns of the block letters cut and marked onto the cloth. If a heavy effect is desired, use three rows of outlining done closely together. And now it is "up to the boy or girl" to draw a boy running with books under his arm. I hear someone say that his books should be in a bag for he may drop them and "spill" the problems worked out the evening before, which would be hard luck for a boy in a hurry. The figure and letters are outlined in black or in a color.



Carriage Robe

To be made of light-weight material, such as silk-alene, thin silk, sateen, or of a woolen fabric such as albatross or cashmere. It is made the

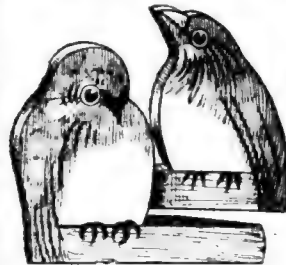


same as a small comforter, with rows of fine quilting. If made of flowered material, no other decoration will be required, but if plain, and a more elaborate effect is required, draw daisies around the robe half way between the edge and where the first row of quilting is to be made,

and work with wool. The robe shown in illustration was all in pale pink; the ribbon and thin sateen exactly matching. The edge of top and lining are turned in, and held in place with a row of fine pink silk cross-stitching. The soft satin ribbon is folded once, side plaited, and selvedge edges sewed flat just under the edge of robe. The "sash" bow makes a handsome finish. The padding is made of two thicknesses of white wadding.

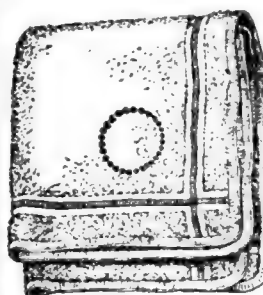
Window Wedge

A sharp knife, a piece of soft wood, some paint and the ability to whittle that comes naturally to every boy, is all that is needed to make bluebird window wedges like those shown here. The piece of wood should be one-quarter of an inch thick and two and one-quarter inches high by two and one-half inches long. Carve body of bird and sharpen wedge slightly so that it can be inserted between the offending sashes. Paint head and wings with blue paint and breast with yellow and eyes, beak and toes of black. Wedge part can be of green.



Face Cloth

This face cloth with its band of lavender and its wreath of lavender and yellow French knots is al-



most too dainty to be used, but it makes an attractive gift and thus you shift the responsibility onto someone else. Face cloths can be bought with borders of various colors and it is an easy matter to embroider a wreath of French knots in harmonizing shades. A hand towel and bath towel, matching face cloth, and embroidered in same design, makes an ideal gift and one that would delight the heart of a bride, especially if the color scheme of her guest room has been carried out.

Sofa and Chair for Dolly's Playhouse

A really and truly sofa with an easy-chair to match, both of a size to accommodate her next-to-the-smallest doll, will make Little Sister very happy and Big Sister should enjoy making them. Rather thin pasteboard and some scraps of cretonne are all that is required. Back of sofa measures nine and one-half inches wide by five and three-quarters inches in highest part, cut as in illustration, curving to four and one-half inches at ends. The end pieces are four and one-half inches long by three and one-half inches wide, cut down to form arms. Front measures nine and one-half by two and one-quarter inches and has small section cut from center of lower edge, as shown. The seat measures nine and three-eighths by three and one-half inches. All pieces should be made double and sewed together in pin-ball fashion to insure neatness. The different pieces can then be sewed together to form the sofa. Little pillows, two and one-half inches square, give it a most comfy look. It is better to sew these in place and a stitch or two at upper corner of each will suffice. The chair is made in exactly



the same manner as the sofa with the following measurements: back, eight and one-quarter by four and five-eighths inches; sides, eight and one-fourth inches at highest part, cut down four inches to form side wings; the part forming arms measures four and one-quarter inches in width, and the same in length. Front, four and five-eighths inches by two and one-quarter inches, with seat of sufficient size to fill space, which will be just a trifle less than outside measurements.

Baby's First Shoes

The baby that is small enough to wear such a diminutive slipper is almost too small to appreciate how very cunning they are, though later he might be interested in pulling off the funny, fat tassel or picking at the little wreath of French knots that adorn the front of each slipper. No. 2 soles are used, though soft soles could be cut from pieces of leather. Sew twelve inches of two and one-half inch ribbon onto sole, with piece of narrow tape or ribbon sewed short distance from top on inner side, to form band for elastic. The slipper used in illustration was made of soft pink silk ribbon with wreath design in pink and blue, with pink ball tassel, though any color could be used as well.



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Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

own living. I know of no way so congenial to my feelings as through literary pursuits. Perhaps I made a mistake in appealing to you just now, but I could think of no other way out of my difficulties, for of course I am wholly ignorant of the manners and customs of this country. I mentioned these things to Mrs. Richards this morning.

And now Star's voice trembled, and the beating of her heart nearly choked her, for she did not know how this man would receive her appeal to him against his own wife.

"Well, and what did she say?" he asked, feeling somewhat perplexed over the matter.

"She told me that I could not go on with my education as papa wished; that—I was to take the place of a girl named Maggie Flynn in your family."

"What?" exclaimed the gentleman, in tones of the most emphatic astonishment.

"Maggie Flynn, I understand," Star went on, gathering courage as she noted his surprise, "was a sort of chamber and waiting maid, and Mrs. Richards says that I am henceforth to perform her duties. I cannot tell you," she continued earnestly, "how repulsive such a life would be to me—to give up all my hopes, to forget in the ceaseless routine of such an existence, all that I have already acquired; and I have come to appeal to you—to ask you if you will not try and persuade your wife to allow me to continue my studies? I am willing to work, and work hard, but I must have some time to improve and develop my mind. There are plenty of girls who can be employed in my place"—Star did not know of the curtailing business—"and who do not care for an education. Papa authorized a friend of his to dispose of his library and our household goods, and give the proceeds to me, after paying all bills. I have a letter of credit to the amount of a hundred pounds. I do not know the expense of schooling in this country, but could I not be sent to some institution for a year or two, and take this money to pay for it? I should be fitted by the end of that time, I think, to teach, and could relieve Mrs. Richards of all responsibility regarding my support."

Mr. Richards' face was very stern when the young girl concluded, and Star, looking into it, felt almost frightened at what she had done.

But she reasoned that her situation could not be much worse than it already was, and it demanded desperate measures.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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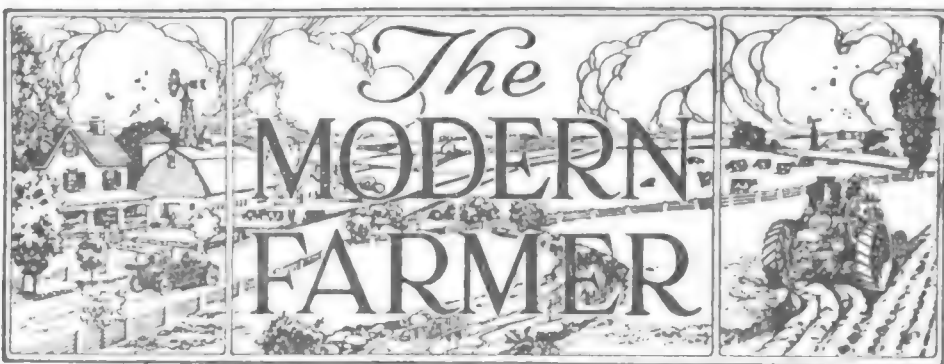
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November Garden Calendar

NOVEMBER finds gardening operations in the common farm garden about over for the season. Winter may not yet have arrived, but you may be sure that he is hiding just around the corner, holding his chilly breath and waiting to put in an appearance on a moment's notice. Will he find us ready? We all learned the meaning of the word "preparedness" during the war; it also has a peace-time meaning that can well be applied on the farm and in the garden.

October should have seen things put in shape for cold weather but in case some of us have been tardy—and it would be surprising if we all did everything on time—here are some of the little odds and ends that will bear attention.

All root crops with the exception of parsnips must be lifted at once and stored either in the cellar or in outside pits. This is such an important matter that we will go into winter storage of vegetables at greater length later on. Parsnips may be left in the ground all winter, and usually are, but for convenience it is well to dig a few after a fairly hard frost and keep them handy for early winter use. No sense in waiting until spring before we have this tasty vegetable on the table "where it will do the most good." Cabbage sown in September should now be placed in the cold frame, unless this has been done already. Mature cabbage should be pulled up and stored either in the cellar or in trenches. By the way, do not throw away cracked heads of cabbage. Keep them for the poultry. Always keep a head of cabbage and one or two large sunflowers hung up in the poultry house where the chickens will have to jump for each morsel of green feed or each sunflower seed. Exercise is essential to the best condition and production of poultry in winter; induce it by making them work for their feed. A little thought will turn the trick.

Dig turnips, beets, carrots and onions on a bright sunny day when the soil is comparatively dry. If a good breeze is blowing so much the better, as it will make it easier to riddle out any adhering dirt. Be careful not to bruise vegetables; bruising has the same effect as in the case of apples. Take them to the cellar. We will tell you how to store them later.

Unless the strawberries were mulched late last month, now is the time to do it. Pull out by the roots any large weeds that have been overlooked; the birds will scatter the ripe seed where it will greet you next spring. Then mulch with a thin covering of straw. Too heavy a covering induces winter growth and endangers the plants. Mulch asparagus with leaves or straw. Rhubarb should be covered with manure. Mulching should be done as soon as the ground is slightly frozen. While we have the pitchfork handy, let's put in a little dry dirt around the rose bushes then heap a good big forkful of manure on top. They may be mulched to a depth of a foot or more to good advantage. A light covering of manure and straw will protect the bulb bed and assure you of tulips, crocuses and snowdrops as soon as the snow leaves in the spring. If you have no bulb bed, now is the time to make one as the new bulbs are now ready for the market. Fresh bulbs are essential to success; avoid old, dry bulbs.

Winter Storage of Vegetables

Storing vegetables in their natural state, just as they come from the garden, is the ideal way of keeping them for winter use on the farm. Canned or dried vegetables are both very fine in their way but they require a lot of work on the part of "Maw" and the girls. Besides, it is not possible to preserve the characteristic freshness and flavor in either canned or dried vegetables. Simple storage is the best, cheapest and least laborious way of handling them for winter.

Most of us who have a garden, large or small, may choose between the house cellar, outside root cellar or dirt-covered pits for the storage place for winter vegetables. Each of these is good, but not all vegetables will keep equally well in each. This is a point well worth considering further. Where two kinds of storage are available it is well to consider the storage requirements of the vegetables at hand, then give each the place where it will feel strictly "at home."

The House-Cellar

Because it is no doubt the commonest, let us consider the household cellar without a furnace first. Provided it is what we call a "warm cellar," one where the temperature does not fall below the freezing point in coldest weather, it supplies almost ideal storage requirements for a large range of vegetables. A dirt floor in the part used for vegetables and one or two small windows to provide ventilation and a circulation of fresh air within the control of the gardener are additional requirements. If there is a furnace in the cellar a small room in the corner farthest from it may be partitioned off for a storage room, but unless we are willing to go to the trouble of making at least a double and airtight partition, or preferably a concrete wall, to keep out the heat, we should not expect vegetables to keep well. For ordinary purposes a constant temperature of between 35 and 40 degrees Far. is best, though cabbage can stand freezing.

Outside Root Cellars or Caves

In some respects outside root cellars are preferable to house cellars, but the inconvenience of going out of doors every time fresh vegetables are needed offsets the advantage of constant temperature, to our way of thinking. If easy access is provided into the root cellar by a door opening from the house cellar this objection is overcome. It is true that there is no unpleasant vegetable odor permeating the house in the spring from the outside root cellar; we have all experienced the disagreeable odor of decaying potatoes in our house cellar, and would do a lot to avoid a recurrence.

Storage Pits in the Garden

Pits are a poor third choice when it comes to vegetable storage, from our way of thinking, but still we know of many gardeners who think otherwise. Tastes differ, and every man to his own. If they are to be used, probably because there is not room in the cellar for everything, the small pit has many advantages over the large. Small pits take a bit more work to make than would one large pit, but they make it possible to store each kind of vegetable separately and in quantities which enable the gardener to remove all at one time. Taking part of the vegetables out of a large pit in cold weather, then trying to close it up again so that neither cold nor wet will penetrate is a "chore" that few have mastered, nor do we care to spend a lifetime learning it. The small pit will hold just about as much as can

be used nicely without spoiling, and there is no necessity of closing it after they have been removed.

We are not going into detail on the construction of pits. We take it for granted that every gardener knows how they are made, and will use our limited space for something else. Still, if any of our readers of Modern Farmer wish, we will gladly go into detail on this point in a later issue of COMFORT. All they need do is drop us a line.

Successful Storage Requirements

There are three important things to keep in mind if vegetables are to be stored successfully. They are: choose sound, mature vegetables; provide proper storage temperature; provide proper moisture and ventilation. Many gardeners come to grief because they overlook the first requirement, the selection of fully ripened vegetables. Carefully select all vegetables to be stored. Soundness should include freedom from all disease conditions likely to cause rot, and from bruising or insect injury which provide an entrance for rot organisms or favorable conditions for their development. It is not the loss of the affected vegetables which is so important, but the fact that when decay once gets a start in them it will spread and damage a considerable portion of the stored crop. Nor does soundness stop with the selection of ripe and unbruised vegetables; it includes careful handling all through the process of storage. We all handle fruit such as apples with the greatest care, knowing that unless we do the fruit will spoil, but very few of us seem to think that bruising vegetables matters much. It does! While the result of bruising and rough handling are not so marked in vegetables as in fruits, still we may trace much of the loss in storage directly to rough handling. Let's keep this in mind and benefit by the caution.

Storage Temperatures

The best temperature for storing vegetables varies somewhat with the different kinds, but there are two fairly defined limits. The temperature should not be so low that they freeze, nor should it be so high as to encourage premature growth. Also, the warm cellar provides ideal conditions for the growth and development of rot organisms. For general purposes, a temperature very close to and slightly above the freezing point is best. Cabbage will stand freezing, but for the others a temperature of from 31 to 33 degrees Fahrenheit should be maintained if possible. It is true that they will keep at higher temperatures, but there is a much greater danger of spoiling. Squash and pumpkin are the two exceptions to the rule. They do best where a relatively high temperature, say around 40 to 50 degrees, is maintained.

Moisture and Ventilation

Strange as it may seem, large losses are caused by improper moisture in storage rooms, and most of them are the result of too little, not too much, moisture. We overlook the fact that all vegetables have a relatively high moisture content and that in dry atmosphere they dry out quickly with a consequent loss of quality and flavor. We have all seen the shriveled, soft, wrinkled potato or carrot come out of the cellar in late winter. The dry air has robbed them of their moisture and also a part of their vitality. Onions, pumpkins, squash and shelled beans are the exceptions to this rule; they need higher temperatures and dry air. As regards too much moisture, dampness is conducive to the development and spread of rot, out in a house cellar with a dirt floor there is less danger of having the air too moist than of having it too dry. The sooner we correct the mistaken notion that dry air is needed in the cellar the better for ourselves and our vegetables. The aim should be to keep the air moist enough to prevent wilting. This may be done by keeping pails or tubs filled with water in the cellar, and these will be a protection also in case the window should be left open by mistake on a cold night. Good ventilation is desirable for the best storage. It helps to regulate both temperature and moisture, removes foul odors and may also help to prevent decay. It is particularly necessary where fruits such as apples are also stored in the cellar as it has been found that apple scald can be almost entirely prevented by a free circulation of air.

Special Storage Requirements

We have merely mentioned early in our discussion of storage requirements of common farm vegetables that some need slightly different care than others, that temperature needs vary and that some do best in dry air while others need moist air to keep them from wilting or shriveling due to the evaporation of the moisture they contain. Now we will go into somewhat greater detail and point out the "do's" and "don'ts" for the vegetables we are most likely to wish to store in our farm cellar.

POTATOES.—Most farmers and gardeners, and even other less fortunate mortals who have to buy their winter supply of vegetables, have learned by experience something regarding the correct way to handle potatoes. The general rules laid down for vegetable storage apply in their case. For best results, select mature and disease-free tubers; discard for use early all potatoes frosted in the field, badly bruised or "scuffed" tubers or those that have been borne as "twins" or "warts"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26)

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The Quest of Otter Pelts

By Dick Wood

CHAPTER II.

AN UNSUSPECTED FOE.

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THE trappers decided to spend the following day laying in a supply of wood. It was most too early for trapping, furs not being prime until well past the first of November in most states. Most trappers plan on having a week or two in camp before the season opens. This insures ample time to look over the grounds, blaze trails, gather camp wood, kill bait for the traps and tend other preliminaries of a successful trapping expedition. Also it requires about a week to get the swing of the woods life and adjusted to the change from civilization to the semi-primitive life.

A plentiful supply of wood is one of the necessities for camping in the winter north woods. This the young trappers knew, and their two axes and five-foot crosscut saw were selected for service. They happily found an abundance of dead wood within easy reach of the cabin. The standing trees were cut down and divided into stove lengths. The wood was then split and corded and finally covered over with bark or evergreen boughs. After the first big snow, if not too busy, they would haul it down to the cabin on the toboggan.

Two days of steady sawing and chopping provided several cords of wood. They now cleaned and polished their guns one evening preparatory to a day's hunt on the morrow. While the next day was the opening of the deer season, and each of the trappers expected to fill his license, they did not expect to hear other than their own guns fired. They did hear the distant booming of deer rifles in the early morning, but no one came so far back into the woods. Deer must be killed reasonably close to a means of transportation for the average sportsman's purposes. Of course, a few more of the venturesome hunters take a canoe or guide boat and get back into the woods and kill their game near the water, but it isn't a necessity anywhere in the North Woods.

The trappers now had their wood supply in and the weather indicated it was none too early. The first day of the hunting season was cool and cloudy. The magpies or whistlers, as the trappers call these birds that predict the weather, were acting very strangely. An old woodsman would instantly have prepared for a big snow.

Fred and Bill left camp in different directions, each with a pocketful of cartridges. They had their own suspicions of a coming snowstorm and didn't want the camp larder to be caught empty. Like clever trappers they were, each stuck a couple of steel traps in his spacious coat pockets. These were to be set around the entrails of the deer they killed and dressed. Such a set would be reasonably sure of getting some furs, perhaps a fox or fisher.

The young trappers still hunted all the forenoon without success. They circled the ridges well up where the timber was open enough to give them a view for several hundred yards. The deer are accustomed to feeding up to the tops of the ridges and mountains in the mornings. Both boys had hunted deer before and were fairly well acquainted with their habits; and although the country was new to them they were not entirely at a loss. They knew it is an unfailing habit of the deer to lie on the peak of a ridge or the point of a mountain, preferably in the shelter of evergreens, where they can command a view over the country and thus elude any approaching enemy.

At noon the boys met by inadvertence, and while eating their lunch in a hollow talked over a different plan of action. They agreed the deer must be hanging around the swamps as usual just prior to a heavy snowstorm. This fact also strengthened their expectations in regard to weather conditions.

"Bill, I've got the scheme to get our bucks—and we've got to get them today for I opine we will want to get out with the traps after the snowstorm. They're down in the balsam swamps sticking closer than Dick's hatband, waiting for the storm. Now you do the driving and I'll take a stand and get 'em as they go by, unless they give the password, which is silence," outlined Fred.

"Yes, an' you know what'll happen then? Why, they'll just go around in a circle, being able to detect my approach, and easily keep out of sight in the thick balsams. They're foxy like that," objected Bill, who had hunted deer some himself.

"See that tin tea pail of yours? Well, just put a few pebbles in it, close the cover and rattle that. I'll guarantee the deer will come out."

Everything agreed upon, Fred took his stand at the head of the swamp between two ridges, which a deeply-worn trail would indicate was the natural outlet for the deer, and Bill was to wait ten minutes before starting the drive.

The first thing Fred did after reaching his stand was to take note of the direction of the wind and station himself to the leeward. The slightest breeze blowing from the hunter toward the quarry would be fatal to his purpose. Placing himself in a position to command a view across the hollow and bare ground around the point, in case the deer should turn around the opposite

side of the ridge, Fred sat silent as the trees around him for half an hour.

At the end of that time he had seen nothing and only heard the distant yelping of Bill's voice, in imitation of the deer hound. He was growing impatient and had about decided the deer were going out elsewhere, when a slight snort attracted his attention. Without moving his body, he cast his eyes toward the direction of the sound and saw a spike-horn buck going up the side of the mountain at right angles to him. It winded him and turned aside.

As soon as possible Fred threw his 30-30 carbine to his shoulder and fired three times in rapid succession. Almost simultaneously he heard the dull roar of Bill's 30-40. Taking up the trail by sight, he soon came upon the deer itself.

Like the experienced woodsman-hunter-trapper he was, Fred immediately dressed the deer. After tying the hind legs together, he bent over a sapling and thus swung up the carcass without assistance and undue exertion. He now started for the swamp, occasionally emitting a whistle so as not to be mistaken by his partner for an animal coming through the brush.

He was much perturbed at Bill's long silence and failure to show upon the trail of the buck lately driven out of the swamp. It hadn't occurred to him that Bill would get an effective shot in the dense balsams. Likely he was shooting to drive or at best had got a fleeting glimpse of a running deer.

"Hey, Deerslayer, how did you sneak up on one?" exclaimed Fred, much surprised to come upon Bill in a dense thicket dressing out a buck.

"Didn't think I was going to leave myself out, did you? This old buck thought he could circle me and then lay low till I passed, but I put one over on him."

It took the boys together only a few minutes to hang up this deer. Then they hurried to camp, knowing the man smell on the carcasses would keep the more destructive animals away, and that they were hung too high for small animals to reach.

Before the trappers reached camp it began to snow in heavy, soft flakes, in flurries at first, but as darkness settled down, in rhythmic regularity. The boys were pleased to have their camp wood prepared and two young bucks hanging up in their outdoor cooler. Now they could get out on the trap line, since the snow indicated fur primeness. Before retiring for the night the boys decided to go to Otter Pond on the morrow and set out the first traps of the season.

Otter Pond glistened like a black diamond in a white setting the morning the two young trappers evaded its shores. The wind had blown the snow off the bushes, which made traveling comfortable; and the snow was a telltale blanket the trappers could not afford to miss. It would disclose the doings of the fur bearers during the latter hours of the night, the time they are mostly out.

Fred guided Bill to a spot where he could rely with certainty on finding otter sign. It was at the mouth of a small stream. Here on his previous visit the otters had been playing around the steep banks and there was no doubt now with snow on the ground, the otters would have a slide at this place.

Sure enough there were numerous otter tracks in the snow at the mouth of the inlet stream; these the boys could see from a distance. But imagine their amazement upon approaching closer, to find freshly-set traps at the bottom of the slide and in the trails. It took Fred's keen eyes to note this before stepping into one of the traps himself. They had evidently been set earlier in the morning by a skillful trapper.

"Isn't that trapper's luck, back here where we thought we were alone, miles from civilization. Let's rush over to the beaver dam and give that the once over," exclaimed Fred.

They were not greatly surprised to find traps on the dam, set in the same manner as the other traps, and thus the method indicated that one trapper had done all the work.

The boys were greatly disappointed that someone should get ahead of them, particularly a skillful trapper who stood a fair chance of making a complete clean-up. However, apparently he had secured the grounds by legitimate means, as it is a law of trapping that one must actually have traps set or the ground staked to hold them. The possibility of another trapper being in the vicinity never occurred to either of the boys.

The young trappers decided to go back to camp, cook a meal, then get out to Bill's grounds with traps before the trapper beat them there. They had reached a dense balsam swamp, back-tracking over their trail, when a buckskin-clad trapper stepped out in front of them, holding a gun menacingly.

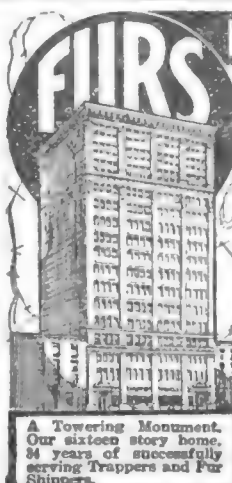
"Old Curley!" exclaimed Fred, under breath.

The boys were taken back by the sudden appearance of the old trapper. What he might do they could only conjecture. Certainly he was not in a very amiable frame of mind.

"Look here, kids, this ain't a healthy country for fellers who butt in on a trapper's grounds and take a man's own shack. Gettin' to be a hull-of-a-note when old Curley must be cheated out of his own cabin made with his own hands, and let a couple of kids in to scare the game



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Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

R. E. B., Prospect, Va.—Cantaloupe should be served well-chilled from the cellar or ice-box. The melons are cut in half, the seeds removed, and a half melon is placed before each guest. A small piece of ice may be placed in the center of each half, although this may be omitted if the fruit is thoroughly chilled. Cantaloupe is eaten with a spoon, and salt or powdered sugar is added at the time of eating, according to the taste of the guest. (2) There is no set reply needed when a young man thanks you for a dance; a smile is sufficient response, and you can continue any conversation regarding the music, dance, etc.

GRAY EYES, Hartsville, Tenn.—A girl may acknowledge the "I beg your pardon" or the "pardon me" of a stranger by bowing slightly with no further sign of recognition. (2) You may safely omit to reply to any such remark of "how are you?" made at the moment of an introduction, and your best course would be to acknowledge the presentation by a bow, a smile and a simple "How do you do?" You may extend your hand if you prefer, or wish to appear particularly cordial.

JIMMIE, Allenwood, Pa.—As a guest at any sort of a dinner, you should wait until your hostess has indicated where you are to sit. (2) At an informal meal there is no rule as to which direction a dish should be passed. The best way would seem to be to continue the dish on the course by which it reached you. This is purely a matter of convenience and common sense.

SUNSHINE MARY, Ill.—Unless it is arranged in such a manner as to inconvenience her, a bride need not remove her veil while dancing. (2) The wedding ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand, counting from the index finger.

M. S. J., Oldfield, W. Va.—A man of thirty is not necessarily too old to pay serious attention to a girl of seventeen, but if you do not care for him and have refused to marry him, we certainly advise that you discontinue "going" with him "just to pass the time." There are much better uses than this to which time can be put, and how about some other more satisfactory suitor whom your "going" with this refused thirty-year-old suitor may be keeping out of the running? Consult your parents and have this man sent about his business if his attentions are undesirable to you.

EX-SOLDIER'S BRIDE-TO-BE, Gregory, S. D.—We answer the most important of your questions—whose number exceeds the rules of this column: Because of the nature of this double wedding of your sister and yourself, the invitations and announcements need not be made separately and can be included in one. (2) A bride retains her complete costume until after the wedding breakfast. During the ceremony, the hand upon which the ring is to be placed may have the glove turned back beforehand, or the glove finger may be slit before the glove is to be put on. We think it best that your sister and yourself should wear bridal costumes as much alike as possible. You have COMFORT's best wishes for your happiness.

F. M. C., Imber, Pa.—If this red-headed girl cares more about "having a good time" than she does about receiving your honest attentions, we don't quite know what you can do except to strive to make her see the error of her course, and the wrong influence of the leading of this girl friend. You will never do this by swearing or losing your temper, as you say you have done, and for which you will now have to apologize in order to regain the influence you have foolishly thrown away. We advise you to pay little heed to what this girl is "said to have said" to this or that cousin. What should interest you is what she says to you and if she means what she says. We certainly cannot tell you if she loves you, but it's a sure thing that she won't if your method of keeping her affection is to use the language you quote to us in your letter. Do not try any so-called "love powders" (they are worthless fakes, or possibly dangerous), and do not seek her father's aid in your complaint against her conduct. That you suggest this last course shows that you have much to learn before you understand the ways of a maid.

SUBSCRIBER, Weiser, Idaho.—You may excuse yourself to this man with whom you do not wish to dance by saying that you are tired, or that you have promised the dance to someone else—if you are sure that you can arrange the last statement to be true.

N. W., Grafton, Ill.—Yes; low shoes worn with stockings of wool will be in as much favor this winter as they were a year ago. It is a sensible fashion.

B. B., Albert, Texas.—For a boy to wink at a girl is a silly form of ill manners, and a girl should never endorse the error by winking back.

M. H. L., Russell, N. Y.—We strongly advise you to continue your education by a high school course, or else to take some business college or commercial course if you are really desirous of doing work outside of your own home. (2) There is no reason in the world why you should not accept the renewed friendly advances of this young man. There is no question of "coming between another couple." This is the young man's lookout. His is the responsibility to this other girl. If there is any such responsibility involved. If you like him, admit this to yourself and receive his attentions in this spirit.

ANXIOUS, Constantia, N. Y.—No matter how large for her age a girl of thirteen may be, she is sure to be far too small in years to even consider "paying any attention to boys," or having them pay attention to her. Stick to your school books and let boys wait a while. There will always be plenty of young fellows looking for pretty girls, but there is only one time when you can get the education without which your life is sure to be sadly handicapped. And take no further time from your classes to write letters to sailor friends.

BLISS EYES, Indiana.—Your questions are in number far beyond the rules stated at the head of this column. The best man carries the ring and hands it to the groom at the proper time during the ceremony. This time is indicated by the words of the marriage service. (2) Any stationer can arrange for the engraving of your wedding invitations and announcements and can show you the proper forms which we have not space to reproduce here. Wedding announcements are mailed immediately following the ceremony. Immediately in this case meaning perhaps the day after.

V. B., Albert, Texas.—We have no knowledge of the rules or methods of play in the game you mention, and cannot therefore tell you how it might affect the deportment of automobilism. A safe way is to have a chaperon along who can pass on the propriety of any car-riding episodes.

SHORTY, Rifle, Colo.—We don't quite see why these "high school boys" have any right to dictate the selection of your friends or guide your conduct. If your mother approves of your friendship with this unpopular boy, there is no reason why it might not continue. But unless you are ready to consider this boy as a prospective fiancé, you should be careful how you receive his attentions, and should guard against your "good influence" and reforming instinct drawing you into a genuine love affair with someone unworthy perhaps of your affection. For we have little faith in the plan of marrying a man to reform him, and the picture you have perhaps unconsciously drawn of this boy does not make us think he would be the best sort of a husband. It is not his fault that he was started wrong, but unfortunately the effect of early environment is often too lasting. Your letter is a sensible one, how-



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ever, and we believe your own judgment will guide you aright.

LONELY, Cawood, Ky.—You ask us what you had better do, but you more justly should have asked what should be done to you: a girl who at twelve promised to marry a boy with whom, now she is fourteen, she is thinking of eloping! No wonder your parents are objecting. They should be taking far more strenuous action than this with a slipper or hairbrush. Consider for a moment how foolish you are acting and how you must be worrying your parents and your best friends. Become engaged to your schoolbooks for the next three years at least, after which you will perhaps know enough to be able to look back and feel ashamed of your present silly conduct and questions.

N. P., Phila, Miss.—The questions you said you were asking were not with your letter. If you will repeat your inquiries, we shall be glad to answer in this column.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column. To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mearl Peed, last heard of in California, please notify his grandfather, J. L. Peed, R. R. 2, Goodman, Mo.

Edna Hall, formerly Edna Southworth, Westover, Texas, wants to know of Frank Mitchell, last heard of in Louisa County, Ark.

Ted Randolph would like to know the whereabouts of his mother, Fanny Turner, last heard of at Ada, Ohio. Address, Robana H. Piercy, Vici, Okla. Star Route.

Eva Gipe, Ft. Morgan, Colo., would like to find her sister, Mrs. Geo. Brown, last heard from in Seattle, Wash., 1914. Any information would be gladly received.

Anyone knowing the address of Mary C. Belcher, please write to Box 25, Niota, Ill.

Anyone knowing of Claude Crowl, missing Christmas, 1919. Age 21, dark eyes and hair. Last heard of, Chester, Pa. Please notify his mother, Mrs. Thos. Crowl, Richmond, W. Va.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Katie E. Nash and son, Earl Nash, last heard of in Detroit, Mich., please write to Mrs. Frank Ellsworth, Gray, Ky.

Mrs. Anserena Jensen, Crivitz, Wisc., wants to hear from her sister, Mrs. Hannah Balroke, Banard, Kans. Write to her niece, Mrs. Alma Hamblen, Crivitz, Wisc.

Wanted, information of Luther L. Davis, last heard of in El Paso, Texas. Mrs. R. R. Davis, Rockingham, Box 16, R. R. 5, N. C.

Anyone knowing Mike Ganly, send his address to Mike Hughes, Chief of Police, Chicago, Ill.

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New England Paper Co., Mill St., Barton, Vermont

The Quest of the Otter Pelts

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

out of the country. Don't your mammals look after ye? By gad, I will; I'll learn ye a think or two if you hang around old Curley's place. Don't ye know this country from Pelcher to Racquette belongs to me? I've held it for twenty years and I— I'll let a couple of young uns run me out 'cause I'm shedding the hair on the top of my head. Get outta here, outta the woods; and if ye ain't outta my camp by dark, so I can come in, I'll burn it down on the both of ye," grumbled and yelled the irate old trapper. By this time Curley had worked himself up to a heated state of animation and flourished his battered old rifle around in careless abandon of objects it covered, and the possibility of accidental discharge. Both boys were taken aback at such an outburst of rage for which there was no due cause. In fact, Bill showed decided nervousness and wished himself out of the woods and back on his farm-land trapping grounds. Not so with Fred, who knew the nature of isolated woods trappers and what to expect of them, and was himself easy to antagonize. He boldly stepped past Bill and posted himself in front of Curley.

"Look here, Curley—and hold that gun with the muzzle up while you're at it or I'll get careless with mine. Bill's right behind me, too, with a cocked carbine; and if your gun should go off and hit one of us, the other will let the light into your inward. You can't get us both."

"Now we fixed up your old camp because we thought you were not coming back again. We wouldn't have come into these woods if we'd known you were here. But now that we are here, we are not going back to Morehouseville and let them gyp us because a misguided sixty-year-old Old Curley ran us out. We'll get out of your camp and you'll give us time to take all your stuff out if one of us has to hold a gun on you. And until I see your papers I'll hold the state owns this land and I have as much of a right here as you. This is not Hudson's Bay country. You can't scare us out. You couldn't scare nothing, nowhow, but crows in our cornfield. Since you're such a bluff, we'll show you we have as much right to the furs in these woods as you, and we're going to get 'em."

Fred showed himself capable of getting angry, too, to the point where he wasn't mindful of the English he was taught in high school. Curley was quite taken back by the boy's pluck and "nerve" and snakingly replied he'd give them time to get their plunder out, then glided off into the snow-laden evergreens without another word.

"Say, Fred, you certainly laid the law down to the old trapper. Aren't you afraid he will shoot us in the back from the bushes?"

"No, he's too big a coward. I know his kind. Dad has had all kinds of experiences with such men who come into his lumber camps. He said Curley once came down and hung around camp, eating everything in sight for two weeks. Dad didn't ask him to pay for his board, but one day decided to send Curley out to kill a deer for a change in the larder. Curley got a deer in eight of camp and the company horses hauled it into camp. Would you believe it, Curley wanted to charge the 'Old Man' ten dollars for shooting the deer, and after coming and going to the cook's shanty as he pleased. Dad's got no patience with that sort of humanity, so he showed old Curley the woods and told him to beat it. Of course, Curley don't know me or he'd have it in for us worse than ever. We needn't fear anything from Curley in the open. His method is to burn down camps when the owners are away, or steal traps and furs, and such sneaking tricks."

Fred was peculiarly fitted for wilderness trapping in all its strenuous phases. He could cope with the cunning of the fisher and baffle the mean pranks of outlaw trappers. In a show-down he could hold his own in a free-for-all fight, being a husky farm lad of near six feet and carrying one hundred and seventy pounds of farm-hardened muscle and bone.

"Here's where my forebight in bringing a tent along comes in handy," Fred explained. "I thought one of us might want to move onto new grounds before spring, and a tent could be set up quicker than the time necessary to build a cabin. We'll just load up the toboggan and while I guard the camp, you can take the outfit over to Pelcher Lake; you know the way. I wouldn't trust that skunk now; he is apt to come in and steal our things if both leave the cabin."

The boys were able to get their equipment out of the camp before dark, including a couple of loads of wood, to start them off in their new location. The rest they piled up and set fire to, though, after an argument, Bill prevailed upon Fred to leave their roofing on the camp. Also the window panes they had brought in from the "outside."

Fred was keenly in favor of leaving the camp in its original state of condition. The tent was an eight by ten wall pattern, with a ground cloth. The boys set it up by lantern light. First they cleared the snow off a ten by twelve spot, then staked the tent down. Next they built them a bunk on the floor with some boards, and filled it full of balsam boughs which had been shaken free of snow. They spread their canvas sheet, quilts and blankets down and had a warm bed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Wild animals know where they can find protection, says a United States Department of Agriculture circular on the fur industry. In places where there are game sanctuaries, wild creatures hasten to them at the beginning of every open hunting season.

VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, give full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Those Pesky Warts

SOME people have the impression that warts are contagious, or "catching," but we have no evidence to corroborate that belief. Neither is there anything mysterious or superstitious about the bothersome things. They merely indicate an overnutrition of the skin, the cause of which is unknown; but in some instances, as when they form in masses on the teats, bruising of the skin possibly may be the cause. Young cattle are most affected and we also frequently see the muzzle of a colt or dog covered with slim warts. The similar projecting bodies seen upon the lining membrane of the cheeks in cattle are not warts but papillae placed there by the Creator to help the cow keep the feed in her mouth when chewing her cud. Some owners have written us that they snipped these supposed warts off with scissors when they found cows sick, yet the treatment "did the beasts no good". Of course not! but it did them a lot of harm and one should study his animals to recognize what things are natural that they may not be mistaken for unnatural things which should be removed. Warts are a simple affair, as a general rule, and therefore need not cause alarm. They tend to disappear of themselves as cattle grow, but may easily be removed if thought of. That certainly is the case when numbers of them on the teats interfere with milking and even make the parts so sore that milk is "held up," sours, curdles and tends to cause mischievous garget. Snip off with scissors warts on the teats that have slim necks. Remove a few at a time and then swab the wounds with tincture of iodine, or, if the cow is dry, coat the parts with pine tar. We have several new treatments for warts, however, which possibly may obviate the necessity of using scissors. One is to coat the affected parts of the teats with collodion in which salicylic acid has been dissolved. Use a saturated solution, but not where there is an open flame or lighted pipe, cigar or cigarette; but smokers of such things should be kept out of the barn, on general principles! The salicylic acid solution is also excellent for the hard, callous or warty growths which form at the tips of the teats and are probably caused by constant bruising of the parts with the butt of the hand when milking. Another new application for warts on the teats is a thick paste of salt, sulphur and cold-pressed castor oil. It is a good one, too, and some like it better than the plan of soaking the teats twice daily in hot water containing all the bicarbonate of soda it will dissolve. A new treatment for blood warts on colts or horses is a paste of salt and yolk of egg well rubbed in. Repeat the application of these mixtures as often as found necessary. Large warts on cattle may at once be twisted off; then rub in pine tar with a hard brush. Warts on the muzzle disappear after a time if rubbed daily with castor oil. Where a wart seems to be cancerous, especially those of the lips, apply Fowler's solution of arsenic twice a day.

SALIVATION.—I have a cow that was taken sick last spring. She was in good condition, giving a fine flow of milk. She gradually stopped eating, and swelled under her jaw. In three weeks she failed from six gallons a day to two quarts. She was on green feed, mostly alfalfa, all day and had good hay at night. Sometimes she eats as though it hurt her to move her jaw. I have two more coming down the same way.

F. B.
A.—The fact that saliva runs from the mouth may indicate that some sharp object has lodged in the tongue or that there is a cyst under the tongue or actinomycosis of the tongue (wooden tongue). The veterinarian should examine for these conditions and if none is found, test the cow for tuberculosis. A sharp object penetrating the wall of the stomach and lodging in the sac of the heart might also cause similar symptoms. There is no cure for tuberculosis or traumatic pericarditis caused by swallowing of a sharp object. Write

again, if necessary, after the examination has been made.

WEAK BACK.—I have a spring pig. When she walks her back will fall down and in and she drags her feet behind her. The skin cracked across her back. I greased it and it stopped for a while but now it is bad again. I am feeding her milk and she has all the charcoal she wants. What is the matter and what can I do?

Mrs. V. F.
A.—Sunscald often causes severe skin troubles in white pigs that graze wet rape or other rank green crop. Washing daily with fresh buttermilk often suffices, but in severe cases it may be necessary to apply a lotion composed of 2 ounces of Goulard's extract, 1 ounce of glycerine and 1 pint of soft water. Open the bowels freely with Epsom salt in slop, then let the pig graze green crops and also have milk daily as mixed meals from a self-feeder.

BLOODY MILK.—I have a cow, two years old, that has been giving bloody milk for three months. For a few days she will not give any bloody milk, then it becomes clotted and it is hard to milk it out. There are no lumps in her teats. Is there anything that can be done to help her? I have taken Combrox ten years.

Mrs. D. L. C.
A.—Bruising of the teat or quarter in some way or another might well cause bloody milk in this case. Watch the cow to see if bruising occurs. Chronic, incurable garget would be a likely cause if the cow is not bruising her udder. If it is present, the milk in that quarter should be dried off. We are unable to assign the exact cause but shall be glad to hear from you again when you have made a more careful investigation.

THOROUGHPIN.—I have a fine three-year-old mare that has a thoroughpin on both legs. Is there any cure? If so, please give remedy.

Mrs. W. C. W.
A.—The unsoundness mentioned is practically incurable when established. If lameness is present, you should have a veterinarian line-line and blister the hock joints, one at a time, but not in very hot weather. If lameness is absent, some good may be done by persistent application of a proprietary reducing preparation used according to directions given by the manufacturer.

CEZEMA.—I have a cow six years old which I think has been poisoned while out feeding. Her head, neck and brisket are swollen and little broken pieces appear on the outside from which a yellow sticky substance appears. Do you think this would affect the milk and is it safe to use it? Can you tell me what has caused this trouble and what to do?

J. S. J.
A.—White skin is sometimes affected in the way described by poison ivy or St. John's wort. We cannot assign the exact cause without an investigation but on general principles should advise you to wet the affected parts twice daily with a lotion composed of 4 ounces of Goulard's extract, 2 ounces of glycerine and soft water to make 1 pint. We do not think the trouble will have any injurious effect upon the milk.

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with

ABSORBINE

also other Bunches or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Book 3 & free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for man-kind, reduces Cysts, Wens, Painful, Swollen Veins and Ulcers. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free.

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Most valuable book ever published on land clearing. 68 Pages, illustrated in colors. Written by experts—men who know that land clearing pays! Don't pay taxes on dead stump land. Bring it to life. Land-clearing is a sure way to make money. Write today! Free to you.

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Under the table, down in the cellar, into a trunk or any where. Our **VENTRILO** which fits in the mouth enables you to fool all your friends. Also art of ventriloquism in a big book of Jokes. By mail 10 cts. Prepaid. **ARDEE NOVELTY CO.** Box 103 Stamford Conn.

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A Real \$6.00 Value!

Every sweater brand new and perfect. Positively the best Navy sweater the Government ever issued to the United States Navy. This sweater does not stretch out of shape—but clings to the body. Can be used under outer shirt for real warmth. Ideal for motoring and all outdoor work. Dark blue in color. A size for every man and boy. When ordering give chest measurement.

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3 PAIRS \$1.00

Parcel Post 5c Extra Worth \$1.00 a Pair

Real gloves for outdoor work and motor driving in cold weather. Extra heavy and extra long to protect the wrist. Every pair new and perfect. Uncle Sam issued these gloves for the boys in cold weather.

Army & Navy Store

225 MARKET ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Established 1861

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

be younger than a man, from at least one to five years. Women take the care and worries of life to heart so much more seriously than men, and it is they who bear the burden and care of children age them so much more quickly than men. A man from thirty to forty years old is practically a young man, while a woman from thirty to forty, that is if she has borne children, looks at least five years older than he does.

Then, too, it is natural for a woman to want to look up to a man, and feel that he is older than she is, and that in itself gives her a feeling that he is dependable. While he wants to think of her as being younger and depending on him, and being older than she is gives him a feeling of more responsibility, and not as some one older whom he must look up to and respect.

And more, when a girl marries a man younger than herself, she is nearly always jealous, and usually with good cause.

Now, girls, be warned, don't marry a man younger than you are, for you will be jealous later, and girls, don't work for a man who is married to a woman older than he is, for in nine cases she will be jealous, whether with or without a cause.

And boys, don't marry a girl older than you are, for in nine out of ten cases she will have a head and a jealous wife. It is not the natural course of life for a man to marry some one older than himself.

Of course in some cases they get along all right, but look around you, you see them. This is the cause of some of the cases of divorce which come into our courts.

Well, I am sure I have said enough, but I feel that a warning note should be struck by some one, and seeing several cases of just this very thing near, I couldn't keep quiet any longer. While of course, I don't mean to say that couples, the boy younger, the girl older, can't get along just as well as if it were otherwise, still it is not the natural course of marriage and is another risk to run.

Good luck to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters.

MABEL.

STOCKDALE, TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a new subscriber to COMFORT and like it, especially the sisters' letters. I did not think of writing until I read the letter from Molly-Joe. I'd like that cool kitchen, so cozy and convenient, too. And you have given us a hard question. Of course, like all others, there are two sides, or two different views to look at. First, you are at home with a kitchen "just as you want it," and no doubt you can cook anything you need and just as you want it, to say nothing of doing all the mending, reading and numberless other little things for yourself, those jolly big brothers and Father "the best ever." These are great privileges as you will see when looking back from a stuffy little room in a rooming house. I have a sister who is a stenographer and she is making her living very easily but she has to eat just what somebody else is pleased to cook and just as they please to prepare it. But she is satisfied and has a great many things that she could not have had at home, and she thinks she is independent because she doesn't have to ask anyone for her money, but she has to please her "boss" to get it. So, Molly-Joe, I tell you what I should do if I were you: I would cook the family a good supper, and when they all get full (excuse the expression), tell them just how you feel and what you have been thinking of doing. In my opinion someone will be willing to help without your going away. Explain your feelings fully, because more trouble comes from misunderstandings than anything else. Perhaps you think that they think so and so and they think you think thus and so, when neither of you have had any such thoughts. Be sure you understand the other fellow and certain that he understands you.

As to "keeping on giving up," I think all of us have to give up something we would like. You feel you are making sacrifices, so does the office girl who has to do without the privileges of home, and work for strangers instead of her loved ones. So does the woman who marries, she finds nearly every minute taken up in services for others. And when I happen to think of it, there is somebody working for me, too. I haven't decided Molly-Joe's question for her but I hope she will find the best way out. I felt I wanted to say a few words to her. I would like to say something to the other sisters but I must go cook dinner for my three little boys and two little girls.

Your new sister, LELA CULPEPPER.

MT. PLEASANT, UTAH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT FRIENDS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for twenty years and think I am entitled to a hearing. I enjoy the sisters' letters and everything in COMFORT, from cover to cover.

This is my first letter to the corner. I never thought I could say anything interesting but after reading the letter from "Mother of Seven" which appeared some time ago, I cannot keep silent longer. I have read letters wherein women aired their troubles concerning husbands, children and in-laws, but that was the first letter I ever read wherein a girl—herself a mother—says "I shudder when I think of my childhood. There are few pleasant memories and I lay all the blame of our unhappy home life to our mother."

I only hope that poor old mother will never read or find out about her daughter writing a letter like that for a million people to read. I cried when I read it. I didn't think a child could talk that way about her mother unless she had committed some crime or disgraced the family and even then I think I would have left it for someone else to say for you see it would still be mother.

Mother of Seven, I wonder how you will feel when the word comes that "Mother is dead." Don't you think you will wonder how you ever could have said such a thing?

I left my native land, Denmark, when eighteen years

VIOLIN



Beautiful Violin, richly polished wood, well finished finger board and tail piece. Full set strings, full case, box of rosin, and instruction book, for selling 50 packages Colored Postcards at 10 cts. a package. Write for Postcards today. COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 627, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

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of age, leaving a good home, a kind father and a darling, old-fashioned, hard-working mother, and came to America and oh, the heartaches and longings for that home and mother! When I received the letter saying "Mother has passed away," I lived over again the happy, care-free days of my childhood. Although I had a family of my own, for a while it seemed as though nothing mattered any more.

We can have more than one child or husband or wife as the case may be but none of us can have more than one mother. What if she is old-fashioned? If all mothers ran to short skirts and lip sticks there wouldn't have been so many of the world's bravest passing from the battlefield to the soldier's rest, with the name of mother on their lips. "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother" was not written around a woman who turned the snowflakes of her hair to druggists' gold and kissed the pain from childhood bruises with carmine lips. "For the old-fashioned mothers left to us, we praise Thee."

With the best of wishes for the COMFORT family, Mrs. J. C. CLYDE.

Mrs. Clyde.—To grow old gracefully is an art but only recently did I realize how important it is. I happened to be on a crowded street at a time when the traffic was heaviest and seeing the bowed figure of a woman, apparently older than myself, ahead of me I naturally and unconsciously stepped forward to take her arm and help her through the crowd. Ouch! I'll never forget the indignant look I got, not the face I saw! The effect of wrinkles, paint, powder and hair dye was positively terrible. Now I look before I offer to assist.—Ed.

WELLINGTON, COLO.

DEAR EVERYBODY WHO READS COMFORT:

Since reading the June number of COMFORT I have been anxiously waiting for the sisters' opinion on Mrs. Wallen's letter.

My opinion is that anyone desiring knowledge and being in a position to gain it, should do so by all means. I have known of many doing this and it always turned out satisfactorily for all concerned.

Molly-Joe, you are a wonderful girl and I hope you enjoy that summer kitchen to the fullest extent. Probably my mind is sadly warped but I could never stand to be the under man, although you may be repaid in the fullest measure.

You are wondering what sort of a person you are hearing from so I will give you the usual answer, "Just an ordinary sort of person" who will never see the sunny side of thirty again, and the mother of three children, a boy aged twenty who graduated from high school a year ago, a girl of thirteen that has completed her first year work in Junior High and a darling blue-eyed baby, two years old.

There is another question I would like to bring up before our corner. Is it right when a person moves from one state to another to be continually bragging about the former state and running down the new? I think not but many come here and owe their very lives to that fact, are always wrangling because they do not find the vegetation that was common in their native state, or some other reason.

I hope to hear from Eastern sisters especially and will answer all who enclose stamp.

PEGGY.

Peggy.—Never thought of it before but it really isn't polite, is it?—Ed.

Best Way of Doing Things Around the Home

Use the wrappers from bread to clean flatirons.

Vinegar and salt remove tarnish from copper.—MARY B. RAY, Ruppertown, Tenn.

Put a few drops of coal oil in the starch and it will not stick to the iron.—MISSOURI SISTER.

Save the sticks your children get with their suckers and use them (after washing) for home-made taffy.

If butter becomes rancid, boil a few pieces of potato in it for a few minutes.—MRS. HAROLD FLETCHER, Paso Robles, Calif.

When sour milk or cream seems determined to stick to the jar, put a little soda on dish-cloth and rub milk spots briskly.—BLACKBERRIES, W. Va.

When making starch, melt a small piece of soap, any kind will do, and stir it into the starch until it lathers. This makes the clothes iron much easier.

Use meal sacks for making underwear and sugar sacks for curtains and table covers. Just fringe the edge and starch and iron well and they look very good.—KATIE MAE JONES, Tallahassee, Fla.

FLIES.—If outbuildings become infested with flies, have all loose trash and rubbish raked out and burned, then sprinkle lime thoroughly over premises and the flies will not be at home next time you call.

If you have a can of lard that has become slightly rancid, set it where there will be no dust get into it and leave the cover off so the fresh air will get to the lard. This purifies it.—MAE MYERS, Hornsby, Illinois.

After making bread pudding, cover the top with marshmallows and set in oven till they melt and brown. This forms a delicious mock meringue and takes the place of the hard sauce usually served with bread pudding.

LICE.—This last is for the timid mother who hesitates about going to the family doctor when her small daughter comes home from school with her hair full of lice. Wet the child's head with ordinary castor oil and let her wear an old cap for several hours. Shampoo hair with warm water and soap until all trace of oil is gone.—JUANITA ADAMS, Virginia.

BEDBUGS.—Take one-half gallon of kerosene and same quantity of gasoline with eight pulverized moth balls. Mix well and spray on all parts of bed. Scald bed frame and then stand all four legs of bed in can filled with kerosene. This prevents bugs from crawling up bedposts. Cracks around room could be sprayed. This is very explosive so keep all lights and matches away from room.—LONESOME, West Virginia.

SURE REMEDY FOR ITCH.—Vaseline, one-half bottle; calomel (powdered) one level teaspoon; one level teaspoon sulphur; one block gum camphor and five drops carbolic acid. Chip up camphor and melt, then mix all ingredients together. Patient should take an all-over bath, with soap and soft wash-cloth, then apply ointment, rubbing well into all affected places. Clean clothes should be put on and all soiled clothing boiled. Repeat in three days.

BEDBUGS.—One quart of wood alcohol (poison) and ten cents' worth of corrosive sublimate (also poison) and mix well. Apply to every crack and crevice about beds and walls. A bunch of feathers can be used instead of a brush and later burned. It is well to put on gloves and clothes or goggles, as the solution will blister the skin if it happens to spatter. The beds should be taken apart and the work done thoroughly and the bugs will not inhabit the same place again.

Requests

How to white enamel old furniture.

How to remove mud stains from dark red taffeta.

An herb remedy that will eradicate the system of worms.

I would like to correspond with sisters living in Canada, Alaska and Hawaii.—MRS. R. J. WHEELER, Golden City, Mo.

Will buy March, April, May and June numbers of COMFORT for 1921. Write first.—LOIS NEVILLE, Meredosia, Ill.

I would like to obtain the song, "Will the Circle be Unbroken."—MRS. M. J. FLEMING, Buchanan, Box 12, N. Y.

Can any sister tell me where I can learn to make watch chains from hair?—MRS. K. E. JASPER, Bruce, L. B. 105, S. Dak.

I live in a lonely place and would like to receive letters from the sisters.—MISS M. H. MCCLAREN, Hazelridge, Man., Canada.

Will some kind reader send me the July, 1921, issue of COMFORT.—MISS MARTHA WALLICK, Wrightsville, R. R. 2, Pennsylvania.

Will a sister please send me the songs, "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and "Blowing Bubbles."—KATIE MAE JONES, Tallahassee, R. R. C, Fla.

How to dye furs. How to dry ground cherries. Cure for gas pains. Will someone send me the June, 1920, COMFORT?—MISS MARY JAWWICK, Hooker, Okla.

Have any of the sisters the Winner Violin Instructor, containing "Blue Danube Waltz"? Will pay for it but write first.—MRS. C. C. HUBBERT, Spokane, East 3408 32nd Ave., Wash.

ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM NERVE FORCE EXHAUSTION?

How to Tell and What to Do.

Thousands are failures in life and a burden to themselves and families from depletion of the nervo-vital fluid.

All success and happiness in life depend upon the nervous system which consists of countless millions of cells. In these cells is stored that mighty mysterious energy which we call nerve force. When your nerve force becomes weakened or exhausted, you may suffer from all kinds of alarming symptoms. The nervous woman of leisure feels bright and like herself during any exciting pleasure, yet every time she indulges in such, she is only further spending her already small supply of reserve nerve force and further aggravating her already lamentable condition. When such a woman has no exciting pleasure, she at once feels morbid and depressed, has headaches, periods of great weakness and moods in which she wants to scream.

The nervous business man feels in a perpetual hurry. He is impatient and restless while waiting for his car or luncheon. He eats rapidly, fidgets, and at night tosses and thinks for an hour or two before he can go to sleep. His memory fails, his judgment becomes poor and he often makes bad decisions, which greatly injure and sometimes ruin his business. The nervous student broods over his studies and cannot fasten his attention upon his work. The nervous mother or housekeeper is highly irritable, forgets where she puts things and often cannot remember what she started to do. At night she often has a "good cry" and excuses it by saying it is a relief for her nerves, when it means a high state of nerve force exhaustion. Without "nerve force," your will power becomes weakened. You have noble impulses and desires, but you do not carry them through. The most pitiful sight in life is a man or woman

who has "no will." Of all diseases, except insanity, there are few, if any, more terrible in their nature than the exhaustion of the nervo-vital fluid. In such cases, it is often worse than foolish to take mere stimulating medicines or narcotic drugs, which only whip up your flagging vital powers for the moment, may be at the expense of your life later on. What you need is to put more nerve force into your nerves and more iron into your blood, to help make new nerve force with which to feed your starving nerve cells. This is most effectively accomplished by the free use of Nuxated Iron. This valuable product contains the principal chemical constituent of active living nerve force in a form which most nearly resembles that in the nerve and brain cells of man.

It also contains organic iron like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. This form of iron will not blacken nor injure the teeth nor upset the stomach. It is an entirely different thing from metallic iron which people usually take. Nuxated Iron may therefore be termed both a blood and a nerve food, as it feeds strength-giving iron to your blood and the principal chemical ingredient of active living nerve force to your brain and nerve cells. Over four million people are using Nuxated Iron annually, and from the remarkable beneficial results which it has produced, the manufacturers feel so certain of its efficacy, that they guarantee satisfactory results to every purchaser, or they will refund your money. Beware of substitutes, look for the word "Nuxated" on every package.

Nuxated Iron for the blood and nerves is sold by all druggists.

NUXATED IRON FOR THE BLOOD AND NERVES

I would like the poems, "Where Are the Wicked Folks Buried?" and "The Dead Pussy Cat."—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Remedies

CROUP.—Bind a thick slice of fat pork, heated in vinegar, to throat.—READER, Albany, Ala.

FACE LOTION.—A lotion made of white of egg, one ounce of glycerine and strained juice of one lemon, is wonderfully bleaching for freckles and healing for sore or chapped hands.—DELLIE MYERS, Barnesville, Colo.

HOARSENESS.—Remove rind from three lemons, slice and boil pulp with one-half cup sugar until brown and thick. Put in glass and eat a small amount every time you feel hoarseness or coughing.—IVA SHOVELSTIEL, Akron, Ohio.

FAT REDUCER.—(requested). After each meal take a small amount of vinegar in a little water, and in addition to this try not to eat as much as you have been in the habit of doing, avoid sweets and starchy foods. Eat none between meals, and when you eat, make it a habit to eat slowly, chewing every bite thirty times, and you will find that by that time you've eaten half what you usually eat while you will have had enough. If you get hungry between meals, take a drink of water and go look in the mirror and see if you are any smaller, and forget to eat. Look over the back numbers of COMFORT and find some of the reducing exercises and do them regularly.—COMFORT SISTER, Sarasota, Fla.

Four Wheel Chairs in October 614 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The four October wheel chairs go to Edwin John Thoms, 331 Second Ave., Frankfurt, N. Y., 154; Thomas Heller, Camden, Del., 132; Mrs. Annie Matlock, Springfield, Texas, 131; James Stanhope Love, York, S. C., 92. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Edwin John Thoms, age 11, is crippled in his legs by the effect of spinal meningitis which attacked him early last January. The wheel chair will be a blessing to this unfortunate boy whose mother is dead and his father an invalid obliged to seek a milder climate for his own health.

Thomas Heller, age 15 and crippled from birth, has no use of his legs and only partial use of his arms. The wheel chair will be a joy to him and help to his parents in caring for him.

Mrs. Annie Matlock, age 64, since a year ago has been crippled by rheumatism which has drawn her legs up so that she can not walk. She has one daughter on whom she is dependent for support.

James Stanhope Love, age 34, a lifelong cripple,



CLYDE W. SNYDER ENJOYING HIS COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

can not walk and has but little use of his right arm and hand. He lives in the cotton mill village with his mother and sister. He is self-educated and earns a little money as a writer but is mainly dependent on his sister who works in the mill.

Don't forget or neglect this month to do something to bring Thanksgiving to the crippled shut-ins who are in need of a COMFORT wheel chair.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

Loves His COMFORT Wheel Chair

Catasauqua, Pa., 333 Race St.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

Just a few words to let you know that I love my COMFORT wheel chair and that I thank you and all those who helped me to get it. I enclose



MRS. LOTTIE BRANT ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

a picture of myself enjoying my wheel chair, and hope to see it in COMFORT. It seems like such a luxury as compared to the rocking-chair I had to use before the wheel chair came. I hope others to whom you have sent wheel chairs enjoy them as much as I do mine. Again thanking you, I am, Sincerely yours,

Clyde W. Snyder.

Proud of Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

Elvaston, Ill., Box 104.

Mr. W. H. Gannett,

Kind Friend:

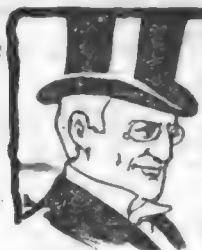
I am sending you a picture of myself and wheel chair and I hope you will print it in COMFORT to show your readers how I enjoy the chair. I surely am proud of my wheel chair, and I want to thank all those that helped me to get it, and many, many thanks to you for your kindness. I remain, as ever, your friend,

Mrs. Lottie Brant.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. Frank Dunn, N. Y., for Edwin John Thoms, 154 subs.; Mrs. William T. Jensen, Del. for Thomas Heller, 132; Miss Myrtle Matlock, for Annie Matlock, 43; Mrs. Theo. C. Dentinger, for Catharine Dentinger, 40; Mrs. Claude Bridges, Texas, for Annie Matlock, 30; Mrs. M. Rollinger Mich., for Catharine Dentinger, 20; Mrs. Matilda Fillpot, Mo., for Jesse Fillpot, 17; Jas. Stanhope Love, S. C., for own, 13; Coye Steele, N. C., for own, 12; Dee Williams, Texas, for own; S. Miss Margaret Lovas, Ill., for General, 5 subs. and \$1.00; Mrs. Carl M. I. Card, N. C., for Clarence Tutherford, 5 subs and 25c; Mrs. J. C. Jaxzer, Mo., for General, 5 subs.; Ira B. Norton, Okla., for own, 5; Mr. Onnie Cupp, Tenn., for Johnnie E. Melton, 5; Miss Ella Vermillion, S. C., for Wm. Robt. Hudgens, 5; Mrs. Hoke Fields, Va., for General, \$1.00; Mrs. M. J. Kralovec, Wis., for General, \$1.00; Mrs. W. A. York, Oregon, for General, \$1.00.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor. Address: The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. J. M. Dekalb Junction, New York.—Have your local druggist write to any wholesale druggist for Basham's mixture and he can thus supply you.

Mrs. M. T. J. Manson, N. C.—For your sluggish liver take a compound cathartic pill at night, avoid sweets of all kinds, drink plenty of water and eat green vegetables of all kinds. The limbs can be benefited by bandaging them with an elastic bandage daily.

Mr. G. A. STOREZ, Beatrice, Nebr.—Basham's mixture can be compounded by any local druggist as it is an official remedy.

Miss R. S., Guyaz, Idaho.—Take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted, after meals. This remedy will build you up and also regulate your periods.

Mrs. R. A. D., Mt. Olivet, Ky.—Your trouble is malaria. Take a tablespoonful of Warburg's tincture after meals, well diluted.

Mrs. G. F., Bushnell, Nebr.—Pain in the breasts at period is normal and needs no treatment. Spray your nose and throat with Dobell's solution for catarrhal symptoms. For the constipation take a compound cathartic pill at night.

Miss A. B., Altoona, Ala.—Dobell's solution is good for the catarrhal condition. Hay fever is a neurosis caused by some pollen from flowers of timothy hay. Potato is one of the starch foods.

Mrs. A. B., Bristol, Colo.—Probably the simple remedy of bicarbonate of soda taken in the shape of ten-grain tablets after meals will cure your troubles which are due to sour stomach.

Mr. E. S., Park Falls, Wisc.—Just forget your blushing in the presence of another person and you will get over it in time. You are too sensitive and self-conscious.

Mrs. L. M. E., Woodward, Okla.—Take five-grain pills of asafetida after meals. Your throat condition is of nervous origin.

Cashion, Okla. (No name.) Always give full name for a reply.—Pellagra is an infectious disease with manifestations, according to the latest investigations. It is possibly also due to the lack of protein foods. Its pathology is not well understood.

Mrs. A. B. P., Mobile, Ala.—You can reduce, if you desire, by eating on alternate days nothing but one quart of skimmed milk in divided doses and on the other days eat what you like except to be sparing of starchy foods, such as potatoes, etc. You are not much over weight and you should not worry. Of course, exercise is important in this connection as well as diet.

Miss M. G., Aline, Okla.—Basham's mixture will increase your appetite and incidentally increase your weight.

Miss C. M., Blossom, Texas.—Basham's mixture is iron preparation with some other drugs that not only act as a tonic but also have a direct action on the kidneys. You can have it put up by any good druggist. It must be made up fresh and be kept in a cold place, while being taken.

Mrs. J. A., Kaufman, Texas.—Cause of gravel in the kidneys is the drinking of improper water—water full of lime, salts, etc. The cure is obtained by taking some good solvent, or by operation. The kidneys should act about every four or five hours. About forty-two ounces of urine should be passed in twenty-four hours.

Miss C. G., Climax, N. C.—For your head colds and running nose, you should take a ten-grain tablet of bicarbonate of soda after meals. Spray the nose with Dobell's solution three times, or more, a day. Maybe also you have some nasal obstruction, which can be removed by operation.

Miss L. P., Patterson, N. J.—Bagging under the eyes can be helped by massage, or, better, having a small portion of the skin removed surgically. This operation is very satisfactory in skilled hands.

Mrs. M. E., Batavia, Ohio.—Quinine and strychnia are dangerous when taken during the condition you mention. Calomel can be taken as needed with impunity.

Mrs. M. McG., Memphis, Texas.—Basham's mixture is good for the kidneys, and general condition. It must be made up fresh, and any good druggist must have the recipe, as it is official.

Mrs. C. S. K., East Lake, Tenn.—For the burning in stomach, take a ten-grain tablet of bicarbonate of soda after meals.

Mrs. F. F. M., Norfolk, Va.—Basham's mixture is official and can be compounded by any good druggist.

Mr. J. E., Quincy, Fla.—The only way to treat hay fever successfully is to have the irritable area of the nose treated or operated on—either cauterized or a portion of the middle turbinate removed. Internally a preparation known as pertussin may be useful. You should take, for the distress from intestinal gas, five- or ten-grain tablets of bicarbonate of soda after meals for a long period.

Mrs. B. G., Wayland, Texas.—Apply Sloan's liniment to the painful spot in the back. The torn muscle will reattach itself in time.

Miss L. G., Chatham, Va.—You are nervous and introspective. Forget the head symptoms as much as possible and take a five-grain asafetida pill after meals.

Mrs. B. A., Fort Scott, Kansas.—For gall stones, you must avoid sweets of all kinds, and eat greens, smothered in olive oil. As a laxative take a tablespoonful of American oil with your meals, and at bedtime one or more compound cathartic pills.

Miss M. M. L., Niota, Tenn.—Basham's mixture will not directly cause increase in flesh, but will aid the appetite and indirectly aid in putting on flesh.

Miss D. T., Lexington, Ky.—Improve your nutrition in every way and do not try to restore your hair by the use of any hair-dye. Apply at night a lotion of resorcin—two per cent. lotion, dissolved in equal parts of alcohol and rose-water.

Miss J. W., Paoli, Ind.—You have a nervous dyspepsia. Take a five-grain pill of asafetida after meals.

Mr. R. T., Chamont, N. Y.—Diabetics should avoid sweets and starchy foods of all kinds. Milk, green vegetables, meats, fish, etc., should be the diet selected in a given case. As a remedy, some good strong tea is indicated. The bowels also must be kept open and plenty of water drunk.

Mrs. E. G. B., Woodville, N. C.—For the membranous colitis, take some high-up enemata of salt and water—about a teaspoonful of salt to the pint of water. You may also take ten-grain tablets of bicarbonate of soda between meals.

Mr. L. T. H., Vivian, West Va.—The white skin spots are of nervous origin and are incurable.

Miss F. G., Rhineland, Wisc.—A tablespoonful of Warburg's tincture after meals, well diluted, will help if not cure your mother's neuralgia.

Miss D. P., Ft. Fairfield, Maine.—The electric needle or cautery will remove the moles you inquire about.

Mrs. A. H. R., Island, Va.—Dilute the Dobell's solution if it causes discomfort in any way. You should also have your ears treated and in this way get rid of the head-noises complained of.

Mrs. T. L. H., Dedmas, New Mexico.—The only cure for the hemorrhoids is an operation. Have the hemorrhoids operated on at once.

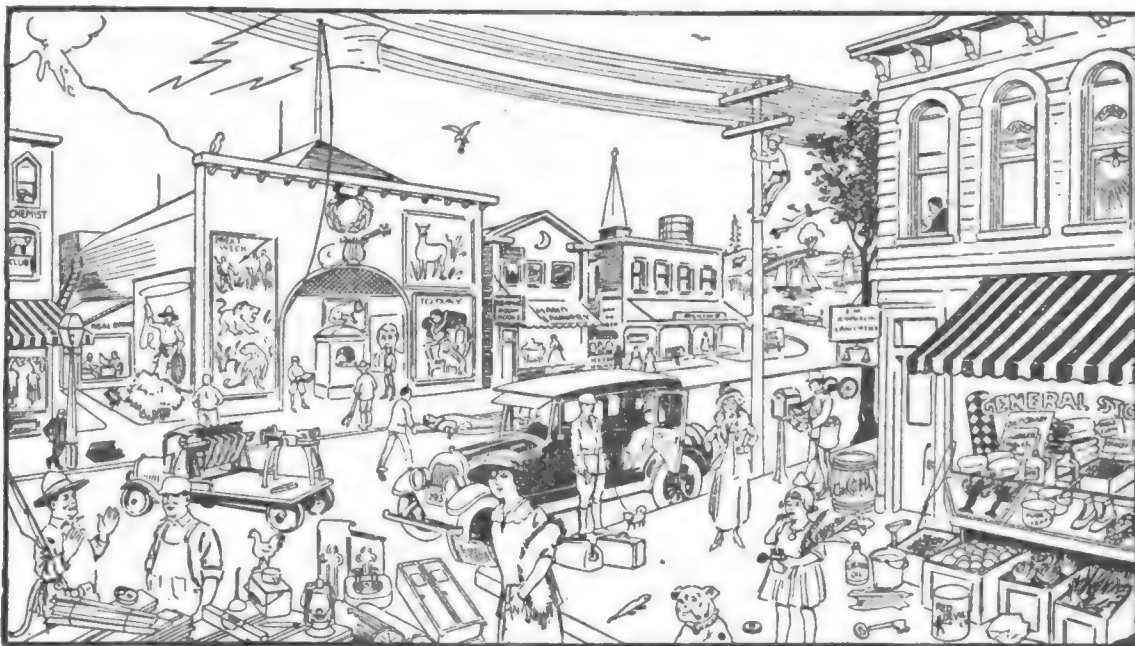
Mrs. E. E. D., Berryville, Ark.—For your high blood-pressure you can take a saturated solution iodide of potassium—ten drops three times a day after meals. Of course, it is especially necessary to keep your bowels free and to live upon the simplest diet.

Mrs. A. B. R., New Market, Iowa.—Scars following second-degree burns are always painful and, as a rule, do not function properly. Manipulate the parts frequently, and apply at night a twenty per cent. ichthyol ointment.

Mrs. A. D., Chatham, Ala.—A tablespoonful of effervescent citrate of potassium dissolved in a pint of water, and drunk three times a day, will probably cure kidney calculi.

Win \$2,000

Answer This Puzzle



Bank Guarantee

State Bank of Philadelphia
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
Mr. E. J. Reefer has deposited \$10,000.00 with this bank as a guarantee that he will pay all the prizes awarded by the judges to the winners of this puzzle contest. This bank guarantees Mr. Reefer will do so he agrees.
STATE BANK OF PHILADELPHIA
J. A. Mouson
Cashier.



Special Offer on "More Eggs" During This Puzzle Contest
2 One Dollar Packages for \$1.00.
5 One Dollar Packages for \$2.00.
Economy Size Package for \$5.00.
(The Economy Size package contains 20 times as much as the \$1.00 size package).
No goods bought during the puzzle contest are subject to exchange, refund or approval.

How many objects beginning with "L" can you find in this picture?

Open to Everybody

A GREAT big bona-fide chance to win \$2,000 and 14 other Cash Prizes. Think of what you could do with \$2,000 this very minute. Some one will win it! You have the same chance! How simple! Try your skill NOW!

Mail at once the names of all the objects you can find in the picture beginning with "L". It costs nothing to try. To the one sending in the largest and nearest correct list of names the first prize will be awarded. To the one sending in the second largest and nearest correct list the second prize will be awarded, etc. In case of tie for any prize offered, the full amount of such prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.

Costs Nothing to Try

Read the great simplicity of this offer. All you need to do is to look over the objects in the puzzle picture. Get everyone to help you. Get the whole family around. Write out every object beginning with "L", such as Limousine, Lock, etc. Nothing hidden—no need to turn the picture upside down. If the judges decide that your list is nearest correct list—the first prize of \$40.00 will be awarded to you even though you do not send an order for "MORE EGGS". But we are giving you a chance to win far more than \$40.

Win \$2,000

Will you win \$40 or \$2,000? If you are awarded first prize and have ordered no "MORE EGGS" you win \$40. If you purchased \$5.00 worth of "MORE EGGS", the same list wins \$2,000. Which prize do you want?

Get Busy NOW!

Send in your list at once.—Send your "MORE EGGS" order at the same time. Qualify for Big Cash Prizes.

E. J. Reefer Dept. 3048
9th and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
(Additional pictures sent free on request)

THE PRIZES

Winning Answers will receive Prizes as Follows:

	If No "More Eggs" is Ordered	If \$1 Worth of "More Eggs" is Ordered	If \$2 Worth of "More Eggs" is Ordered	If \$5 Worth of "More Eggs" is Ordered
1st Prize....	\$40.00	\$300.00	\$600.00	\$2,000.00
2nd Prize....	20.00	150.00	300.00	1,000.00
3rd Prize....	10.00	75.00	150.00	500.00
4th Prize....	10.00	50.00	100.00	250.00
5th Prize....	10.00	30.00	60.00	150.00
6th Prize....	6.00	20.00	40.00	100.00
7th Prize....	6.00	15.00	30.00	80.00
8th Prize....	6.00	10.00	20.00	60.00
9th Prize....	4.00	10.00	20.00	40.00
10th to 15th	4.00	10.00	20.00	40.00

(In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be given.)

Observe These Rules:

- Any man, woman, girl, or boy living in America but residing outside of Philadelphia, who is not an employee or relative of an employee of E. J. Reefer may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
- All answers must be mailed by post office closing time, Dec. 10, 1921.
- All lists of names should be written on one side of the paper only and numbered numerically, such as 1, 2, 3. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.
- Only such words as appear in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use obsolete words. Where the plural is used the singular cannot be counted and vice-versa.
- Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects or articles, or parts of objects or articles. An object or article can be named only once.
- Do not use compound words, nor any words formed by the combination of two or more complete English words, where each word in itself is an object.
- The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects and articles shown in the picture that begin with the letter "L" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style, or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winner.
- Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
- There will be three independent judges, having no connection with E. J. Reefer, who will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest, and participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive.
- All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not an order for Reefer's "More Eggs" is sent.
- The announcement of the prize winners and the list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to every person sending an order for "More Eggs".

The Thanksgiving Raffle

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

snap-shots which they all examined and in chatting about them they found out that Mrs. Gray had traveled a great deal and thus Mrs. Gray unconsciously gave Blodgett glimpses into her life which bore out many of the whispered stories that she had lived well at one time.

The couple got quite interested in a discussion of places, and Julian, noting this beckoned to Susan.

"Say, Susy, don't Blodgett and Mrs. Gray make a nice couple?" he asked, as they went to the kitchen obviously to get a glass of water.

"They surely do. I wonder why Blodgett doesn't marry somebody when he has such a lovely house just going to waste."

"I'd like to see him marry Mrs. Gray. Don't you know, I sort-a think of my mother when I look at Mrs. Gray at the bank. I'd hate to think of my mother working in an office."

"Yes, I suppose," returned Susan. "I'd like to see him marry Mrs. Gray. But people get married because they love each other, and I don't suppose old people love each other like young people do."

"No," Julian said thoughtfully, "but, anyhow, lots of old people marry."

"Well, I suppose it must be some kind of love that makes them do it," reasoned Susan.

An hour sped on, then Mrs. Gray insisted that it was time to go. So the gentlemen saw the ladies home, and started for home themselves. But before they parted, Blodgett said:

"Julian, I want to ask you a favor. Will you grant it?"

"Sure, if I can," Julian replied.

"You can," Blodgett smiled. "Did you enjoy your dinner today?"

"Did I? Oh, boy!"

"Well, then, tell the boys at the bank you did, but don't say much else about today, will you? The fact is, Julian, that—that Mrs. Gray has pleased me very much and I intend to ask her to marry me."

her at the bank and she always impressed me as a very refined and cultured gentlewoman. And today, I saw that she was truly a home woman. And when we were all together in my home today, something happened that I thought would never happen. Love came to me again, Julian. Not the love that you will experience most any time now, for that is past and gone with me even as it is past and gone with Mrs. Gray. A new love that craves the companionship of a good woman. That is the love I feel for her. But until I can offer myself to her, for elderly people must conduct such things with dignity, you will say nothing and tell pretty Susan to do the same? For if Mrs. Gray would not care for me, no one need know, and we can go on as before. Otherwise, the office force would gossip about it, and that would be intolerable for Mrs. Gray and probably force her to change her position, a thing she cannot well do. Will you promise me this?"

"I sure will," Julian said heartily. The confession seemed to place a new dignity upon him.

"But I know you'll win because everyone likes you."

Then they shook on it, as men do, and coming to the parting of their way, each went to his respective home.

Julian's mother welcomed him as mothers do, and he went to bed. As he undressed, he thought of Blodgett going back to his lonesome home and Mrs. Gray in the bleak-looking boarding-house.

"Well," he consoled himself, "I guess she'll marry him and then they'll both be happy," and thus comfortably settling the matter, he fell asleep.

The next day, Blodgett was around the bank and Mrs. Gray was at her statements, and everything seemed ordinary and regular enough. Julian, though, felt there was a difference, and wondered if he imagined he saw a soft light in Mrs. Gray's eyes and if he imagined that Blodgett went to her desk oftener than usual.

But he discovered that it was not imagination for on the following Christmas Eve, Blodgett took him aside, just as if he were a big brother, confided to him that he and Mrs. Gray were to be married the next morning, and that he wanted him and Susan to "stand up" for them. There would be no fuss nor dressing up, just a quiet little ceremony as befit two older people, and

who better could they want but the two who had made the Thanksgiving party?

The Berry Family

How Many Do You Know?

- A comparative of age.
- Probably the most common color or hue among horses.
- The bridal month.
- A fowl whose down is much prized.
- Which did Mark Twain make famous?
- Which is extremely popular during the Thanksgiving and Christmas seasons?
- An emblem or characteristic of morning.
- A game played by two persons, each having twelve men.
- A kind of coarse file.
- An important by-product of grain threshing.
- Ethiopian.
- A vehicle for conveying children to a consolidated school.
- Broken or crumbling bits of earth, peat, or the like; a failure; to cogitate or ponder.
- A rude light made with tallow and a wick.
- The wool bearer.
- What is the appellation sometimes applied to Monday?
- Labor performed for another.
- What general of the Civil War had a name beginning with "John A." and was known as "Black Jack"?
- A bank of sand at the mouth of a river, or a division of music.
- To thrust or prod with something more or less pointed.

ANSWERS.

- Elderberry.
- Bayberry.
- Juneberry.
- Gooseberry.
- Huckleberry.
- Cranberry.
- Dewberry.
- Checkerberry.
- Raspberry.
- Strawberry.
- Blackberry.
- Hackberry.
- Mulberry.
- Candleberry.
- Sheepberry.
- Blueberry.
- Serviceberry.
- Loganberry.
- Barberry.
- Pokeberry.

28 Steel Engraved Christmas CARDS AND ENVELOPES

Highest Grade
Cards Made

All In
Colors



Given For One Subscription

IN this assortment of high-grade Xmas Cards, Folders and Envelopes we offer our readers the very best there is to be had. As you perhaps know, the art of steel engraving is the most difficult and most expensive process in the whole world of printing. All the Cards and Folders in this assortment are steel engraved in handsome colors on the very finest, double-weight, linen-finish cardstock, and the illustrations and verses are all different and of the highest order.

The assortment contains Two Greeting or Presentation Cards, 4x5 inches, with envelopes; One Greeting or Remembrance Card, 3x4 1/2 inches, with envelope; One Six-Page Folder with Silk Ribbon Binder, 2 1/4 x 4 inches, with envelope, and Nine, all different, Christmas Greeting Presentation or Remembrance Cards, 2 1/4 x 4 inches, all with envelopes.

We anticipate a big demand for these high-grade Christmas Cards, therefore please send in your order at once as our supply is limited. Remember, you could not buy better cards than these at any price, anywhere—this we guarantee. We will send you this fine assortment of Christmas Cards, Folders, etc., with envelopes to match—28 pieces in all—packed in a neat box, upon the terms of the following free offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this high-grade assortment of Steel Engraved Christmas Cards, Folders and Envelopes, exactly as described, free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8651. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three

HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never would write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6 1/2 inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and it will not leak. Also please notice that this is a self-filling pen. You can fill this fountain pen in less than 10 seconds by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen free of charge.

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8873. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pair Huck Towels

For A Club Of Two

New large, pure white towels of excellent quality. Size 15x30 inches, full bleached and white as snow; these beautiful towels are a satisfaction to the eye. Not only do they make delightful toilet towels but are adapted to use as standard or bureau covers, tray cloths, etc., etc. We can positively guarantee entire satisfaction as regards their laundering qualities.

Club Offer! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair (2) of these towels free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1042. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

of these towels free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1042. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Beautiful Christmas Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Wakes Up And Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Waiting For Her On Christmas Morning?

YES, Santa Claus will bring this big lifelike Doll to any little girl whose Papa, Mama, brother or sister will send in a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. Not since before the war have we been able to offer such an expensive Doll. No city store will show a larger or handsomer Doll this season at anywhere near the price we paid for this one. We bought five thousand of them in one lot direct from the factory—that is how we secured them so cheaply. And just think—a club of only six subscriptions to COMFORT brings this beautiful Doll right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a splendid Christmas present it will make for some little tot in your home!

She Can Open And Close Her Eyes. She Has Real Teeth, Long Golden Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. She stands over a foot and a half tall. The body, arms and legs are made by a new improved process which renders them practically indestructible. The head is unbreakable and head, arms and legs are movable. And if you could only see her hair. It is a light golden color, thick, long and luxuriant, falling far below her waist. Her eyes are as blue as the sky and she can open and shut them and go to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. Her rosy lips are parted in a winsome smile revealing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

She is fully dressed from head to foot in the latest style with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace trimmed waist and short pleated skirt and she wears real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. You can undress and dress this Doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.

Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once. Remember we have but five thousand of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

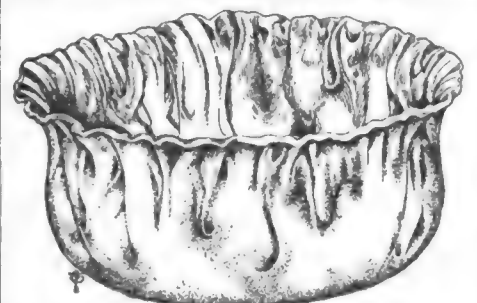
YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected (\$3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful Sleeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in



Over
OneFoot
And A
Half
Tall

a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken. free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your Mail Carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is Reward No. 7806 and please mention this number when ordering. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Bonbon Dish



Genuine Gold Lined

THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9042. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Crystal Beads



Topaz
Amethyst
Emerald
Sapphire

Given For A Club Of Three!

THESE Crystal Beads are the latest thing out and so beautiful are they we could not refrain from buying a quantity to give as club rewards to our young lady readers. The Necklace is 24 inches in length, with a strong, durable gold-plated clasp; the beads are graduated, the largest ones measuring 7/8 x 5/8 inches and the smallest 3/8 x 1/4 inches in size. They are real cut glass—not pressed glass—and their flashing prismatic colors are a delight to the eye. For summer wear, with low-neck dresses, nothing could be more stylish than one of these handsome new necklaces and we are delighted to think that we are able to make this offer. Be sure to state color desired when ordering. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

Given To You! For only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome and stylish Crystal Bead Necklaces free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 9033. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

31-Piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set

Reward No. 75010

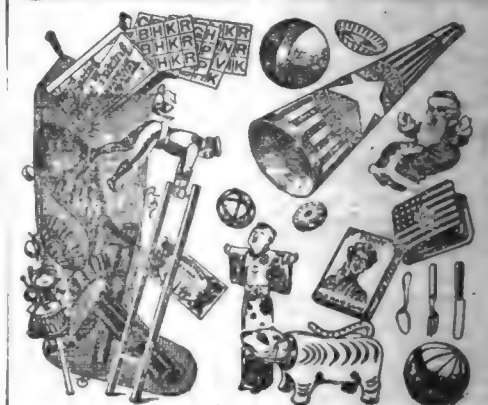
For A Club Of Only Ten We Will Give Any Woman This Beautiful High-Grade Dinner Set.

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of 6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Sauces, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters and large Meat Platter all handsomely decorated with clusters of purple wood violets surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with lovely tracings of gold. Unlike the ordinary dishes that are usually offered as premiums, every piece in this magnificent set is (with the exception of the decorations)—snowy white in color, dainty in design, light in weight and finished with a Haviland glass which gives it that smooth, velvety appearance so much admired by every woman. The decorations will last a lifetime because, being burned into the ware and underneath the glaze it positively will not wash, rub or wear off. Our illustration does not give you any idea of the real beauty of these dishes because it fails to show up the pleasing color combination of purple, green and gold which is so finely set off by the gleaming white of the ware itself. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will more than please every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live (if it is not outside the United States), we will ship you this set by express or freight direct from the pottery in Ohio.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, charges collect. Reward No. 75010. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS OFFER NOT GOOD OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES

Stocking Full of Fine Christmas Presents



For A Club Of Only Two!

BIG Christmas Stockings brimful of presents for the little folks and older children as well. COMFORT is going to play Santa Claus this year and distribute hundreds of these Christmas stockings among its readers who have little ones for whom Christmas Trees and Santa Claus Gifts must be provided at all cost. The contents of the stockings vary a little but the general assortment remains practically the same and you may be sure of receiving as many presents as are herewith illustrated. Each stocking contains just the gifts that delight the hearts of boys and girls—horns, dolls, whistles, musical flutes, toy dishes, jumping jacks, balls, animals, games and other pleasing holiday novelties. The stockings are a foot and a quarter long, and all the presents are regular size, much larger than they appear to be in the accompanying illustration. We will send you one of these Christmas Stockings free upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these Big Christmas Stockings full of Santa Claus Gifts free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 1012. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gold Bracelet

Adjustable—Guaranteed For Ten Years

THIS style of Bracelet has always been a great favorite because it is adjustable. It can be made to fit the arm of either woman or growing child. It is made of rolled gold, absolutely guaranteed for ten years, is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-16 of an inch in width. It positively will not tarnish or change color, and the cheap Bracelots, but, being genuine rolled gold, it will always retain its bright, handsome appearance.

By purchasing these Bracelots in large quantities, direct from the factory, we are enabled to offer it for a ridiculously small club of subscriptions. Just read our free offer.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed rolled gold Bracelet, free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9952. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels

Good Size Soft And Fleecy

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel, in fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the fine fleecy surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for the tender skin. The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 32 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 9912. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 9912. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Premo Camera

Reward No. 7944

Films And Instruction Book Free

THIS is not a toy but a genuine "Premo" camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1 1/4 by 1 1/4 inches, is fitted with the best quality Meniscus lens and an automatic shutter adapted for snapshots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing 16 exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in broad daylight, so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book, all packed together in a strong box and sent to you free by Parcel Post, prepaid, on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you by parcel post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. Reward No. 7944. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Stubborn Cough Loosens Right Up

This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Easily and cheaply made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, throat tickle, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get a full pint—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



SLEEPING DOLL FREE

WITH REAL HAIR.
Beautiful Imported Sleeping Doll, full shaped body, blonde head, lovely smiling face, and beautiful bright eyes that open and close. She is over a foot tall, has movable arms and legs, wears handsome hat and pretty dress and shoes and stockings that take off. We give this beautiful Sleeping Doll for selling only 15 packages Colored Postcards at 10c a package. COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 54, East Boston, Mass.

10 YEAR WATCH FREE
Ring, Chain and Scarf Pin
American Watch—Guaranteed for 10 years, neat model, fancy back; also fine Chain, Lover's Knot Scarf Pin and Ring set with fine stones. We give all 4 pieces for selling only 20 packages of fancy Post Cards—easiest of all to sell at 15c a package. ALL SENT POSTPAID. Order post cards today. SUN MFG. CO. DEPT. 925 CHICAGO

BIG CAMERA GIVEN
Genuine Kodak takes large high class pictures 8 1/4 x 11 3/4, the best made, given for selling two lots of 20 Art & Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order 20, when sold send the \$2.00 and choose camera or other valuable prize from big list sent with pictures. RAY ART CO. Dept. 78, Chicago.

FREE RIFLE AND 500 BUCK SHOTS
Royal Bismarck an expert marksmen rifle fully guaranteed. Best prize for selling only 25 large colored pictures of 25 Cokes. Factory Post Cards at 10c each. Order choices. Sent Charges Paid. GATES MFG. CO. Dept. 425 CHICAGO



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

H—M—let's see, it's most Thanksgiving and high time I was thinking about my dinner on that festive day. I've about decided to visit one of you girls about to be sure, you haven't invited me yet, but that's a mere trifle. Trouble is, I can't decide where to go so I'll make a list of names and say "Eeney, meeney, miney, mo," and visit the one that is "it." I'll bring Aloysius with me. No, he is not my son—the very idea!—but my pet parrot, and a very clever bird. And remember, I shall be much disappointed if the girl I visit hasn't helped to prepare the dinner and made the pies and pudding. I'm old-fashioned and haven't much use for the girl who doesn't know how to cook. If I'm unable to carry out this wonderful idea I'll think of you and wish that all happiness be yours—now and forever.

ELINOR, Miss.—"A polite man is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about, when they are told him by a person who knows nothing about them," and that applies to women as well as men. It was hardly tactful of you to correct your friend, particularly in public and in such a manner as to make him feel embarrassed. It's only human nature to resent such an occurrence and this unfortunate experience should teach you to be more careful in the future. The only thing you can do is to apologize and if, in the future, you must make corrections, do it in private and in such a way as not to offend even the most sensitive.

Mrs. G. H., Washington.—Why ask me if you should tell your neighbor that his wife goes out with other men while he is at work? Isn't the fact that you have two eyes and but one mouth sufficient answer? I reckon if the Lord had meant for us to tell all we saw He would have given us two mouths.

Box 47, Wisconsin.—The nationality of the young man in question isn't nearly so important as the fact that you would have to live with his stepmother if you marry him. Thoreau says, "I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself, than to be crowded on a velvet cushion," and I heartily agree with him—not that I'd care to sit on a pumpkin—they're much nicer made into Thanksgiving pies. Besides, I think it would be rather a silly procedure for a person of my age, and I'd need a strong, healthy pumpkin, preferably one of concrete. But I'm wandering from my subject as I have a sad habit of doing. The point I'm trying to locate is that it would be better to wait until he could provide a home for you; not necessarily a velvet-cushion home but just a plain kingly home. You should wait at least a year longer anyway. As for his nationality, have him become naturalized if he hasn't already done so. I wouldn't marry a prince if it meant giving up my rights as an American citizen—even though I'm not sure what they are.

GOLDEN CURLES, Tenn.—Don't fool yourself; the boy you describe isn't too timid to ask you for a "date" if he wanted one, or it. Perhaps he is rather vain—some boys are—and likes to have girls ask him for

NOT MORE THAN ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO ANY FAMILY

I will send anyone anywhere one free Bottle of my Syrup Pepsin—What is Your Address?

THERE is someone in every family who is constipated, bilious, dyspeptic. They need my Syrup Pepsin and will be better off for using it. It may be a woman, an old man, a tiny baby. Syrup Pepsin is as effective for grownups as it is safe for babies. Thousands of mothers can testify to that.

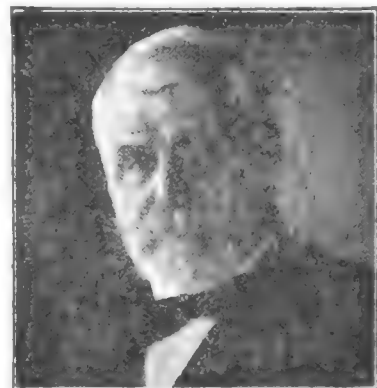
Perhaps you have reached the stage where you take pills every night and think there is nothing else for you to do. Don't believe it! No matter how chronically constipated or dyspeptic you are, Syrup Pepsin will regulate you. It is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that acts on the stomach and intestines, and in a short time trains the digestive organs to do their work naturally and without help.

YES, I TAKE MY OWN MEDICINE!

I know what old people suffer with their bowels for I have been a family physician in my county since 1875, and I am old myself, past 82 years of age; born 1839, and still strong. I don't know of a remedy that is better for old people than my Syrup Pepsin, and I'll tell you why: It is mild and gentle in action; it doesn't gripe, and it doesn't lose its effect when you take it regularly. I know this by using it myself, by prescribing it since 1875 and by manufacturing it since 1892. You can form your own opinion by sending for a free trial bottle.

WHO NEEDS SYRUP PEPSIN

I want to send a free trial bottle of my Syrup Pepsin to anyone who suffers from one or more of the following: Constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, belching, bad taste, bad breath, dizziness, drowsiness and the



DR. W. B. CALDWELL
"As I Am Today"

many other symptoms of sluggish bowels. If you have children who suffer in this way write for them.

SEND FOR A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

In spite of the fact that my Syrup Pepsin is on sale in every drug store, I want you to become acquainted with it at my expense, and then, if you find it as I claim, buy it of your nearest dealer at a price that will stand you about a cent a dose. One such bottle will last an average family many months. Just now send me your name and address in any way most convenient to yourself, by filling out the coupon below, by postal or letter. I have given many thousands of these bottles away and I know you will appreciate it as keenly as others have. Address me today.

Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.

I want to try your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Kindly send a free trial bottle to the address below, all charges prepaid.

Your name.....
St. or R. F. D.....
Town and State.....

WIN \$1,000 OR BUICK AUTO
ANSWER THIS PUZZLE IN PICTURE
HOW MANY OBJECTS IN THIS PICTURE START WITH LETTER "L"

Fun For All--YOU CAN WIN \$1000 Costs Nothing.

MOTHER, DAD, Sister and Brother, all join in and find the objects in Puzzle Picture starting with the letter "L" like Ladder, Lady, Lamp, Etc. Nothing is hidden, everything is visible. \$1,000 In Cash or a new Buick "4" Touring Car (1922 model) may be won by the person sending in the nearest correct list of L-words, second nearest wins second prize, etc.

Free Buick or \$1000 Can Be Yours

It is free, no costs, no obligations. This is merely a campaign to further advertise The New Universities Dictionary. As a reward for boosting our Dictionary we are making a Special Offer whereby you can win a bigger prize by sending in a Dictionary order. This is optional, you can win a prize without a Dictionary order.

RULES

1. Anyone not connected with this Company may submit an answer.
2. The answer having the largest, nearest correct list of objects shown in the picture beginning with "L" will be awarded first prize, etc. Handwriting, etc., will not count. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
3. Words found in the English Dictionary can only be counted. Do not use obsolete, compound or hyphenated words. An object can be named only once; where plural is used, singular cannot be counted and vice versa. Words of same spelling can be used only once. Number each word, starting 1, 2, 3, etc.
4. Three prominent disinterested business men will act as Judges: Fred A. Wood, Principal Office Training School, Frank Conkey, Sec'y Western Grain Co. All contestants agree to accept the decision of the Judges as final and conclusive.
5. All answers must be mailed by Dec. 15th, 1921. The winners and correct list of words will be mailed to persons sending in a Dictionary order.

Here's the Plan

This is the plan—If your answer is awarded first prize and you have sent in \$3 for one Dictionary you will win \$300 instead of \$30, but if you have sent in \$5 for two Dictionaries you will win \$1,000 or the Buick instead of \$30.

Colorado Woman Wins \$1,000

In our mid-summer advertising campaign, Mrs. Ella Phillips, of Clifton, Colorado, won first prize. Having sent in a \$5 Dictionary order, she won \$1,000. In the same Puzzle Picture Game 16-yr. old Virginia Johnson, Barlow, Ky., won \$500. You may be the next winner. Try your "luck", it doesn't cost anything.

Address your answer to

THE HENBER COMPANY, Dept. 60, Minneapolis, Minn.

ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN

For New Universities Dictionary

Instead of spending thousands in commission to agents, the publishers of the New Universities Dictionary are introducing their "WONDER BOOK" through this unique puzzle game.

22 DICTIONARIES IN ONE

This dictionary is called the 22-in-one, as it has many separate sections, full of information needed in every home, school or office. Size 7 1/4 x 11 3/4 inches, seal grain flexible binding, lettered in gold, red burnished edges, large type, easy on the eyes.

\$4 Dictionary Only \$3

During This Campaign Regular price is \$4. During this campaign single copies \$3 or two copies for \$5.

\$2000 IN PRIZES

	If No Dictionary Is Ordered	If One Dictionary Is Ordered	If Two Dictionaries Are Ordered
1st Prize.	\$30	\$300	\$1,000
2nd Prize.	15	150	500
3rd Prize.	8	75	200
4th Prize.	5	30	100
5th Prize.	4	15	50
6th to 10th.	3	10	25
11th to 15th.	2	5	10
16th to 25th.	1	2	5

his company, or, as you say, maybe he doesn't care enough about you. In either case, you couldn't think of taking the initiative. Just let him alone and don't waste too much time or thought on him.

LYDIA, N. Mex.—If you dislike a certain person then that is the person of whom you ought never to speak. The girl who never "knocks" her friends, girls in particular, is the girl men admire. That's worth remembering, no matter what you know about another girl and how much you want to tell it. It is better to refrain from gossip because of nobleness of spirit, and all that, but the chief thing is to refrain from it regardless of the reason.

DUDELM, N. Mex.—I don't see how you can dance without putting your arm around your partner but you needn't overdo it. Be reasonable. (2) Of course it would be proper to tell a girl that her petticoat showed below her skirt. I didn't know girls wore petticoats nowadays.

FRANCES, Tenn.—I would not—most emphatically not. You are years and years too young to think of marriage, anyway.

MAID OF ATHENS, Georgia.—If you bob your hair it won't be long before you will be crying, "Give, oh give me back my hair," and nature gives it back very slowly, about half an inch a month, I believe, and bobbed hair in the intermediate stage is a pitiful sight. However, like the little girl who had a little curl, when bobbed hair looks good it looks very, very good and when it looks bad it is horrid. Make sure it will be becoming to your special type before taking the fatal snip.

HAPPY MISSOURI GIRL.—It is most ungentlemanly of your friend to keep your ring after you have asked for it but what can you expect from a cigarette fiend? Evidently he thinks, in giving you up instead of tobacco, that a woman is only a woman but a good cigarette is a smoke, though that's taking fearful liberties with Kipling and I seldom take liberties with strange men.

BETTY, Ark.—Begging your pardon, but you aren't a "decided blonde" else you wouldn't be writing to me. You are undecided. There's no accounting for tastes, but between a young man with no money and but little education and another fellow, "handsome, well educated, worlds of money, and noble and upright," I'd choose the latter, even if he does sound like a pig. Why marry either just now? Wait a year or three years and by that time you may think differently about the matter, or your parents may change their views. Lots of things can happen in a year or two.

WORRIED, N. J.—Religious differences often cause unhappiness, particularly marriages between Catholics and Protestants. If your objection, and that of your parents, is based upon a book you read, then you are being very unfair and you shouldn't judge his religion by it any more than you would want him to condemn your religious belief by newspaper stories, false or true, about your ministers. I'm not taking sides but I like for people to be fair.

ALBERTA, Illinois.—The man who is engaged to a good girl and who admits that he loves her because she is "straight and decent" should keep away from girls that are not. It was quite proper for him, as your fiancé, to kiss you good night but, in view of his behavior, you are justified in forbidding him that privilege. Coming from the class of girls he associates with, his kisses must seem tainted and polluted. For your own good and future happiness, you should stop and consider well before marrying him. It may hurt, terribly, if you give him up now, but it is much better to be hurt now and get over it after a while, as you will, than to put yourself in a position where you will be unhappy all the rest of your life, for unless he changes greatly, your lot as his wife doesn't promise to be a happy one.

BLUE EYES, Crooksville.—It is easy enough to understand how such a concealed tightwad would make an impression on you though it is sad to think about him when there are so many nice persons and things to think about. Next time, and every time, he tries to make an hour-ahead-of-time date with you, tell him you are engaged for the evening—if you had known you are engaged he would not have asked you to ride, tell him you are sorry that you can't go but that you want to see a certain play—or whatever it is the favorite amusement in Crooksville—and that you are going with a girl friend. Don't have any time left for him until he asks for it as he should. You shouldn't feel so

Deformities of the Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance three weeks. We have successfully treated more than 45,000 cases the past 19 years.

30 Days' Trial Free

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book.

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.

334-11 66th Avenue Temple JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

flattered because he tells the fellows he cares for you. He really shouldn't discuss you at all.

RED WING, N. Car.—Words are useless if he still persists in calling on you after you have told him to stay away, have left the room when he called and refused to speak to him. He isn't what you'd call sensitive, is he? A brick, well aimed, is what he needs.

BROWN EYES, Alabama.—Of course he's a nice boy "except he's lazy." Only gosh, aren't girls funny? Don't worry, you'd not only be "willing" to do all you could toward making a living, but "obliged" to do as well. You might be able to take good care of him and reasonably good care of yourself but do you think you could care for five or six children? Even lazy husbands have been known to have large families.

B. H., Arkansas.—A lollipop is about the "least expensive present" I know of and it possesses lasting qualities and endurance not to be surpassed by more expensive gifts. Just what do you mean by "inexpensive"? That could mean anything from five cents to five hundred or five thousand dollars, according to amount of money one has. To me, just now, a nine-cent present would be frightfully expensive. Books from fifty cents up and fountain pens from \$1.50 to \$5.00 make good presents. There are ever so many things from which to select. Where's your mail-order catalogue?

RUTH, So. Carolina.—If you wait until you find an "agreeable way" to reduce, you'll find yourself weighing much more than 180 pounds. There is no agreeable way; it's all self-denial and exercise plus a knowledge of foods. I'm glad you are not frivolous. That would be fatal. A frivolous fat girl is a pitiful sight—just like an elephant trying to be frisky. Reduce and see if you aren't more popular. Fat girls may be wonderful dancers, but the slim girls get the partners.

All this talk about reducing and diet makes me hungry. I think I'll go make a cup o' tea for myself.

COUSIN MARION.



54 Inch Rope Of Pearls

Reward No. 9882

For A Club
Of Two!

THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful beauty that appeals to every feminine heart. Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full opera length rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size— $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound twice around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome, opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9882.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

She
Is
Looking
For A
Mother



Do
You
Want
Her?

"Peggy" The New Winter Doll

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

She doesn't care where she lives so long as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and dogs and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

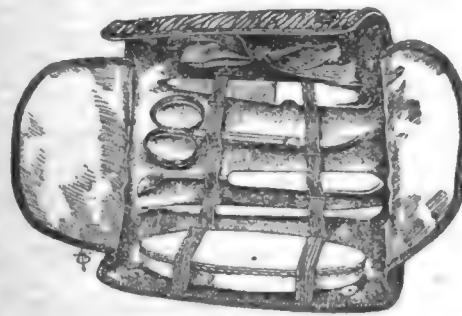
Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in at once.

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8621.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Ivory Manicure Set In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, genuine leather case, measuring 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.

Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8124.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

All Yours For Only One Subscription!



52

All Different Lovely
Gold and Color Em-
bossed Christmas
Enclosure Cards,
Folders, Cut Outs,
Seals, Stickers,
Tags, Etc., Etc.



Reward No. 7931

A Big Package of
Beautiful Christmas
Novelties, And An
Exquisite Colored Christ-
mas Calendar For 1922.

All the latest new style Christmas novelties, beautifully printed and embossed on superfine paper in gold, purple, crimson, holly-green and all the colors of the rainbow. The use of these dainty, appropriate emblems of holiday cheer is now almost universal—everyone realizes how much these refined little cards, tags, seals, stickers, etc., add to the value of the Christmas gift.

For the benefit of COMFORT readers we had this special assortment made up expressly for us by one of the largest and best known Christmas novelty manufacturers in America. And in order to give the greatest value possible we had them add to the assortment a most beautiful 1922 Christmas Calendar 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide by 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, lithographed in no less than five colors on heavy white coated specially prepared paper. This Calendar alone is worth all that we ask you to send us for the whole collection—and you will say so too when you see it.

Now let us tell you what this big assortment contains:

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed "Christmas Stocking" Enclosure Card.

Five Large Elegantly Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Ten Medium Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Two Large Handsomely Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

Four Medium Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed Christmas Book Mark.

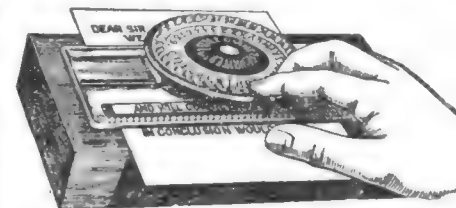
One Beautiful Extra Large Colored and Embossed Christmas Novelty Cut-out Card.

Two Dainty Colored and Embossed Novelty Cut-out Christmas Folders.

Ten Beautifully Colored and Embossed Santa Claus, Evergreen, Polsetta, and Christmas Bells Gunned Seals.

One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Gunned Seal with the words, "Do Not Open Until Christmas."

Five Novelty Santa Claus Cut-out Christmas Gunned Seals, Embossed in Colors.



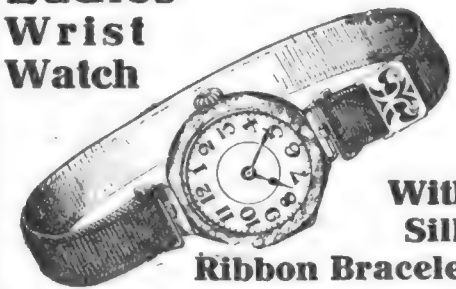
Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. Reward No. 8853.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ladies' Wrist Watch



With
Silk
Ribbon Bracelet

For A Club Of Only Ten!

WE have long searched the market for a suitable wrist watch for our girl readers and at last we have found it.

The above illustration really fails to do the watch justice. We know you will instantly fall in love with it. It is the popular octagon shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter. The case is silver, the movement strictly high grade, stem wind and set, and will keep accurate time. The dial is pure white with Arabic numerals. The bracelet is made of the finest black silk ribbon with a genuine rolled-gold catch and slide.

If you want a dainty, stylish, up-to-date wrist watch that you will be proud to show your friends, here is your opportunity to secure one absolutely free. You can easily secure the small club mentioned below and as soon as you have done so this beautiful, guaranteed wrist watch is yours without one cent of cost.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Wrist Watch with Ribbon Bracelet exactly as described above, absolutely free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 75110.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ten Cute Novelty Children Cut-out Christmas Gunned Seals.

One Artistic, Beautifully Embossed and Finished Christmas Calendar for 1922.

All the Enclosure Cards, Tags and Folders carry a cheery Christmas Greeting, such as "Merry Christmas," "With Best Christmas Wishes," "Christmas Greetings," "Merry Yuletide," "Christmas Joys," and others equally as pleasing and appropriate. These are to be tied to or enclosed inside your Christmas packages to bear a loving message with the gift. And all the gaily colored gunned Stamps and Seals you will use to seal and decorate the outside of your Christmas letters and packages as well. You will be surprised and delighted to see how much they add to the attractiveness of your gifts, to say nothing of the fun of "doing them up."

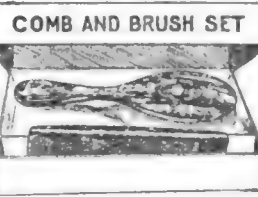
Don't forget that in addition to all of these lovely cards, seals, tags, stickers, etc., we are also going to send an exquisitely embossed and multi-colored Christmas Calendar for 1922, a large handsome holly decorated Book Mark and two large Christmas Novelty Cut-out Folders which are as unique as they are pleasing. When you first look at one of them it is to all appearances a handsome Christmas Post Card and the other a very attractive four-page Booklet, when presto—a flip of the finger, and the startling transformation takes place, causing the figures and designs to stand out in bold relief, and in a life-like manner that is truly wonderful. These cute novelties are something entirely new for this season and they make very attractive center-table or mantelpiece ornaments as they are large and stand without support.

We will send you this package of beautiful Christmas Novelties, including the large Handsome Christmas Calendar upon the terms of the following very liberal

FREE OFFER. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this big package of beautiful Christmas Novelties free by mail postpaid. Reward No. 7931.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set

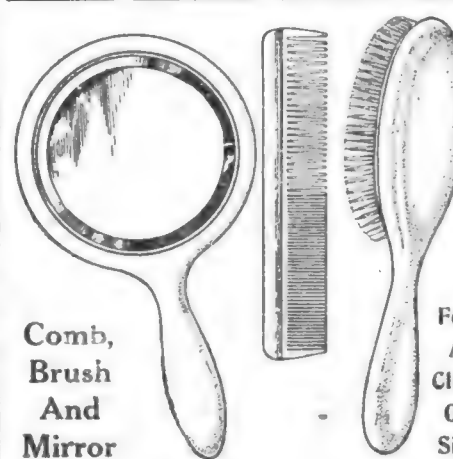


THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silver-plated shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. Reward No. 9982.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ivory White Toilet Set



Comb,
Brush
And
Mirror

For
A
Club
Of
Six

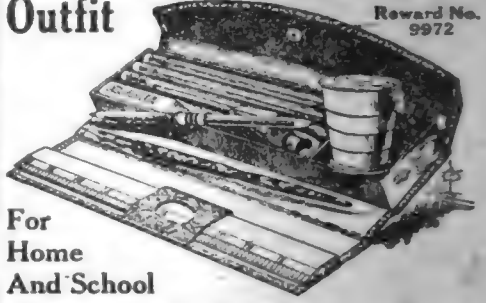
PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets. It is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth ivory white finish.

We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 7796.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit



Reward No. 9972

For
Home
And School

For A Club Of Two!

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler and an aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and of the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits, free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9972.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sugar, Creamer And Tray



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 7994.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gent's Watch and Chain

Reward No. 7896

For A Club
Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel proud to carry, and an excellent time keeper.

It has a handsome polished nickel case; the movement is American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures. We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a chain, if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 7696.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. No. 8421, February, Amethyst. No. 8431, March, Bloodstone. No. 8441, April, Diamond. No. 8451, May, Emerald. No. 8461, June, Agate. No. 8471, July, Ruby. No. 8481, August, Sardonyx. No. 8491, September, Sapphire. No. 8501, October, Opal. No. 8511, November, Topaz. No. 8521, December, Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

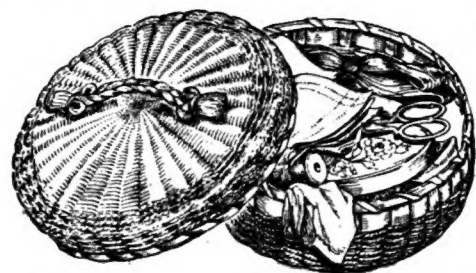
ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Sweet Grass Basket



For Your Sewing And Fancy Work

WHERE is the woman who does not "just love" these beautiful Sewing Baskets made of sweet grass? Their delightful fragrance which is practically everlasting is like that of flowers; they are handsome in appearance and very strong and serviceable, being hand-woven by the St. Regis Indians of Canada, who produce the finest hand-made baskets in the world. Of ample size—eight inches in diameter and three inches deep—and with its close-fitting top, this sweet-grass Basket is just what you need in which to take along your sewing or fancy work when calling or visiting. And at home it holds your work, along with scissors, buttons, thread and other necessities, so that you always know just where to look for them. And the Basket itself is such a beautiful ornament for any room. The Indians sell these Baskets for \$2.00 and \$3.00 apiece at summer resorts, but by buying in large quantities they let us have them at a special low price. Therefore, we are able to offer the Basket herewith illustrated and described for a very small club of subscriptions as you will note by reading the following bargain offer.

Given To You! For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fragrant, sweet-grass Sewing Basket free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8884.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the Roosevelt, the Boston or "Mountain" fern, and the Whitman or "Ostrich Plume" fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate but one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all three ferns free on this offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you the above described collection of three beautiful ferns free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8881.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Eveready Flashlight

THIS is the "Eveready" Daylo, 6 1/2 inches long, 1 1/2 inches in diameter, equipped with a powerful battery that will last for many weeks. It is always ready for use—a simple movement of the finger turns the light on or off as desired. In the night it shows the way around the house without fuss or bother—it lights up the darkest rooms, attics or basements. It can be used in the shed or barn, around hay, powder or gasoline without the slightest danger of fire. Outdoors, neither wind nor rain can put it out. When riding or walking after dark, it throws a brilliant light far in advance, showing up every object long before you reach it. This flashlight is so useful you should not think of getting along without one. Safe, convenient, always ready when you want it, it is the best insurance against fire and accident in the world.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Eveready Flashlight complete with battery, all ready for business, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each. Reward No. 7884.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters. Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

A. V. D., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in paying or mortgaging the homestead property, the wife must sign and acknowledge the deed or mortgage; that a husband or wife may convey directly to the other his or her community real property, and that a husband or wife may make and execute powers of attorney for conveyance of his or her separate estate, without the other joining in the execution thereof, and that either the husband or wife may make and execute a power of attorney to the other to convey community property.

Mrs. I. L. J., North Dakota.—We do not think the Federal Government has any law providing support for women who are mothers; we think, however, your state has a law providing support for the children of widowed or destitute mothers under certain conditions; we think application for such support should be made to your County Court.

Mrs. J. B., Virginia.—If the property you mention did not belong to your mother at the time of her death, and the administrator of the estate refuses to turn same over to the proper owner, it will be necessary for such owner to bring a proceeding to compel him to do so.

Mrs. F. A. D., Tennessee.—Under the laws of Missouri, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving no widow, child, nor descendant, and no parent, his estate would go to his brothers and sisters, the descendants of any deceased brother or sister taking their parent's share; the heirs of the half blood taking only half the shares of the heirs of the whole blood.

Y. G., Kansas.—Under the laws of Kentucky, we think that property coming to a minor by the terms of a will or other instrument, should be paid to and administered by the properly appointed general guardian of such minor during minority.

Mrs. E. H., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving no widow, and leaving one child as his only heir at law and next of kin, his whole estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to such child, but that he has the legal right to disinherit such child, by will if he so elects.

Mrs. J. R. S., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his surviving widow, in addition to her homestead and exemption rights, is entitled to receive a child's part of his real and personal estate, provided he leaves also children. This could apply to a widow who was a second or third wife in the same manner as though she had been his first and only wife.

Mrs. J. K., New Jersey.—We think that in case a will predeceases the testator, it becomes necessary to prove the handwriting of such witness.

Mrs. E. H., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the signature of the wife is necessary to the conveyance or mortgage of the real estate of the husband in order to bar her claims for dower in such property in case she survives him, except in partition and creditors' actions; and that any conveyance or mortgage of the property made by him alone would be subject to her inchoate right of dower in the property.

Mrs. E. J. W., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that both husband and wife must join in the deed of conveyance of homestead property.

E. B., West Virginia.—We think all the states of the Union have laws regulating the ages at which marriages may be contracted.

Mrs. D. E. M., North Carolina.—We do not think you can remove the house you mention if the same is constructed in such a manner as to become affixed to the freehold.

Mrs. W. W. D., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that you will have no interest in your deceased husband's mother's estate, unless some provision is made for you by will, but that your husband's children will be entitled to their deceased father's share unless cut off by will.

Mrs. A. D., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his surviving widow is entitled to receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and one-third of the personal estate absolutely, provided she does not leave more than two children; if more than two children, she receives dower and a child's part of the personal estate.

Mrs. H. B., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think the consent of parents is necessary for the marriage of females over 18 years of age.

Mrs. A. J. G., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his widow, in addition to certain small allowances and homestead rights, if any, is entitled to dower, a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and one-third of the personal estate absolutely; we do not think this share can be diminished by will. We do not think an illegitimate son has any intestacy rights in his father's estate.

F. P. H. B., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, but leaving parents, brothers or sisters or their descendants, his widow, in addition to certain small allowances, would receive one-half of his real and personal estate, the balance going to his relatives, depending upon who is left.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

of Rotan, but I go to town to school. I have three sisters and two brothers who have graduated from the Rotan High School, and if nothing happens to prevent I shall finish there in the next two years. I intend to be valedictorian of my class, but as several of my classmates have the same ambition, there is not much telling what the outcome will be.

We have been having some fine weather. Usually during both autumn and spring we have some horrible sandstorms, but we have been lucky this year. Uncle Lisha, I wish you could see one of our sandstorms—not that I wish you any bad luck, but I would like to have you know what a real sandstorm is. During some of our worst storms, the prairie dogs change their place of habitation and begin digging homes in the air. But it is surely hot out here; just now the temperature is 110 degrees in the shade, but of course you don't have to stay in the shade unless you want to.

As the powder puff and its users are being so thoroughly cussed and discussed, I might as well give my opinion on the subject: I believe that girls should try to look pretty if they can, and if the powder puff can help them, why not let them use it? As for myself, I have to use one to take the shine off my nose so that the people around me will not be blinded by the glare. I have read in novels about ruby lips and arched eyebrows, and I am beginning to understand where they come from and how they are made. How marvelous! I have seen some lips that were very artistically arranged, but I have also seen others that were rather spotted and smeared.

Perhaps you would like to know what we do for amusement out here in the wild and woolly West. When we are not working in the field, we play tennis, fish and swim. How many of you cousins can swim? Don't you just love it? I don't believe I could ever be satisfied far from a river. There is nothing so re-



This Big Lovely Doll Will Be Given Away

Write Aunt Alice right away and tell her that you want a nice beautiful Doll like this one. A big Doll over 15 inches tall with real curly hair and pretty blue eyes—with jointed hips and shoulders—wearing a beautiful dress neatly trimmed with lace collar and cuffs, a little cap and knitted socks and buckle slippers.

This is not a cloth doll to be stuffed, neither is it a doll stuffed with cheap excelsior or saw dust—but a doll with unbreakable head and stuffed with expensive Spanish cork. It is a doll any little girl would love to have and play with. One you would enjoy making pretty dresses for and taking care of.

Aunt Alice has a doll for every little girl so be sure and write TODAY. Write and tell her your name and address and ask her to send you her big Doll Offer. Hurry and be the first in your neighborhood to get a doll. Use this coupon.

AUNT ALICE, 70 Copper Building, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Aunt Alice:—I want a nice big Doll like the one shown above. Tell me all about your Doll offer.

My Name

Street or R. F. D.

Town

State

refreshing as taking a plunge in the water after a day of hard work.

It is time I must be going, but first I want to ask you cousins to write to me, and any of you come to see me when you can.

By-By, ILLA EASON.

It isn't so awful to believe in boys, Illa, if you don't believe too much in what they tell you. Many a long-legged eighteen-year-old Texan can buzz more fairy tales in a girl's ear in five minutes than could rightly be believed in fifteen years. But I see that you know how to keep the young romancers in their places—even when this place is occasionally by your side.

If I lived on a farm of 640 acres, Illa, I wouldn't go to any town to find a school. I'd have a school right on the farm. Surely there is room on one or two of the many acres. Then if you had the school right at home, you would have no trouble in arranging things so that the valedictory honors would be yours without competition from rank outsiders who had the privilege of attending your school. June is long past now, Illa, but I hope you had the pleasure of being valedictorian, and that there were plenty of those useful boys about to come in handy with plentiful applause at the right time.

Ill, how could I ever see one of your famous and delightful sandstorms if I had to be up in the air digging sand out of my eyes? No, Illa, I have no regret that I have missed seeing one of your sand exhibits and have failed to go floating about above Rotan with the migrating prairie dogs. Billy and I have lots of sand at Coney Island and Brighton Beach, but we keep it right in its place and don't allow it to go sifting around the country. But I can understand now why Texans are always said to be full of grit.

You don't give an attractive picture of your famous state, Illa. Your letter makes me think of the story I once heard of the New Yorker who was being shown about Texas by a proud inhabitant. The critical Easterner failed to find much to admire. Finally he did get his eye on a handsome bird of many-colored plumage. "That's a fine looking bird," he said to his guide. "What do you call it?"

"I don't rightly know," answered the Texan. "Some folks call it the 'bird of Paradise'."

"Well," said the New Yorker, gloomily, "he is surely a long ways from home just now."

But I'll say right here, Illa, that no such stories, or any of your tales of heat and sandstorms, can convince me that Texas is a bad place to live. If it were there could not be so many happy cousins sending in breezy letters from that mighty division of Uncle Sam's big country.

Our League has many, many Texas cousins, and I'm sure not all of 'em had to rub the sand out of their eyes to see to get in!

I am glad you are thoughtful of others, Illa, and so put enough powder on your sand-scarred nose that your headlight is not dangerously glaring. At the theater the other night I heard a young man say to the girl with him: "Do put a little more powder on your nose; it's shining right in my eye." We should always think of others' comfort, Illa; and I'm sure even Gus would object to being dazzled by some little turned-up nose that gleamed too brightly because all powder puffs had been laid aside at his decree. We're all with you, Illa, on the idea that girls should look as pretty as they can. Just how pretty this can be, only a Texas boy is capable of telling, perhaps. I'm sure many of the cousins will write to you, Illa, and even come down and have a swim with you so that they can wash the visiting Texas sand out of their eyes.

DOOLEY, MONTANA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

This is the first copy of COMFORT I have received for about seven years. I left home that long ago and just came back about two years ago when I married. I am now twenty-two years of age. My wife and I decided we'd like to live in Montana, so we moved out here and are now making our home on a farm. Any of the young fellows coming out here to see the "wild and woolly West" will be sadly disappointed as it doesn't exist any more. There are still lots of cattle and sheep ranches and lots of cowboys, but they are not the moving picture gunmen. I was born and raised on an Indian Reservation in North Dakota. This was called the Turtle Mountain Indian Reservation. So my wife and I are American Indians. I don't suppose you hear from Indians very often. Well, as this is my first letter I'll close for this time.

Your nephew, MARCIAL DAVIS.

Marcial, you are right about my not hearing from Indians very often. Why, I never had a letter from an Indian before in my life! All the Indians we see in Greater New York are the ones that once a year, perhaps, perform in the tanbark arena of Madison Square Garden at twelve to twenty bits a throw. None of these chaps have ever written a letter to me, although I have spent as much as sixty hard-earned bits to watch them gallop their ponies about the ring, at the same time yelling loud enough to be heard from Madison Square to Turtle Mountain. Somehow I imagine you must be different from those Indians, Marcial. Certainly your letter was a well-written well-behaved document and did not utter a single war-whoop as I took it out of the envelope. I suppose the secret is that the wild and woolly Indians are gone together with the wild and woolly cowboys of the lost wild and woolly West. Nothing is left to us but the moving picture screen and the exploits of William S. Hart and Tom Mix. I went on a trip out West this summer, Marcial, and was brought by a friend to where I expected to find a frontier vil-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

RITA or the OUTCAST SISTER

By LIBBIE SPRAGUE PHILLIPS

SPECIAL SALE PRICE with a six (6) months' subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION ONLY 25 CENTS.

This Book contains one of this noted author's best novels.



Pressed close against the window pane was a man, white face.

The pathos of this story sweeps all before it. It touches the heart of humanity everywhere. Even the man with a heart of stone learns from this story that deep down under the cold, hard exterior of stone, he has in his heart a deep well of human sympathy for the erring one; that he has also a heart capable of love and admiration for the good and noble character of Luella, the gentle, loving, self-sacrificing sister. Righteous indignations are aroused toward the cold, heartless, ruthless and unfeeling father. The heart's emotions like a great ocean swell, roll on from the beginning to end of the book; when you lay it down and say, blessed is God who rules over all for the good of all. Thousands will want to read this book and pass it on to their friends. Libbie Sprague Phillips writes exclusively for THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION; has done so for 10 years. One minister has furnished it with sermons for 15 years; other writers have contributed regularly for years. THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION is 96 years old. The years of continued service of its writers show that our magazine is one of fixed and standard worth. We know you will enjoy reading it. THIS OFFER of magazine 6 months and book, for a cent is made to get new trial subscribers. Book without paper, 10c. Address F. B. WARNER CO., Dept. C. T., 96 Chambers St., New York

53 Pc. School Outfit FREE



Big Outfit consists of largest metal trimmed School Case, Famous Donkey Game, Nail Fuzzer, 25 fine assorted Post Cards, Box 8 colored Wax Crayons, Composition Book, Writing Tablet, three Pencils (eraser tips) Pencil Clip, Ink and Penel Eraser, Ruler, Penholder, 6 Pens, Ink Tablet for 1 pt. Ink, 5 Blotter, 5 Chalks, 5 Erasers. Entire Outfit given for selling only 20 pins. Fancy Post Cards at 15c. Order Now. SUN MFG. CO. DEPT 225 CHICAGO

EARN LACE CURTAINS LATEST DESIGNS

Fine lace Nottingham Curtains—new Blue Bird and floral basket design—latest style. Yours for selling only 12 boxes of Mentho-Nova at 25c. Return the \$3.00 and curtains are yours prepaid, or choice of Dishes, Community Silver, Rugs, Silk Hosiery, Waists, Petticoats, etc., all shown in our 24-page book. Big Cash Commission. Order now. U.S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. 760 Greenville Pa.

ALL THIS FREE



Gold-plated Lavallieres and Chains, pair Earbobs, Gold-plated Expansion Bracelets with Im. Watch, guaranteed quality and 3 Gold-plated Rings. ALL FREE for selling only 15 pieces Jewelry at 10 cents each. EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 15, East Boston, Mass.

Large New Model Movie Machine REALLY GIVEN AWAY

Have your own Movie Pictures at home. Easy to operate and fully guaranteed. Given away complete with Film, Generator and complete instructions for selling only 25 pins. Quickie, our Famous Wash Biting at 15c or 25 pins. Pocket Perfume at 10c. Order choice. Both in Big Demand and Easy to Sell. Chicago Bluing Works 1820 Sunnyside Avenue, Dept. 601, CHICAGO

PHONOGRAPH FREE AND RECORD

Royal Girl! This wonderful New Model Talking Machine and popular Record in yours. A real Phonograph with high grade reproducer. Plays loud and clear all sizes. Receive up to 15 inches. No more to get out of order. Given for selling only 25 large colored pictures OR 75 pins. Fancy Post Cards at 15c each. Order your choice today. Sent Charges Prepaid. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT 625 CHICAGO

FREE BOYS AIR RIFLE

This fine Rifle for selling only 15 packages Colored Post Cards at 10c, a pkg. Write for Postcards today. Columbia Novelty Co., Dept. 31, East Boston, Mass.

FREE BIG CAMERA

GENUINE EASTMAN KODAK Takes large clear snapshots or time pictures 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 on film. Easy to use. Given for selling only 25 and 10 beautiful Art and Religious pictures at 10c. Order pictures today. For cash! GAIFF MFG. CO. 1935 Sunnyside Ave. CHICAGO Dept. 301

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Dandy Wrist Watch guaranteed 5 years given for selling 10 lots of 20 pictures at 10c each, each. Order 20, when sold send the \$2.00 and choose wrist watch or other valuable prize according to big list sent with pictures. RAY ART CO. Dept. 18, Chicago

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Vaudeville Acts Musical Comedies Musical Make-up Goods Musical Opening Choruses, Derby Plays. Catalog Free. E. A. DENISON & CO., 625 S. Wabash, Dept. 6, CHICAGO

GIVEN MOVING PICTURE MACHINE
Fine moving picture machine with supply of films. Easy to operate, by electricity. Free for selling only 13 boxes of Menthon-Nova. Sell at 25c a box, return the \$3 and receive this dandy premium. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order now. Hundreds of other premiums and big Cash Commission.
U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. 850, Greenville, Pa.

10 YEAR GUARANTEE GIVEN
We positively give a genuine Stem Wind, Stem Set Watch, Beautifully Engraved Case, guaranteed time-keeper, for selling only 25 of our Large, Beautifully Colored Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order 25 pictures. We trust you. When sold, return money collected, and this Watch and Handsome Stem Set Ring is yours. It's easy our way.
GARR MFG. CO., 1225 Sunnyside Ave., CHICAGO
Dept. 101

Watch & Ring REALLY GIVEN AWAY
This stem wind and set, Handsome Engraved Back, gold, timekeeper and fine ring given for selling only 15 of our Beautiful, famous watch bling at 15c or 24 pks. Watch Perfumes at 10c. Order choice.
Chicago Bluing Works
1225 Sunnyside, Dept. 201, Chicago

FREE
Sell 24 Art Pictures at 10c. When sold send \$2.40 and we'll send stem wind watch, or keep \$1.00. Box Co., V-11, Chicago

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A BOON TO WOMANKIND
Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups of honey render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us \$2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.
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STAMMER
If you stammer attend no stammering school until you get my large FREE book entitled "STAMMERING, its Origin and the Advanced Method of Cure." bound in cloth and stamped in pure gold. Ask for special tuition rate and a FREE copy of "The Natural Speech Magazine." Largest, best equipped and most successful school in the world for the cure of stammering. No stop-words or time-out. School opens all year. New is the best time to enroll. Lee Wells Millard, President.
The North-Western School, 2335 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

You can be quickly cured, if you STAMMER
Send 10 cents for 238-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. S. N. Bogues, 1834 Bogues Bldg., 1147 N. W. St., Indianapolis.

Our Scientific Method will stop that STAMMER
Send for free 200 page book. It tells how to permanently stop stammering or stuttering in a few weeks' time. A natural guaranteed method.
The Lewis School for Stammerers
12 Lewis Bldg., 71-77 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

Wearing Fibre Arms and Legs
Gust Earns \$20 a Week.
Gust Bloomquist froze his hands and feet. All were amputated. By aid of Trautman limbs, not friends and relatives, he makes his own way. Send for Gust's picture and catalog on arms, legs and braces. Ray Trautman, Minneapolis Artificial Limb Co., 657 Dean Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

"FIBRE-LITE" LIMBS
Easy Payments—Do Nature's Work.
AGENTS WANTED who wear Leg. Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO
WORMAN CO., 252-C Hennepin, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

LOOK YOUR BEST. sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1027A, Boston, Mass.

BIG EASTMAN CAMERA REALLY GIVEN AWAY
Easy to take Large, Clear Pictures 3 1/4 x 3 1/4. Snapshots or Time Exposures. Fully Guaranteed. Free for selling only 24 Pks. Snapshot, our Pk. Bluing at 15c or 24 Pks. Snapshot Perfumes at 10c. Order choice. Both Easy to Sell. Chicago Bluing Works
1225 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 201, Chicago, Ill.

Gate Top Mesh Purse

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables. A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following
Club Offer. For three subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish Gate Top mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. Reward No. 7833.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

lage. Well, I was greeted by a finely-built Main Street, filled with trolleys, electric lights and expensive automobiles of the sort I am sure I will never own. I came to the conclusion that anything really wild and woolly must be sought in the Ramapo Hills only a few miles from New York.

But your letter has made me very proud, Marcial. It will be a great satisfaction for me to mention carelessly to my friends: "I had a letter the other day from my nephew, an Indian out in Montana." It will be fun to watch them jump at this remark. Did you ever stop to think, Marcial, that when we talk about 100 per cent. Americans, you and your wife are the only sort of Uncle Sam's inhabitants who fill this description completely? Yes; you are the real, simon-pure Americans, and the land your ancestors roamed over many years ago did not have to come to them through grants from French and British monarchs. Your letter was too short, Marcial, for the many things you might have told us of your life on the Reservation and of what you did during the seven years you were "out in the world." Come again; your letter was good medicine!

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for November

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me." Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Charles Kerr, Buffalo, Sangamon Co., Ill. Sixty-three years of age and a totally disabled cripple from an accident of five years past. Asks any possible cheer and help. Mrs. Louisa Spears, Boons Camp, Ky. Sixty-eight and hardly able to work to support her husband and invalid daughter. A worthy case and well recommended. Mrs. John Estabrook, St. Johnsbury, Vt. Confined to house and bed for eight years. Asks quilt pieces and a dime shower. Sallie R. Ward, Stevenson, Ala. A needy crippled woman who asks cheer and second-hand clothing. Mrs. Alonzo Kellow, Diercks, Howard Co., Ark. A widow with four children, lately left in destitute circumstances by her husband's death. Money and second-hand clothing will help her along. Miss Rosa E. Joyce, Spencer, Va., and Cera A. Willson, Price, N. C. both send letters of sincere gratitude for the cheer and aid which they have received from COMFORT readers.

Cousins, hanging over the shut-ins, the needy and the crippled are the coming months of winter. A season of holidays, joy and health to those of us who are prosperous and well, but a time which must surely increase the need, the pain and the sorrow of those whose names find a place in our list this month. Give them a real share in your own abundant happiness and set up a genuine COMFORT's Thanksgiving in their darkened and hungry hearts.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Give COMFORT To Your Friends As A Christmas Present!

WHY not! In these days of high prices where could you find a better, more inexpensive present than a one-year's subscription to COMFORT?

It is the one gift that pleases everybody—a gift that will become a cheery, welcome reminder of you month after month for an entire year—and at so little expense you will not notice it at all. Simply send us 50 cents and the name and address of the friend you wish to remember written on the coupon below and we will enter the subscription for one full year to commence with our Christmas number and with it we will also mail a beautiful Christmas Presentation Card so that both paper and card will reach your friend at about the same time. The card is beautifully colored and embossed with a dainty appropriate Christmas design and verse on one side and on the other side is a specially printed announcement of the gift and a space left for your name as the giver which we will fill in ourselves before the card is mailed.

Isn't this a splendid idea? Surely among all your friends there is someone who will appreciate and enjoy such an interesting magazine as COMFORT and who will think of you gratefully every time the carrier leaves it at the door.

Better send us your friend's name and the money now—it's none too early to avoid the Christmas rush—and you will have at least one present less to think about because we will attend to all the details. After you mail the coupon and money you can dismiss the matter from your mind as we will take good care of your order and mail both the paper and the handsome Christmas Presentation Card properly filled out with your name as the giver at precisely the right time.

"COMFORT FOR CHRISTMAS" COUPON

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dear Sir: As a Christmas present from me please send COMFORT for one year to the following address, also the Christmas Presentation Card properly filled out with my name. I enclose 50 cents to pay for same.

My Friend's Name.....

Street & No......

R. F. D. No......

Box No......

Post Office.....

State.....

(Be Sure To Write Your Own Name And Address Below)

My Name Is.....

Street & No......

R. F. D. No......

Box No......

Post Office.....

State.....

If you wish to make a present of COMFORT to more than one friend write the full names and addresses on a separate sheet of paper and pin this coupon to it. BE SURE TO ENCLOSE 50 CENTS FOR EACH NAME SENT.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

Donegal Bay

"As I sit by the window high up in my room,
Midst the smoke of the city, its noise and its gloom,
Down the dead years, ashore, I am drifting this day
To that old sunlit harbor of Donegal Bay.

"The light touch of your hand and the curve of your cheek
And my heart throbbing back to the soft words you speak,
With the lift of our boat to the waves' lulling play
And the bright sunlight dancing on Donegal Bay.

"The flight of the wild gulls and wind whistling free,
The wide, full-swinging sail and the swing of the sea,
And the salt, stinging kiss of the fast flying spray,
With the sun laughing down on Donegal Bay.

"The wide waters around us, and gleaming on high
The white clouds and the blue shining arch of the sky;
Oh, 'twas Junetime and loveliness, now vanished away,
But the sun is still glinting on Donegal Bay.

"Just a lad and a lass, sure the tale's nothing new!
But the black sorrow's on me, I'm longing for you
And the tones of a voice that is silent today,
Though the sun jewels sparkle on Donegal Bay."

—George T. Pardy.

Thanksgiving with the Old Folks

"Thanksgiving with the old folks on the farm!
Oh that's what gives the day a subtle charm;
Jest to watch old mother sittin'
In the chimney-seat a-knittin'—
Allus knittin' socks to keep the babies warm.

"Knittin' socks an' darlin' stockin's all the day,
Jest as if we still were children out at play;
With her kind old eyes a-blinkin',
'N' not ever even thinkin'
That her babies, too, are growin' old and gray!

"Then to meetin' at the warnin' of the bell,
From the little old white church down in the dell;
Tho' the settin' far from easy,
An' the organ's weak and wheezy,
Yet there's somethin' seems to tell ye all is well!

"Ah, 'tis thoughts of home that keeps us safe from harm,
An' gives Thanksgiving day a subtle charm;
For so long as mother's livin',
There's a reason for Thanksgiving,
An' we'll spend it with the old folks on the farm!"

The First Thanksgiving Day, 1621

"And now," said the Governor, gazing abroad o'er neatly piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the meadows o'er,
"Tis meet that we render praises because of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for his sun and ran.

"And, therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God today,
And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth, say—
Through virtue of vested power—ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold, in the month of November, thanksgiving unto the Lord.

"He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from doing us wrong;

And unto our feast the sachem shall be bidden, that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit who maketh the harvests grow.

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters; there is hunting of all degrees;
And, fishermen, take your tackle, and scour for spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ
To honor our first Thanksgiving and make it a feast of joy!

"We fall of the fruits and dainties so close to our hands in Devon;
Ah, they are the lightest losses we suffer for sake of Heaven!
But see in our open clearing how golden the melons lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the pumpkin pie!"

So, bravely the preparations went on for the Autumn feast;
The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game from the greatest to least
Was heaped in the colony cabins; brown home-brew served for wine;
And the plum and the grape of the forest, for orange and peach and pine.

And when Massasoit, the sachem, sat down with his hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches of garden and woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest—with a blow on his brawny chest,
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit loves his white children best!"

And then, as the feast was ended, with gravely official air,
The Governor drew his broadsword from out of its scabbard there,
And smiting the trencher near him, he cried in heroic way,
"Hail, Pie of the Pumpkin! I dub thee Prince of Thanksgiving Day!"

—By Margaret J. Preston.

Whispering Hope

"Soft as the voice of an angel
Breathing a lesson unheard,
Hope with gentle persuasion,
Whispers a comforting word.
'Wait till the darkness is over;
Wait till the tempest is done,
Hope for the sunshine tomorrow,
After the shower has gone.'"

Refrain:

"Whispering Hope, Whispering Hope,
O, how welcome thy voice,
Making my heart
In its sorrow rejoice.

"If in the dusk of the twilight
Dim be the region afar,
Will not the deepening darkness
Brightened a glimmering star?
Then when the night is upon us,
Why should the heart sink away?
After the midnight is over,
Watch for the breaking of day."

"Life is too short for any bitter feeling;
Time is the best avenger if we wait.
The years speed by, and on their wings bear healing—
We have no room for anything like hate.
This solemn truth the low mounds seem revealing
That thick and fast about our feet are stealing—
Life is too short."

Faith in God is nothing without fellowship with man.

Learn to stop grumbling. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

You Can Make The Most Beautiful Purses, Bags, Chains, Necklaces, Belts, Etc. With The Kanibas Bead Loom

Thousands of Beads and Complete Outfit
Full Instructions Show You How—You Cannot Possibly Fail



For a Club of 8

BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple Bead Loom with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handomest bags, chains, necklaces, purses, bracelets, belts, collars and cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtings, etc., slipper watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks—in fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work articles that can be woven on this Loom. Anybody can use the "Kanibas" Bead Loom—it is very easy to understand as everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit.

Everything you need to work with is included free with the Loom, so you can begin making the most beautiful articles at once. In the outfit you will receive one "Kanibas" Bead Loom, five packages of beads in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen special bead needles (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one spool of specially prepared waxed bead thread, and a 44-page instruction book containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy, detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them.

This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtings, etc., slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, any letter in the alphabet, any numeral, etc., etc., giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

Special Club Offer. For eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the "Kanibas" Bead Loom and Outfit free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 7598.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—\$5 to \$25 a day easy; 250 light-weight, fast-selling popular present novelties; Food Flavors, Perfumes, Soaps, Toilet Preparations, etc. Agents: C. G. Free, writes today, quick, new, American Products Co., 5437 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$50 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Regalado, East Orange, N. J.

Crow Managers—Agents. Opaline paintings are a knock-out. Make old territory new. Seasoned picture men double their sale. Beginners make \$1.00 an hour and more with right greatest hit ever made. Samples and complete money furnished. Write today. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. A-14, 1280 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. No-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Ex-tensions, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 121 Olive St., St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Marmalade, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all materials. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 222, E. Amsterdam, N. Y.

Sell Neocastles. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared \$250.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Michaels Co., Dept. 25, Naperville, Ill.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to dealer. Reliable business. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 525 Broadway, New York.

Agents: \$25 a week selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles and colors, including latest line of silk hose. Mrs. McClure makes over \$200 a year. Mrs. Schuman averaged \$200 a month working spare time. Geo. Noble made \$35 in one day. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 53, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents: 1921's Greatest Sensation. 11-piece toilet article set selling like hotcakes at \$1.75 with \$1.00 dressmaker's shears free to each customer. Get lined up for Christmas rush. E. M. Davis Co., Dept. 255, Chicago.

1921's Profit-Quick Seller. Klean-Rite Magic Washing Compound. Washes clothes without rubbing. Sells \$5. You make 10c. Samples free. Esterline Products Co., 1241 M Irving Park, Chicago.

Agents: \$100 Weekly. Automobile owners with cash on hand. Marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency. Saves cost first day. Seasonal sales everywhere. Territory going like wildfire. \$25 sample outfit and Ford Car free. Write quick. Over Co., Dept. 114, Louisville, Ky.

Agents—New auto specialty. Full sized auto complete line of shirts direct to dealer. No made over first day. Write quick. R. Tarrill, Sales Dept. 22, Station A, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Make \$100 Weekly Selling Rolly's Wash-day Wonder. New Chemical Dirt Solvent. Harmless. Cleans without rubbing. Want Agents and new managers. Free Samples. Rolly Chemical Co., 14 Hastings, Nebraska.

Agents: New 3 in 1 Reversible Double-duty raincoat. One side rich tan dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Two coats for the price of one. Saves \$25. Positively guaranteed waterproof or money back. Commission paid same day you take order. No capital required. Sample furnished. Great seller. Real money for agents. Parker Mfg. Co., 417 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

Gold Sign Letters for stores and office windows. Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medallions, Waterproof Aprons, Novelties. Samples, catalogues free. Thirty days credit. J. A. D. Bentley Co., Dept. A-6, Chicago, Ill.

We Want Men and Women Who Are Desirous of Making \$25.00 to \$50.00 Per Week Clear Profit in a business of their own. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in 10 to 15 minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Fastest selling article ever sold through agents. Free Samples make sales easy. Enormous repeat orders. 300% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made \$500 last month. You can do as well. Send for Free Sample and prospect. L. Mitchell & Co., Dept. 222, 1206-1214 E. 61st, Chicago, Ill.

Agents—Everybody uses extracts. Sell Duo double strength Extracts and complete line Household Necessities. Products used constantly. Big repeaters. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N. Y.

Sell Auto Tires. \$75 weekly. Guarantee with each tire. \$25.00 cost \$7.50. No capital or experience required. Big opportunity to establish permanent, profitable business. Samples furnished. Bedford Tire Factory, Dept. E, 2121 So. Mich Blvd., Chicago.

Agents—Steady Income. Large manufacturer of Hosiery, Socks, Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Big profit, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Order given. Send for particulars. Free-Port Mfg. Co., 50 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED

Newest Thing Out—Lithogram Initials for automobiles, motorcycles, canoes, golf sticks, tennis rackets, etc. Anyone can apply them in a jiffy. Sell to everybody. Set costs 15c; brings \$1.50. Fast sales and big daily profits for agents. Write for catalog. Lithogram Company, Dept. 12, East Orange, N. J.

Make \$25 to \$50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Dept. 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 sample fabrics free to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 575 Broadway, New York.

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit worth \$2.50. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Eminent line. Established 25 years. Lyness Co., 220 Logansport, Ind.

General Agents. Something new. Whirlwind seller. "Speed" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Edinboro Co., 2 Putnam St., Tuskegee, Pa.

Sell washing tablets that are different. They work quicker, easier and at a greater profit. Get our proposition. Newton & Co., 4 Main St., Newark, New York.

\$50 Weekly—Selling Electric Irons for cold and sweaty feet. Particulars free. Nealeigh & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Agents—New Invention. Harper's Tea-Tree brush out and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, screens and mops floors and does 8 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Write for Rush Works, Dept. A, Fairfield, Iowa.

Agents Convassers—Hard times cause many crimes. Hence the unprecedented demand for the inexpensive safety window catch we manufacture. Without an equal. Attached instantly without tools. Sells to housewives at eight. Sure repeater. Burg-La-Proof Window Catch Mfg. Co., Everett, Mass.

For sale 24 miles per gallon on cheapest gasoline, using our new converter. Increased power; styles for all seasons; each year new. \$1000.00. Free trial offer. 30 days trial. Big profits to agents. Air Friction Converter Co., 227 Madison St., Dayton, Ohio.

Save pay if kept right. Be a progressive bookkeeper. We can show you how. Send \$1.00 today for Bee Primer, 8 months subscription to American Bee Journal and catalogue of bee supplies. American Bee Journal, Box 61, Hamilton, Ill.

Sales Agents. Men or women. Year round position. No layoffs. Take orders for Jennings New Guaranteed Hosiery. Must wear and give satisfaction or replaced free. Write for outfit. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 123, Dayton, Ohio.

Wonderful Seller. 96c profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Band Factory Co., 3411 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

We Pay \$25 a Week and expenses and give Ford auto to men to increase poultry stock compounds. Imperial Co., P. I. Parsons, Kan.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

\$6-\$12 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 254 LaGrange, Ind.

At Once—Five bright capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers: \$40.00 to \$75.00 per week, railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 25, Omaha, Neb.

Women Wanted. \$95 month. Government positions. List free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 9, Rochester, N. Y.

Be Dress Designers. \$25 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 521, Rochester, N. Y.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make \$19 per 100. Send \$5 for sample and list. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

OLD COINS

Get Large Old U.S. Copper Cent nearly as large as half dollar, curious and interesting. Large set page. Illustrated Catalog for Ten Cents—A "pre-arranged offer." Send for one. Some \$25.00 of coins in stock. Get on list for catalog free to customers. E. Max Muhl, Numismatist, Muhl Bldg., Dept. F, Ft. Worth, Texas.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 45 Companies. \$25-100 paid. Experience unnecessary; details from Franklin Longue, 211, St. Louis.

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6 Different, Interesting, Clever Publications, prepaid to any address only 25c. Publications price \$1.50. All current issues. Satisfaction guaranteed. Walhamore Company, Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS

Reconstruct Store, 2200 Vine St., Cincinnati. O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Switches' inside from cambrings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervort, Danport, Iowa.

Measuritching and plotting attachment works on any sewing machine, easily adjusted. Price \$1.50 with full instructions. Oriental Novelty Co., Box 11, Corpus Christi, Texas.

Leasesmaking Taught by Mail. Entire cutting course of 14 lessons \$12.00. Crescent System, 2015 Farnsworth, Chicago, Ill.

House Bonds. Beautiful. All the rage. Easy to make. Send stamp for full information. C. E. Shorey, Fairfield, Maine.

JAILBIRDS WANTED

Salesmen: Make extra money easily. Sell our Accident & Sickness policies in your spare time. \$5000 death, \$25 weekly benefit for \$10 yearly. Address Underwriters, Dept. F-2, Newark, N. J.

FARMS FOR SALE

Stewart's New Catalog Farms: 31 States \$15 to \$200 Acres. Choice assortment 1180 dairy, truck, fruit, poultry, general farms in country's best farming sections. Money fully refunded. Assured steady jobs, pleasant homes, bright future. Get your free copy now. Stewart Farm Agency, 160 BG Nassau St., New York City.

The State Land Settlement Board of California has a number of desirable irrigated farms of twenty and forty acres in San Joaquin Valley for sale to home seekers on \$5.00 per acre, 5 percent interest annually. Your opportunity to acquire a farm in winterless California. All delicious fruits profitable; alfalfa is a paying crop. Ideal conditions for stock and poultry. Good schools and unimproved roads. Fruit associations market your crops, relieving you of marketing problems. You can farm all year in California. Go this fall and see State Board's booklet, also Santa Fe folder describing San Joaquin Valley, mailed free on request. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agt., Santa Fe Ry., 313 Ry. Ex., Chicago.

Productive Lands. Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry. in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. H. W. Byerly, 14 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale? Give me your name and address. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: \$1400, \$1500, \$1600 at start, up to \$2500 and \$3000. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

Clerks, 18 upward, for Postal Mail Service. \$120 month. Experience unnecessary. For full particulars of examinations, write J. Leonard (former Civil Service examiner) 7 Equitable Bldg., Washington, D. C.

HELP WANTED

Wanted: Hundreds men—boys over 17. Government Mail Clerk. Mail Clerk steady work. \$135-\$150 month. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 12, Rochester, N. Y.

Men, Women, age 17 to 65, needed by U.S. Govt. for Railway Mail, Postmaster, Clerk, and other departments. Experience unnecessary. Write for full information. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Chicago, Ill.

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Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

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America's New War Policy

Establishing a new precedent, President Harding has promulgated a military policy for the United States, in interpreting, according to law, the Act of June 4th, 1920, providing for the peace time organization of National Defense. In a recent memorandum to General Pershing, Chief of Staff, Secretary of War Weeks, outlines the President's interpretation of the relation of the Regular Army to the National Guard and Organized Reserves.

Secretary Weeks says in part: "Whereas in the past the necessary citizen forces have been completely extemporized or materially reorganized upon the occurrence of an emergency, the new law provides that they shall be located territorially, that their officers and men shall be assigned to local units, and that as funds become available provisions shall be made for the training of these officers and men. In other words the war force required for immediate mobilization in the event of emergency to be constituted in time of peace and filed

as far as practicable through the enrollment or enlistment of qualified volunteers. Under such a system it is reasonable to expect that the units of the National Guard will be maintained at sufficient strength to be effective as a first reinforcement for the Regular Army, and that the units of the Organized Reserve will at least include a corps of officers, non-commissioned and specialists, organized and trained to receive and train the recruits in an emergency demanding large force.

The Mount Vernon Shrine

There has been a tempest in a teapot again, growing out of the fact that some of the visitors to Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, have complained to Congress against a charge of an admission fee of twenty-five cents to enter the grounds. Senator Capper of Kansas, is the prime mover in the plan for the Govern-

ment to take over the shrine and provide free admission to visitors. Sentimental enthusiasts rail about the alleged injustice inflicted upon the public because the home of Washington is under private ownership. This private ownership rests on what is known as the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, which is composed of a group of regents from States throughout the nation, who make it their duty to manage the property, which was turned over to them after having been purchased by public subscription shortly after the Civil War. When the property was first acquired it was run down and in need of repair. The Washington family furniture had all disappeared, since Martha Washington in her will scattered it to the four winds. The ladies have placed Mount Vernon in the best condition of any public building in the United States, and the admission fee has been used for the upkeep of the property and for the repurchasing of most of the old furniture. Some of these pieces have only been secured by paying big prices. A lot of pieces are still being negotiated for, and in case the Government should become

owner of Mount Vernon the prices upon these articles would soar sky-high. A great many of the best informed people are inclined to believe that the private management of Mount Vernon has proved itself so much more effective than has been secured in any instance of Government ownership that there is no justification in the attempt to change the control of the property.

Efficiency

Patient—"I didn't expect you this morning, doctor."

Dr. Pillsbury Mann—"I was in the neighborhood."

Patient—"Ah I see. Thought you'd kill two birds with one stone."—Exchange.

No Use for Them

Mistress—"Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?"

Maid—"They wanted to, ma'am; but I told 'em yez had plenty of your own and better ones, too."—Yonkers Herald.

Soft Balled

Yeast—"I see what you ate for your breakfast, this morning."

Crumb—"How so?"

"Why, you've got eggs all over your shirt front."

"Then you only see what I didn't eat."—Yonkers Herald.

Of Course

Naybor—"Is that a new henhouse you're building?"

Mr. Snappy—"No, this is an old one I'm building to take the place of the new one I tore down last week."—Pittsburgh Ledger.

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